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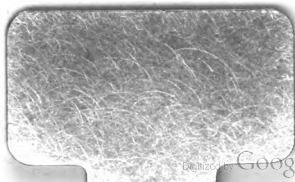


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A
SELECTION
OF
HYMNS,

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,

INCLUDING

A GREAT NUMBER OF ORIGINALS;

INTENDED TO BE

AN APPENDIX

TO

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

BY
JOHN RIPPON, D. D.



THE THIRTIETH EDITION.

*With about One Hundred and Fifty Additional Hymns, and the
Names of the Tunes adapted to most of them.*

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

17, Dover Place, New Kent Road,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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1832

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The Number of the Hymn *always* answers to the number of the page; thus—

Hymn 33	Page 33
— 433	— 433

The Number that follows the Names of the *Tunes* refers to *Dr. Rippon's Tune Book*; thus—

Hymn 6, Bedford 91—that is, *Tune 91*, in the *Selection of Tunes*.

The figures at the foot of the pages give the exact Number of the Hymns, throughout the book, including the different Parts which belong to some of them.

R. Clay, Printer, Broad-Street-Hill.

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PREFACE

TO THE

ENLARGED EDITION.

THE Hymns, Original and Selected, which are *interspersed* through this Edition, appear before the Religious Public with no higher ambition than of being, in some measure, of the *humble* and *happy* FAMILY, which, through the *astonishing* goodness of the God of Providence and Grace, have met the favourable acceptance of more than

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS, chiefly in this country; saying nothing of the numerous Editions through which the Work has passed in America.* This circumstance,

* Just after the *first* edition of this Preface was printed, I received a pleasing letter from Philadelphia, informing me of the good acceptance of the *Selection* in America, and of the

unless "myself is to myself unknown," I cannot—I dare not presume to mention, but with *deep humility*, and with *unfeigned gratitude*, in His presence with whom are the issues of all our endeavours to promote his glory. And should he be pleased, in his infinite condescension, yet to grant it a portion of the gracious notice with which he has to this day honoured the former Editions, his glory shall be mingled with every *Hosanna* of the remaining station of the Wilderness; and then, with all the *Hallelujahs* of Saints and Angels in the Land of Songs, for ever.

glorious work of the blessed Spirit in the American Churches. The following is an Extract:—

"Your *Selection* of Hymns, apart from the *Arrangement*, has been dispersed through our States;—about

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

"It will afford you pleasure to know that Mr. Clark's stereotype edition of your *Watts Arranged, and Rippon's Hymns*, meets with such acceptance, and has so great circulation in this country. Mr. C. has just printed, in one volume, 4,700 copies of both.

"There are very great revivals of religion in numerous parts of the country among almost all the various denominations of Christians, but especially among the Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists. Large additions have been made to the *latter* during the present year. One Association in Kentucky, in the year ending in August, has received an accession of more than 2,600 Members. One Minister, in Georgia, has baptized more than 300 this year. The number of regular Calvinistic Baptists, in the United States, is about 275,900. The number of Churches 3,900, and of Ministers 2,800.

And now, in the language of a former Preface, With all the solemnity of an entire Dedication, I commit the volume to Thy care, patronage, and special blessing, O thou infinitely beautiful and bountiful Being! to whom I am, of all the sons of Adam, peculiarly indebted; beseeching thee, for the sake of my crucified and exalted Redeemer, to grant, “That however weak and contemptible this work may seem in the eyes of the children of the world, and however imperfect it really may be, as well as the author of it unworthy; it may, nevertheless, *live before thee*, and, through a divine power, be mighty” to lessen the miseries and to increase the holiness and bliss of multitudes, “in distant places, and in generations yet to come! Impute it not O God, as a culpable ambition, if I desire that, whatever becomes of *my name*, this work may be propagated far abroad; that it may reach to those who are yet unborn, and teach them *thy name* and *thy praise*, when the author has long dwelt in the dust; that so, when he shall appear before thee in the great day of final accounts, his *joy* may be increased, and his *crown* brightened, by numbers before unknown to each other and to him! But if *this petition* be too great to be granted to one who pretends no claim to hope for being favoured with the *least*, give

“ him to be, in thine almighty hand, the blessed
“ instrument of converting and saving *one soul* ;
“ and if it be *but one*, and that the meanest
“ and weakest of all the human race, though
“ it should be amidst a thousand disappoint-
“ ments with respect to others, yet it shall be
“ the subject of immortal songs of praise to
“ thee, O blessed God, for and by every soul
“ whom, through the blood of Jesus, and the
“ grace of thy Spirit, thou hast saved ; and
“ everlasting honours shall be ascribed to the
“ Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
“ by the innumerable company of angels, and
“ by the general assembly, and the church of
“ the first-born in heaven. Amen.”

JOHN RIPPON.

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SELECTION OF HYMNS.

GOD.

1 L. M. Addison's, Tune 1.

A Song of Praise to God.

- 1 **T**O God, the universal King,
 Let all mankind their tribute bring;
 All that have breath, your voices raise,
 In songs of never ceasing praise.
- 2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
 And wider heavens stretch'd o'er our head,
 A large and solemn temple frame
 To celebrate its Builder's fame.
- 3 Here the bright sun, that rules the day,
 As thro' the sky he makes his way,
 To all the world proclaims aloud
 The boundless sov'reignty of God.
- 4 When from his courts the sun retires,
 And with the day his voice expires,
 The moon and stars adopt the song,
 And thro' the night the praise prolong.
- 5 The list'ning earth with rapture hears
 Th' harmonious music of the spheres;
 And all her tribes the notes repeat,
 That God is wise, and good, and great.
- 6 But man, endow'd with nobler powers,
 His God in nobler strains adores:
 His is the gift to know the song,
 As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

DR. S. STENNETT.

2

L. M. Old Hundred 100.

The Unity of God. Deut. iv. 4.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God ! Almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown ;
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest,
Controll'd by none are thy commands ;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe ;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay ;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands ;
Their idol deities dethrone ;
Reduce the world to thy command ;
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

3

L. M. Paul's 246. Fawcett 184.

The Spirituality of God. John iv. 24.

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God ! a Spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes ;
Th' immortal, and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.
- 2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thy Essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.
- 3 Thou great Invisible ! what hand
Can draw thy image spotless fair ?
To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal King compare?
- 4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold and silver, wood and stone,
Ours is the God that made the heavens ;
Jehovah he, and God alone.

3

5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,
 In truth and spirit him adore ;
 More shall this please than sacrifice,
 Than outward forms delight him more.

4 L. M. Angel's Hymn 60. Gould's 272.

The Eternity of God, and Man's Mortality. Psalm xc.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast been thy children's God,
 All-powerful, wise, and good, and just,
 In every age their safe abode,
 Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.
- 2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
 Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
 Or form'd the varied face of earth,
 From everlasting thou art God,
- 3 Great Father of Eternity,
 How short are ages in thy sight !
 A thousand years how swift they fly,
 Like one short silent watch of night !
- 4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies !
 Dream of an hour, how short our bloom !
 Like Spring's gay verdure now we rise,
 Cut down ere night to fill the tomb,
- 5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
 And, with true diligence, apply
 Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
 That we may learn to live and die.
- 6 O make our sacred pleasures rise
 In sweet proportion to our pains,
 Till e'en the sad remembrance dies,
 Nor one uneasy thought complains.
- 7 [Let thy almighty work appear
 With power and evidence divine ;
 And may the bliss thy servants share
 Continu'd to their children shine.
- 8 Thy glorious image, fair imprest,
 Let all our hearts and lives declare ;

Beneath thy kind protection blest,
 May all our labours own thy care!] STEELE.

5 L. M. Angel's Hymn 60. Paul's 246.

The Immutability of God, and the Mutability of the
 Creation. Psalm cii. 25—28.

1 **G**REAT Former of this various frame,
 Our souls adore thine awful name!
 And bow and tremble while they praise
 The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Thou, Lord, with unsurpris'd survey,
 Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
 And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
 See earth and stars, in ruin lie.

3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
 Thou dwell'st in self-existent light;
 Which shines with undiminish'd ray,
 While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

4 Our days a transient period run,
 And change with every circling sun;
 And, in the firmest state we boast,
 A moth can crush us into dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around;
 Let death consign us to the ground;
 Let the last general flame arise,
 And melt the arches of the skies;

6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
 Can all the wreck of nature see;
 While grace secures us an abode,
 Unshaken as the throne of God. DODDRIDGE.

6 C. M. Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

The Infinite.

1 **T**HY Names, how infinite they be!
 Great Everlasting One!
 Boundless thy might and majesty,
 And unconfi'd thy throne.

2 Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
 And wond'rous large thy grace:

Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

- 3 Thine Essence is a vast abyss
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds;
- 5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole;
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.
- 6 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

7 L. M. Wareham 117. Ailie Street 241.
Omnipotence; or, the Power and Providence of God.
Psalm cxxxv.

- 1 YE servants of your God, his fame
In songs of highest praise proclaim;
Ye who, on his commands intent,
The courts of Israel's Lord frequent.
- 2 Him praise—the everlasting King,
And mercy's unexhausted spring:
Haste, to his name your voices rear;
What name like his the heart can cheer?
- 3 Thy greatness, Lord, my thoughts attest,
With awful gratitude impress'd,
Nor know, among the seats divine,
A power that shall contend with thine:
- 4 O thou, whose all-disposing sway
The heavens, the earth, and seas obey;
Whose might through all extent extends,
Sinks thro' all depth, all height transcends;

- 5 From earth's low margin to the skies,
Now, bids the pregnant vapours rise;
The lightning's pallid sheet expands;
And glads with showers the furrow'd lands ;
- 6 Now, from thy storehouse, built on high,
Permits the imprison'd winds to fly,
And, guided by thy will, to sweep
The surface of the foaming deep :
- 7 Him praise—the everlasting King,
And mercy's unexhausted spring ;
Haste, to his name your voices rear ;
What name like his the heart can cheer ?

MERRICK'S PSALMS.

8 C. M. Charmouth 28. Ellenborough 170.

The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God. Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 **L**ORD! thou, with an unerring beam,
Surveyest all my powers :
My rising steps are watch'd by thee !
By thee, my resting hours.
- 2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee :
Abroad, at home, still I'm inclos'd
With thine immensity.
- 3 To thee, the labyrinths of life
In open view appear ;
Nor steals a whisper from my lips
Without thy list'ning ear.
- 4 Behind I glance, and thou art there ;
Before me, shines thy name ;
And 'tis thy strong Almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.
- 5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
Of my astonish'd mind ;
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its towering summit find.

PAUSE.

- 6 Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight,
Or where, through Nature's spacious range,
Shall I elude thy sight?
- 7 Scal'd I the skies, the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul :
Plung'd I to hell, there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.
- 8 If on a morning's darting ray
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely shore,
That bounds the ocean's flood,—
- 9 Thither thine hand, all-present God !
Must guide the wondrous way,
And thine Omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.
- 10 Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon
Before thy piercing sight.
- 11 ' The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
' Are both alike to thee :
' O may I ne'er provoke that power
' From which I cannot flee !'

9 C. M. Abridge 201. Canterbury 199.

Divine Sovereignty ; or, God's Dominion and Decrees.

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things ;
And wait your Maker's nod :
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree :
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave TO BE.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,

- With every angel's form and size,
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his councils shine;
 Each opening leaf, and every stroke
 Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 [Here, he exalts neglected worms
 To sceptres and a crown :
 And there, the following page he turns,
 And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why ;
 Nor God the reason gives ;
 Nor dare the favourite angel pry
 Between the folded leaves.]
- 7 My God, I would not long to see
 My fate with curious eyes,
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,
 Or what bright scenes may rise ;
- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
 O may I find my name,
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb !

WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

10 7's. Cookham 36. Alcester 213.

The Majesty of God.

- 1 **G**LORY to th' eternal King,
 Clad in majesty supreme !
 Let all heaven his praises sing,
 Let all worlds his power proclaim.
- 2 Through eternity he reigns
 In unbounded realms of light ;
 He the universe sustains
 As an atom in his sight.
- 3 Suns on suns through boundless space,
 With their systems move or stand ;
 Or, to occupy their place,
 New orbs rise at his command.

4 Kingdoms flourish, empires fall,
Nations live and nations die,
All forms nothing, nothing all—
At the movement of his eye.

5 O, let my transported soul
Ever on his glories gaze!
Ever yield to his controul,
Ever sound his lofty praise! B. FRANCIS.

11 L. M. Ulverston 179. Islington 40.
Gould's 272.

The Wisdom of God.

1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his councils wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But tho' his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confest
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God. REDDOME.

12 (First Part.) C.M. Liverpool 83. Exeter 4.

The Goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.

1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;

But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
What honours shall we raise ?
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

STEELE.

12 (Second Part) C. M. Staughton 264.
Liverpool 83.

God is Love. 1 John iv. 8.

1 **A**MID the splendours of thy state,
My God, thy *Love* appears
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

2 Nature through all her ample round
Thy boundless *Power* proclaims,
And, in melodious accents speaks
The *Goodness* of thy names.

3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
Our solemn awe excite ;
But the sweet charms of sovereign grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.

4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name ;
But Sion sings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.

- 5 In all thy doctrines and commands,
 Thy councils and designs—
 In ev'ry work thy hands have fram'd,
 Thy *Love* supremely shines.
- 6 Angels and men the news proclaim
 Through earth and heaven above,
 The joyful and transporting news,
 That God the Lord is *Love*.

13 L. M. Derby 169. Rothwell 174. Portugal New 263.

The Loving-kindness of the Lord. Ps. lxxiii. 7.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving-kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
 Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
 He sav'd me from my lost estate,
 His loving-kindness, O how how great!
- 3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
 Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;
 But tho' I have him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 O! may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death!

14, 15 THE BEING AND

7 Then let me me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day :
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies: MEDLEY.

14 C.M. Michael's 119. Brighthelmstone 203.

The Grace of God; or, Divine Condescension.

1 **W**HEN the Eternal bows the skies
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes,
From towers of haughty kings.

2 He bids his awful chariot roll,
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

3 Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?

4 Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

5 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways,
How deep thy judgments be!

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

15 11's. Geard 156. Broughton 172.

The Mercy of God. Psalm lxxxix. 1.

1 **T**HY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart and the boast of my
tongue;

Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;

But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolv'd by thy goodness I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the
way;

No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell;
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the
tree,

Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucify'd Son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness
mine!

s—.

16 7's. Firth's 146.. Rest 282.

The Long-suffering, or Patience of God.

1 **L**ORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell!
Still doth thy good Spirit strive—
With the chief of sinners dwell!
Tell it, unto sinners tell,
I am, I am out of HELL!

2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair;
S till in spite of sin I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer. Tell it, &c.

3 O the length and breadth of love!
Jesus, Saviour, can it be?
All thy mercy's height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me. Tell it, &c.

- 4 See a bush that burns with fire,
 Unconsum'd amid the flame!
 Turn aside the sight t'admire,—
 I the living wonder am. Tell it, &c.
- 5 See a stone that hangs in air!
 See a spark in ocean live!
 Kept alive with death so near!
 I to God the glory give.
 Ever tell—to sinners tell,
 I am, I am out of hell.*

17 C. M. Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

The Holiness of God. Isaiah viii. 13.

- 1 **H**OLY and reverend is the name
 Of our eternal King:
 Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
 Thrice holy! let us sing.
- 2 Heaven's brightest lamps with him compar'd,
 How mean they look, and dim!
 The fairest angels have their spots,
 When once compar'd with him.
- 3 Holy is he in all his works,
 And truth is his delight;
 But sinners and their wicked ways
 Shall perish from his sight.
- 4 The deepest reverence of the mind,
 Pay, O my soul! to God;
 Lift with thy hands a holy heart
 To his sublime abode.
- 5 With sacred awe pronounce his name
 Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
 A broken heart shall please him more
 Than the best forms of speech.
- 6 Thou, holy God! preserve my soul
 From all pollution free;
 The pure in heart are thy delight,
 And they thy face shall see.

* Or (lines 7th and 8th.)

And, through grace, now gladly tell
 That I hope in HEAVEN to dwell.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD. 18, 19

18 L. M. Green's Hund. 89. Old Hund. 100.

The Justice and Goodness of God.

- 1 **G**REAT God, my maker, and my king,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.
- 2 Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees,
Thy threat'nings, and thy promises,
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel :
- 3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threat'ning rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
A world undoue, a world restor'd :
- 4 While these excite my fear and joy,
While these my tuneful lips employ ;
Accept, O Lord ! the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue. **BEDDOME.**

19 L. M. Portugal 97. Paul's 246. Wells 102.

The Truth and Faithfulness of God. Num: xxiii. 19.

- 1 **Y**E humble saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of a Faithful God :
How just and true are all his ways,
How much above your highest praise !
- 2 The words his sacred lips declare
Of his own mind the image bear ;
What should *him* tempt, from frailty free,
Blest'in his self-sufficiency ?
- 3 He will not his great self deny ;
A God all truth can never lie :
As well might he his being quit
As break his oath, or word forget.
- 4 Let frightened rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source ;
Swift thro' the air let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd ;

- 5 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heaven and earth both pass away,—
Eternal Truth shall ne'er decay.
- 6 True to his word, God gave his Son
To die for crimes which men had done;
Best pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke. N——.

20 L. M. Wareham 117. Kingsbridge 88.

God supreme and self-sufficient.

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop;
But his own Self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.
- 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

21 C. M. Gainsborough 29. Brightelm-
stone 208.

Mercy and Truth met together ; or, the harmony of the
Divine Perfections, Psalm lxxxv. 10.

- 1 **W**HEN first the God of boundless grace
Disclos'd his kind design
To rescue our apostate race
From misery, shame, and sin ;
- 2 Quick through the realms of light and bliss
The joyful tidings ran ;
Each heart exulted at the news,
That God would dwell with man.
- 3 Yet, 'midst their joys, they paus'd awhile ;
And ask'd, with strange surprise,
*But how can injur'd justice smile,
Or look with pitying eyes ?*
- 4 [*Will the Almighty deign again
To visit yonder world ;
And hither bring rebellious men,
Whence rebels once were hurl'd ?*
- 5 *Their tears, and groans, and deep distress,
Aloud for mercy call ;
But, ah ! must truth and righteousness
To mercy victims fall ?*
- 6 So spake the friends of God and man,
Delighted, yet surpris'd ;
Eager to know the wondrous plan
That wisdom had devis'd.]
- 7 The Son of God attentive heard,
And quickly thus reply'd,
*In me let mercy be rever'd
And justice satisfy'd.*
- 8 *Behold ! my vital blood I pour
A sacrifice to God ;
Let angry justice now no more
Demand the sinner's blood.*

- 9 He spake, and heaven's high arches rung,
 Praise every tongue employs;
He died! the friendly angels sung,
 Nor cease their rapturous joys. S. STENNETT.

22 C. M. Irish 171. Braintree 25.

The Doctrine and Use of the Trinity. Eph. ii. 18.

- 1 **F**ATHER of glory! to thy name
 Immortal praise we give,
 Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
 And bid us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honour to the Son,
 Who makes thine anger cease,
 Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
 And died to make our peace.
- 3 To thy almighty Spirit be
 Immortal glory given,
 Whose influence brings us near to thee,
 And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,
 Adore th' eternal God,
 And spread his honours and their joys
 Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
 One general song to raise;
 Let saints in earth and heaven combine
 In harmony and praise.

DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

22 (Second Part.) 7's. Stool 164. Alcester 213.

To the Trinity.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord!
 Self-existent Deity,
 By the hosts of heaven ador'd,
 Teach us how to worship thee:
 Only uncreated mind,
 Wonders in thy nature meet!
 Perfect Unity combin'd
 With Society complete.

- 2 All perfection dwells in thee,
 Now to us obscurely known,
 Three in one, and one in three,
 Great Jehovah, God alone!
 Be our all, O Lord divine!
 Father, Saviour, vital Breath!
 Body, spirit, soul be thine,
 Now, and at, and after death.
- 3 Glorious thou in holiness,
 Father didst thy rights maintain,—
 Truth and grace at once express,
 When thy only Son was slain:
 Here is deepest wisdom seen;
 Here the richest stores of grace;
 Mildest love, and vengeance keen;
 O how bright their mingled rays!
- 4 Fearful thou in praises too,
 Loving Saviour, slaughter'd Lamb!
 We with joy and rev'rence view
 All thy glory, all thy shame!—
 Be thy death the death of sin,
 Be thy life the sinner's plea;
 Save me, teach me, rule within,—
 Prophet, priest, and king to me.
- 5 Wonder-working Spirit, thine,
 Th' efficacious grace we sing;
 Set on us thy seal divine,
 Safely to thy kingdom bring:
 Mortify sin, root and deed,
 Daily strengthen every grace;
 Send us, urge us on with speed,
 And let glory crown the race!

23 L. M. Paul's 246. Angel's Hymn 60.

The Incomprehensibility of God.

- 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores—
 Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One!
 Nature and grace, with all their powers,
 Confess the infinite Unknown.

- 2 From thy great self thy being springs :
Thou art thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficiency bears them all.
- 3 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets shine :
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 4 Still restless nature dies and grows ;
From change to change the creatures run ;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 5 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms ;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.
- 6 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace ?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows 'of thy face !
- 7 Who can behold the blazing light ?
Who can approach consuming flame ?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

24 L. M. Lebanon 79. Mark's 65.

The moral Perfections of the Deity imitated. Matt. v. 48.

- 1 **G**REAT Author of th' immortal mind !
For noblest thoughts and views design'd,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.
- 2 While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire ;
Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.

- 3 **F**ather, I see thy sun arise
 To cheer thy friends and enemies ;
 And, when thy rain from heaven descends,
 Thy bounty both alike befriends.
- 4 **E**nlarge my soul with love like thine ;
 My moral powers by grace refine :
 So shall I feel another's woe,
 And cheerful feed an hungry foe.
- 5 **I** hope for pardon thro' thy Son,
 For all the crimes which I have done ;
 O, may the grace that pardons me
 Constrain me to forgive like thee ! n——.

25 L. M. Gloucester 12. Bromley 104.

The Divine Perfections celebrated. Pa. lxxxix. cxlv.

- 1 **M**Y grateful tongue, immortal King!
 Thy mercy shall for ever sing ;
 My verse, to time's remotest day,
 Thy truth in sacred notes display.
- 2 **O** say, what strength shall vie with thine ?
 What name among the seats divine,
 Of equal excellence possess'd,
 Thy sov'reignty, great God, contest ?
- 3 **T**hee, Lord, heaven's host their leader own ;
 Thee, might unbounded, Thee alone,
 With endless majesty has crown'd ;
 And faith unsully'd vests thee round.
- 4 **T**he heaven above and earth below,
 Thee, Lord, their great possessor know :
 By thee, this orb to being rose,
 And all that nature's bounds inclose.
- 5 **F**rom thee, amid the aërial space,
 The north and south assume their place ;
 'Tis thine the ocean's rage to guide,
 And calm at will its swelling tide.
- 6 **O** bless'd the tribes, whose willing ear
 Awakes the festal shout to hear ;

- Who thankful see, where'er they tread,
Thy favouring beams around them spread.
- 7 How shall they joy, from day to day,
Thy boundless mercy to display,
Thy righteousness, indulgent Lord,
With holy confidence record!
- 8 O wise in all thy works! thy name
Let man's whole race aloud proclaim;
And grateful thro' the length of days,
In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

MERRICK'S PSALMS.

26 L. M. Rothwell 174. Chard 175.

God exalted above all Praise.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step around thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, but man below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

27 L. M. Rochford 22. Wells 102.

A Summary View of the Creation. Gen. i.

- 1 **L**OOK up, ye saints, direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the skies ;
With your glad notes his praise rehearse
Who form'd the mighty universe.
- 2 He spoke, and from the womb of night,
At once sprang up the cheering light :
Him discord heard ; and, at his nod,
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.
- 3 The word he gave, th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run :
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay
To glide along th' ethereal way.
- 4 Teeming with life,—air, earth, and sea,
Obey th' Almighty's high decree !
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.
- 5 But to complete the wondrous plan,
From earth and dust he fashions man :
In man the last, in him the best,
The Maker's image stands confest.
- 6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew ;
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
And beauty glow with charms divine !

NEEDHAM.

28 C. M. Crowle 3. New York 33.

The Creation of Man ; or, God the Searcher of the Heart.
Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 **L**ORD ! thy pervading knowledge strikes
Through nature's inmost gloom,
And in thy circling arms I lay
A slumberer in the womb.

- 2 Thee will I honour, for I stand
A volume of thy skill;
Stupendous are thy works, and they
My contemplations fill!
- 3 Thine eye beheld me when the speck
Of entity began;
And o'er my form, in darkness fram'd,
Thy rich embroid'ry ran:
- 4 Th' unfashion'd mass by thee was seen;
My structure in thy book
Was plann'd, before thy curious mould
The future embryo took.
- 5 How precious are the streaming joys
That from thy love descend!
Would I rehearse their numbers o'er,
Where-would their numbers end?
- 6 Not ocean's countless sands exceed
The blessings of the skies;
With night's descending shades they fall;
With morning splendours rise.
- 7 'Thine awful glories round me shine,
' My flesh proclaims thy praise:
' Lord! to thy works of nature join
' Thy miracles of grace.'

29 C. M. Devizes 14. Tiverton 109.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise!
Thee the creation sings!
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand how wide it spreads the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with the blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,

Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine thro' the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love. WATTS'S LYRICS.

30 L. M. · Martin's Lane 67. Langdon 217.

God's Goodness to the Children of Men. Ps. cvii. 31.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Thro' all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll;
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd—
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 5 But O that brighter world above
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar!
There, in the land of praise, adore:
The theme demands an angel's lay—
Demands an everlasting day. DODDRIDGE.

31 L. M. Rothwell 174. Virginia 234.

Providence; or, God working all things after the Council
of his own Will.

- 1 **T**HY ways, O Lord! with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uney'd
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way;
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fall or die.
- 5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

32 C. M. Staughton 264. Abingdon 42.

Creation and Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.
- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air,

The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear :

And O ! let man thy praise record,—
Man, thy distinguish'd care !

5 From thee the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy power maintains ;

Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess ;

By revelation's brightest rays
Still more divinely bless'd.

7 Thy Providence his constant guard,

When threat'ning woes impend,

Or will the impending dangers ward,

Or timely succours lend.

8 On us that Providence has shone

With gentle smiling rays :

O ! may our lips and lives make known

Thy goodness and thy praise ! STEELE.

33 L. M. Kingsbridge 88. Green's Hund. 89.

Providence Equitable and Kind. Psalm cvii.

1 **T**HRO' all the various shifting scene

Of life's mistaken ill or good ;

Thy hand, O God ! conducts unseen

The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,

Howe'er unjustly we complain,

To each their necessary share :

Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power ?

Fix we on this terrestrial ball ?

When most secure, the coming hour,

If thou see fit, may blast them all.

35

C 2

- 4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
 Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
 Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
 Thy powerful hand can raise us up.
- 5 Thy powerful consolations cheer,
 Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh,
 Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
 That secret wets the widow's eye.
- 6 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
 On thy eternal will depend ;
 And all for greater good were given,
 And all shall in thy glory end.
- 7 This be my care ! to all beside
 Indifferent let my wishes be ;
 ' Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
 ' And fix'd, O God, my soul on thee.'

34 C. M. Gainsborough 29. Follett 181.

The Mysteries of Providence ; or, Light shining out of
 Darkness.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain. COWPER.

35 C. M. Bedford 91. Stamford 9.

Mysteries to be explained hereafter. John xiii. 7.

1 **G**REAT God of Providence! thy ways
 Are hid from mortal sight;
 Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
 Or cloth'd with dazzling light.

2 The wondrous methods of thy grace
 Evade the human eye;
 The nearer we attempt t' approach,
 The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliss above,
 Where thou dost ever reign,
 These mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
 And not a doubt remain.

4 The Sun of righteousness shall there
 His brightest beams display,
 And not a hovering cloud obscure
 That never-ending day. BEDDOME.

36 C. M. Irish 171. Exeter 4.

The Traveller's Psalm.

1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.

- 4 But O! unmeasurable grace!
 Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;
 Down to our world the Saviour flies,
 Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.
- 5 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
 Wonder and gaze with all your eyes!
 Ye saints below, and saints above,
 All bow to this mysterious love.

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

39 C. M. Walsal 237. Ludlow 84.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

- 1 **W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,
 Here at thy feet, my God,
 My passion, pride, and discontent,
 And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
 So false as mine has been;
 So faithless to its promises,
 So prone to every sin!
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands
 Are holy, just and true;
 Tells me whate'er my God demands
 Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
 And all her words approve;
 But still I find it had t' obey;
 And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
 These strugglings in my breast?
 When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
 And give my conscience rest?
- 6 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
 And set the captive free:
 Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
 And haste to rescue me, DR. S. STENNETT.

40 S. M. Wirksworth 168. Stoke 207.

The Evil Heart. Jer. xvii. 9. Matt. xv. 19.

1 **A**STONISH'D and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within :
My heart with loads of guilt oppress,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there !
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish feat.

3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue ;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise ;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

41 L. M. Gould's 272. Kingsbridge 88.

Sin and Holiness.

1 **W**HAT jarring natures dwell within, —
Imperfect grace, remaining sin !
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Tho' each by turns my heart assail.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die ;
Now raise my songs of triumph high ;
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies,
While faith assists my soaring flight
To realms of joy and worlds of light.

4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul ;
I feel its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward course.

- 5 How short the joys thy visits give ;
 How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve !
 What clouds obscure my rising sun,
 Or intercept its rays at noon !
- 6 [Again the Spirit lifts his sword,
 And power divine attends the word ;
 I feel the aid its comforts yield,
 And vanquish'd passions quit the field.]
- 7 Great God, assist me thro' the fight,
 Make me triumphant in thy might ;
 Thou the despouding heart canst raise,—
 The victory mine, and thine the praise.

CRUTTENDEN.

42 L. M. Ulverston 179. Babylon Streams 23.

The Effects of the Fall lamented. Ps, cxix. 136, 158.

- 1 **A**RISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise ;
 To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;
 And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
 Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;
 See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;
 The Father wounded through the Son ;
 The world abus'd, the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
 Closing in everlasting night—
 In flames that no abatement know,
 Tho' briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
 My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
 And fain my pity would reclaim
 And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
 And can but weep where most it loves ;
 Thy own all-saving arm employ,
 And turn these drops of grief to joy.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

SCRIPTURE.

THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

43 C. M. Michael's 119. Sprague 106.

The inspired Word, a System of Knowledge and Joy.
Psalm cxix. 105.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, thro' all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

44 L. M. Portugal 97. Mark's 65.

The Usefulness of the Scriptures.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel thro' the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before
To guide them thro' the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God !
'Tis for our light and guidance given ;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven :
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers ;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours :
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts ;
Its doctrines are divinely true ;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;
It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye British Isles, who have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,—
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguish'd grace adore. **BEDDOME.**

45 C. M. Staughton 264. Prov. Coll. 10.

The Riches of God's Word.

- 1 **L**ET avarice, from shore to shore,
Her fav'rite God pursue ;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open'd to our sight ;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The councils of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold ;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.
- 4 Here, light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet ;
Here, promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supply'd :
Nought we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.
- 6 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find !

DR. S. STENNETT.

46 C. M. Michael's 119. ; Evans's 190.

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! in thy word
What endless glory shines !

For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !
Be thou for ever near :
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there ! STEELE.

THE MORAL LAW, &c.

47 C. M. Salem 139. Braintree 25.

Our Duty to God. Exod. xx. 3—12.

- 1 **T**HAT God, who made the worlds on high,
And air, and earth, and sea,
Own as thy God ; and to his name
In homage bow the knee.
- 2 Let not a shape, which hands have wrought
Of wood, of clay, or stone,
Be deem'd thy God ; nor think him like
Aught thou hast seen or known.
- 3 Take not in vain the name of God ;
Nor must thou ever dare

- 2 But O, from Sinai's loud alarms,
 Help me to fly to Jesus' arms;
 Beginning now my wants to see,
 Lost and undone, I come to thee.
- 3 I see my fig-leaf righteousness
 Can ne'er thy broken law redress;
 Yet, in thy gospel plan, I see
 There's hope of pardon e'en for me.
- 4 Here I behold thy wonders, Lord!—
 How Christ hath, to thy law, restor'd
 Those honours, on th' atoning day,
 Which guilty sinners took away.
- 5 Amazing wisdom, power, and love,
 Display'd to rebels from above!
 Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase
 To love and trust thy plan of grace.

51 C. M. Burford 196. Worksop 31.

Illegal Obedience followed by Evangelical.

- 1 **N**O strength of nature can suffice
 To serve the Lord aright;
 And what she has, she misapplies,
 For want of clearer light.
- 2 How long beneath the law I lay
 In bondage and distress!
 I toil'd, the precept to obey;
 But toil'd without success.
- 3 Then, to abstain from outward sin
 Was more than I could do;
 Now, if I feel its power within,
 I feel I hate it too.
- 4 Then, all my servile works were done
 A righteousness to raise;
 Now, freely chosen in the Son,
 I freely choose his ways.

- 5 'What shall I do?' was then the word,
 'That I may worthier grow?'
 'What shall I render to the Lord?'
 Is my inquiry now.
- 6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
 And hear his pardoning voice,
 Changes a slave into a child,
 And duty into choice.

COWPER.

52 L. M. Paul's 246. Green's Hundred 89.

The Law and the Gospel; or, Christ a Refuge.

- 1 **CURST** be the man, for ever curst,
 That doth one wilful sin commit:
 Death and damnation for the first,
 Without relief, and infinite.
- 2 Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
 Thunder and fire and vengeance flings;
 But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
 And Calvary, say gentler things:
- 3 Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
 Streaming along a Saviour's blood;
 And life, and joys, and crowns above,
 Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God.
- 4 Hark, how he prays (the charming sound
 Dwells on his dying lips), *Forgive!*
 And every groan and gaping wound
 Cries, *Father, let the rebels live;*
- 5 Go, you that rest upon the law,
 And toil and seek salvation there;
 Look to the flame that Moses saw,
 And shrink, and tremble, and despair:
- 6 But I'll retire beneath the cross,—
 Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie;
 And the keen sword that justice draws,
 Flaming and red shall pass me by.

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

53 148th. Eagle Street 16. Grove 125.

The Ceremonial Law. Heb. iv. 2.

- 1 **I**SRRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too ;
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once apply'd with power,
Would teach the need of other blood
To reconcile an angry God.
- 3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence ;
For he, who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more ;
In him our Surety seem'd to say,
Behold, I bear your sins away.
- 5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free !
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea ;—
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And, by a Saviour's death, discharg'd.
- 6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age !
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me. COWPER.

THE GOSPEL.

54 L. M. Portugal 97. Langdon 217.

The Gospel of Christ.

- 1 **G**OD, in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal councils known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage! BEDDOME.

55 C. M. Irish 171. Cambridge New 74.

The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation. 1 Tim. i. 15.

- 1 **J**ESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom Seraphim obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.

- 2 Into our sinful world he comes,
The Messenger of grace,

And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.

- 3 Transgressors of the deepest stain
In him salvation find :
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His Spirit heals the mind.
- 4 Our Jesus saves from sin and hell ;
His words are true and sure,
And on this rock our faith may rest
Immovably secure.
- 5 O let these tidings be receiv'd
With universal joy,
And let the high angelic praise
Our tuneful powers employ !
- 6 ' Glory to God, who gave his Son
' To bear our shame and pain ;
' Hence peace on earth, and grace to men,
' In endless blessings reign.' DR. GIBBONS.

56 C.M. Wiltshire 110. Oxford 177.

The Gospel a Feast. Isaiah xxv. 6.

- 1 **O**N Sion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare,
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.
- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows ;
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.
- 3 See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given !
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven !
- 4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

5 But O, what draughts of bliss unknown,
 What dainties shall be given,
 When, with the myriads round the throne,
 We join the feast of heaven!

6 There joys immeasurably high
 Shall overflow the soul,
 And springs of life, that never dry,
 In thousand channels roll.

57 148th Portsm. New 144. Jubilee New 197.

The Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound!
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,—
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption by his blood
 Thro' all the lands proclaim: The year, &c.
- 3 [Ye, who have sold for nought
 The heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love: The year, &c.]
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live: The year, &c.
- 5 Ye bankrupt debtors, know
 The sovereign grace of heaven;
 Though sums immense ye owe,
 A free discharge is given: The year, &c.
- 6 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace;
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face: The year, &c.

7 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
 Has full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad!
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

58 L. M. Gloucester 12. Derby 169.

The Gospel Jubilee. Psalm lxxxix. 15.

- 1 **L** OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
 And spread the joyful tidings round;
 Let every soul with transport hear,
 And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
 That you ten thousand talents owe,
 When humble at his feet you fall,
 Your gracious God forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
 Of sin, and hell's tyrannic reign,
 To liberty assert your claim,
 And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
 Your joy, your boast, is freely given;
 Fair Salem your arrival waits
 With golden streets and pearly gates.
- 5 Her blest inhabitants no more
 Bondage and poverty deplore;
 No debt, but love immensely great;
 Their joy still rises with the debt.
- 6 O happy souls, that know the sound,
 Celestial light their steps surround,
 And shew that Jubilee begun,
 Which thro' eternal years shall run.

DB. DOBDRIDGE.

59 C. M. Oxford 177. Hammond 226.

The glorious Gospel of the blessed God. 1 Tim. i. 11.

- 1 **W** HAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
 Thro' all the gospel shine!

'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

- 2 Down from his starry throne on high,
Th' almighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.
- 3 The mighty debt that sinners ow'd
Upon the cross he pays:
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There he, our great High Priest, appears
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.
- 5 Great God, with reverence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace:
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place. s. STENNETT.

60 L. M. Gould's 272. Mark 65. Ulverston 179.

The Gospel is the power of God to Salvation. Rom. i. 16.

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls, all o'er defil'd with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 But who, in vain, shall ever cry,
Dear Jesus, bring thy gospel nigh?
'Tis there that power and glory dwell
Which save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.
- 6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

61 C. M. London 180. Follett 181.

A rational Defence of the Gospel.

- 1 **S**HALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our incarnate God?
Shall infidels revile his truth,
And trample on his blood?
- 2 What if he choose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults!
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- 3 What if his gospel bid us strive
With flesh, and self, and sin!
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.
- 4 What if the men, despis'd on earth,
Still of his grace partake!
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some, that own his sacred truth,
Indulge their souls in sin?
None should reproach the Saviour's name,
His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith be firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor ever shun those holy men
Who fear and love the Lord.

DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES AND BLESSINGS.

62 5. 6. Bourton 50. Haughton 68.

Everlasting Love, Electing Grace, and Personal Holiness.

- 1 **H**OW happy are we
 Our election who see,
 And venture, O Lord, for salvation on thee!
 In Jesus approv'd,
 Eternally lov'd,
 Upheld by thy power we cannot be mov'd.
- 2 'Tis sweet to recline
 On the bosom divine,
 And experience the comforts peculiar to thine!
 While, born from above,
 And upheld by thy love,
 With singing and triumph to Zion we move.
- 3 Our seeking thy face
 Was all of thy grace, [praise:
 Thy mercy demands and shall have all the
 No sinner can be
 Beforehand with thee,
 Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.
- 4 Our Saviour and friend
 His love shall extend;
 It knew no beginning, and never shall end:
 Whom once he receives
 His Spirit ne'er leaves,
 Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.
- 5 This proof we would give
 That thee we receive;
 Thou art precious alone to the souls that believe;
 Be precious to us!
 All besides is as dross, [cross.
 Compar'd with thy love and the blood of thy

PART II.—Personal Holiness desired.

- 6** Yet one thing we want,
More holiness grant !
 For more of thy mind and thy image we pant :
 Thine image impress
 On thy favourite race ;
 O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace !
- 7** Thy workmanship we
 More fully would be ; [to thee :
 Lord, stretch out thine hand, and conform us
 While onward we move
 To Canaan above,
 Come *fill* us with holiness, *fill* us with love.
- 8** Vouchsafe us to know
 More of thee below ;
 Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow ;
 Our harps shall be tun'd,
 The Lamb shall be crown'd,
 Salvation to Jesus thro' heaven shall resound.

63 L. M. Kingsbridge 88. Lewton 30.

The Consequences of Election. Rom. viii. 33—39.

- 1** **W**HO shall condemn to endless flames
 The chosen people of our God !
 Since in the book of life their names
 Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood.
- 2** He, for the sins of all th' elect,
 Hath a complete atonement made :
 And justice never can expect
 That the same debt should twice be paid.
- 3** Not tribulation, nakedness,
 The famine, peril, or the sword ;
 Not persecution, or distress,
 Can separate from Christ, the Lord.
- 4** Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
 Nor powers below, nor powers above,
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Can change his purposes of love.

5 His sovereign mercy knows no end,
His faithfulness shall still endure;
And those who on his word depend
Shall find his word for ever sure. BEDDOME.

64 148th. Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16.

Eternal, unchangeable Love. 2 Tim. i. 12.—4. 18. Phil. i. 6.

1 **O** MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, Lord, thou art
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will,
Tho' dark may be my frame,
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul thro' many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work thou hast begun
In me, a sinful worm:
'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.

4 The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move:
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is love:
Myself into thine arms I cast,
Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

65 8. 7. 4. Lewes 63. Painswick 162.

The Godly Consideration of Election in Christ comfortable.

1 **S**ONS we are thro' God's election,
Who in Jesus Christ believe;
By eternal destination,
Sovereign grace we here receive:
Lord, thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.

- 2 Every fallen soul, by sinning,
 Merits everlasting pain ;
 But thy love, without beginning,
 Has restor'd thy sons again :
 Countless millions
 Shall in life, through Jesus, reign.
- 3 Pause, my soul ! adore, and wonder !
 Ask, ' O why such love to me ?'
 Grace hath put me in the number
 Of the Saviour's family :
 Hallelujah !
 Thanks, eternal thanks, to thee !
- 4 Since that love had no beginning,
 And shall never, never cease ;
 Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning !
 Guide me in the way of peace !
 Make me walk in
 All the paths of holiness.
- 5 When I quit this feeble mansion,
 And my soul returns to thee,
 Let the power of thy ascension
 Manifest itself in me :
 Thro' the Spirit,
 Give the final victory !
- 6 [When the angel sounds the trumpet ;
 When my soul and body join ;
 When my Saviour comes to judgment,
 Bright in Majesty divine ;
 Let me triumph
 In thy righteousness as mine.]
- 7 When in that blest habitation,
 Which my God has fore-ordain'd ;
 When in glory's full possession,
 I with saints and angels stand ;
 Free grace only
 Shall resound thro' Canaan's land.

66

G. 8. 4. Leoni 90.*

The Covenant God.

1 **T**HE God of Abram praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above ;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God [of grace] of love !
 Jehovah, great I AM !
 By earth and heaven confess'd,
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever [ever] bless'd.

2 The God of Abram praise,
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand :
 I'd all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abram praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all his ways :
 He calls a worm his friend,
 He calls himself my God !
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Thro' Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn ;
 I on his oath depend ;
 I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend ;
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

PART THE SECOND.

5 Tho' nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,

* May be sung as Short Metre, by introducing or repeating two syllables, as in brackets, verse the first.

68

D 3

To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
 At God's command:
 The wat'ry deep I pass
 With Jesus in my view,
 And thro' the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.

6 The goodly land I see
 With peace and plenty blest;
 The land of sacred liberty
 And endless rest:

There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound,
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With mercy crown'd.

7 There dwells the Lord our king,
 The Lord our righteousness!
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace.

On Sion's sacred height,
 His kingdom still maintains;
 And glorious with his saints in light,
 For ever reigns.

8 The ransom'd nations bow
 Before the Saviour's face,
 Joyful their radiant crowns they throw,
 O'erwhelm'd with grace:
He shews his scars of love;
They kindle to a flame,
 And sound through all the worlds above
The slaughter'd Lamb!

9 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high,
Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

They ever cry;
 Hail, Abram's God and mine!
 I join the heavenly lays;
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

OLIVER.

67 C. M. Missionary 257. Worksop 31.
Salem 139.

Support in God's Covenant under Trouble. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

- 1 **M**Y God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 What tho' my 'house be not with thee
As nature could desire !
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou; the everlasting God,
My father art become ;
Jesus, my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home ;
- 4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I'll wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor falt'ring tongue ;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song. DR. BODBRIDGE.

68 112th. Scarborough 203. Hoxton 121.
Pleading the Covenant. Psalm lxxiv. 20.

- 1 **O** LORD, my God ! whose sovereign love
Is still the same, nor e'er can move,
Look to the covenant and see,
Has not thy love been shewn to me ?
Remember me, my dearest friend,
And love me always to the end.
- 2 Be with me still, as heretofore,
And help me forward more and more ;
My strong, my stubborn will, incline
To be obedient still to thine :
O lead me by thy gracious hand,
And guide me safe to Canaan's land.

69, 70 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

69 7s. Feversham 220. Bath Abbey 147.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.
- 7 He subdu'd th' infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 8 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string!
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

70 L. M. Winchester 137. Rothwell 174.

Redemption by Christ alone. 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

- 1 **E**NSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,

And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.

- 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace :
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release ;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid ;
Invalu'd price! his precious blood,
For vile rebellious traitots shed.
- 4 Jesus the sacrifice became
To rescue guilty souls from hell :
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
Beneath avenging justice fell.
- 5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun :
Each secret lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone. STEELE.

71 8. 7. 4. Westbury 51. Calvary 297.

Finished Redemption.

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
It is finish'd!
Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- 2 *It is finish'd!*—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finish'd!—
Saints, the dying words record.

- Our pillar of cloud in the day;
 And also of fire in the night ;
- 8 Till, the Jordan of death safely pass'd,
 We land on the heavenly shore,
 Where we the hid manna shall taste,
 Nor hunger nor thirst any more.
- 9 And there, while his glories we see,
 And feast on the joys of his love,
 We chang'd to his likeness shall be,
 And then shall all gratitude prove.

D. TURNER.

74 8. 8. 6. Chatham 59. Hinton 266.

Christ's Atonement.

- 1 **O** THOU, who didst thy glory leave,
 Apostate sinners to retrieve
 From nature's deadly fall,—
 If thou hast bought me with a price,
 My sins against me ne'er shall rise,
 For thou hast borne them all.
- 2 And wast thou punish'd in my stead?
 Didst thou without the city bleed
 To expiate my stain?
 On earth my God vouchsaf'd to dwell,
 And made of infinite avail
 The sufferings of the man.
- 3 Behold him for transgressors given!
 Behold th' incarnate King of heaven
 For us, his foes, expire!
 Amaz'd, O earth! the tidings hear!
 He bore, that we might never bear,
 His Father's righteous ire.
- 4 Ye saints, the Man of Sorrows bless,
 The God, for your unrighteousness,
 Deputed to atone;
 Praise, till, with all the ransom'd throng,
 Ye sing the never-ending song,
 And see him on his throne.

TOPLADY.

75 8. 7. Tabernacle 239. Trowbridge 21.

Gratitude for the Atonement.

- 1 **H**AIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring!
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given thro' thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Thro' the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

76 7s. Deptford 124. Firth's 146.

Pleading the Atonement. Ps. lxxxiv. 9.

- 1 **F**ATHER, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery,

78

D 7

- 5 Sinners, make haste our God to meet,
Come to the feast his love prepares;
The lost are sought and sav'd—how sweet!
And not the righteous, Christ declares.
- 6 Say, what are you come out to view,—
Jesus, who once for sinners died?
O hear the Saviour's voice to you,
Cast sinful, righteous, self aside.
- 7 Lord, wilt thou stoop to be my guest;
Dost thou invite thee to my home?
Welcome, dear Saviour, to my breast,
To-day let thy salvation come.

79 C. M. New York 33. Hammond 226.

The lost sheep found; or, Joy in Heaven on the conversion
of a Sinner. Luke xv. 3, 4.

- 1 **W**HEN some kind shepherd from his fold
Has lost a straying sheep,
Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's steep:
- 2 But O the joy! the transport sweet!
When he the wanderer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulders binds.
- 3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete:
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd meet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns;
When the poor wretch, with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!
- 5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.
- 6 Well-pleas'd, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weep;

Jesus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his sheep.

7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
A wandering sheep's return'd, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

80 C. M. Wantage 204. Bangor 231.

The converted Thief. Luke xxiii. 42.

1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his pray'r address'd:

3 *Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,*
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 *Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,*
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 *Amid the glories of that world,*
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death
Let me a sharer be.

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise. DR. S. STENNETT.

81 S. M. New Eagle Street 55. Ryland 48.

Vital Union to Christ in Regeneration. 1 Cor. vi. 17.

1 **D**EAR Saviour we are thine
By everlasting bonds.

Our names, our hearts, we would resign ;
Our souls are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever growing zeal ;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our head ;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread,

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay ;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Thro' all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear ?
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

82 L. M. Rochford 22. Langdon 217.

Praise to God for renewing Grace.

1 **T**O God, my Saviour, and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring ;
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away :
He saw me welt'ring in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.

3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and sooth'd my grief ;
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord !
Deep in my breast I will record :
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

- 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Thro' the remainder of my days;
And when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

DR. S. STENNETT.

83 L. M. Babylon Streams 23. Paul's 246.

Human Righteousness insufficient to justify. Mic. vi. 6—8.

- 1 **W**HEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face?
How, in thy purer eyes, appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiply'd oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy?
Or slaughter'd millions e'er appease?—
- 3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, or seas of blood—
Alas! they all must flow in vain.
- 4 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast—
My glory swallow'd up in shame.
- 5 Guilty, I stand before thy face;
My sole desert is hell and wrath:
'Twere just the sentence should take place;—
But O, I plead my Saviour's death!
- 6 I plead the merits of thy Son,
Who died for sinners on the tree;
I plead his righteousness alone;
O put the spotless robe on me.

84 L. M. Leeds 19. Lewton 36.

Imputed Righteousness. Jer. xxiii, 6. Isa. xlv, 24.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy perfect righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;

- 'Midst flaming worlds, in this array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies:
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath died, and lives for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
While, thro' thy blood, absolv'd I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim!
Sinners—of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 [O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.]

85 112th. New Haven 248. Hoxton 121.

The Pardoning God. Micah vii. 18.

- 1 **G**REAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
*Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?*
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare;
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share:
*Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?*

- 3 Angels and men resign their claim
 To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
 These glories crown Jehovah's name
 With an incomparable blaze:
*Who is a pardoning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?*
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
 We take the pardon of our God;
 Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;
 A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood;
*Who is a pardoning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?*
- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
 This godlike miracle of love,
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
 And all the angelic choirs above;
*Who is a pardoning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?*

PRESIDENT DAVIES.

86 C. M. Ludlow 84. Brighthelmstone 208.

Pardoning Love. Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 1.

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas! this wretched heart
 Has wander'd from the Lord;
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, *Return*:
 Dear Lord, and may I come?
 My vile ingratitude I mourn;
 O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove?
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live
 To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
 How glorious, how divine!
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine.

87, 88 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour I adore ;
 O keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more. STEELE.

87 L. M. Millbank 113. New Sabbath 122.

Divine Forgiveness. Luke vii. 47.

1 **F**ORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
 To malefactors doom'd to die :
 Publish the bliss the world around :
 Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky !

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine :
 'Tis full, out-measuring every crime :
 Unclouded shall its glories shine,
 And feel no change by changing time.

3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
 And like the mountains for their size,
 The seas of sovereign grace expand,—
 The seas of sovereign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of heaven
 What grateful honours shall we show ?
 Where much transgression is forgiven
 Let love in equal ardours glow ;

5 By this inspir'd, let all our days
 With various holiness be crown'd ;
 Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
 In all abide, in all abound. DR. GIBBONS

PAUSE.

6 Though pardon'd, yet for sin I grieve,
 But never will myself forgive—
 Not when a thousand years are pass'd,
 Nor while Eternity shall last.

88 S. M. Wirksworth 158. Broderip's 252.

Confession and Pardon. 1 John i. 9. Prov. xxviii. 13.

1 **M**Y sorrows like a flood,
 Impatient of restraint,

Into thy bosom, O my God!
Pour out a long complaint.

2 This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin
In presence of thy sword.

3. How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
Thy thunder silent lies.

4 O, shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

5 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

6 *Rise, says the Saviour, rise,
Behold my wounded veins!
Here flows a sacred crimson flood
To wash away thy stains.*

7 See, God is reconcil'd!
Behold his smiling face!
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
And sound aloud his grace.

DE. WATTS'S LYRICS.

89 C. M. Bath Chapel 26. Salem 139.

Pardon spoken by Christ. Matt. ix: 2.

1 **M**Y Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace!
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.

- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand, which scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow. DODDRIDGE.

90 L. M. Virginia 234. Kingsbridge. 88.

God ready to forgive; or, Despair sinful.

- 1 **W**HAT mean these jealousies and fears?
As if the Lord was loth to save,
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,
Or sink with sorrow to the grave.
- 2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?
Loves he the deep despairing groan?
Is he a tyrant, or a God?
- 3 Not all the sins which we have wrought
So much his tender bowels grieve,
As this unkind injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.
- 4 What tho' our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn!
Immanuel's blood will make them white
As snow thro' the pure æther borne.
- 5 Lord 'tis amazing grace, we own,
And well may rebel worms surprise;—
But, was not thy incarnate Son
A most amazing sacrifice?
- 6 *I've found a ransom, saith the Lord,
No humble penitent shall die:*
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try! STODDON.
- 92

91 a. b. c. Ewell 80. Weston Favel 27.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1—3.

- 1 **L**ET others boast their ancient line,
 In long succession great ;
 In the proud list let heroes shine,
 And monarchs swell the state ;
 Descended from the King of kings,
 Each saint a nobler title sings.
- 2 Pronounce me, gracious God ! thy son,
 Own me an heir divine :
 I'll pity princes on the throne,
 When I can call thee mine :
 Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
 And lose their lustre in mine eyes.
- 3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
 To all I meet unknown,
 And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
 And seat me near thy throne :
 No name, no honours, here I crave,
 Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.
- 4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives ;
 With him I too shall reign ;
 Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
 Shall make the promise vain :
 In him my title stands secure,
 And shall, while endless years endure.
- 5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
 Shall once again appear,
 Thou, too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
 And his full image bear :
 Enough !—I wait th' appointed day ;
 Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away.

CRUTTENDEN.

92 C. M. Braintree 25. Stamford 9.

Abba, Father ! Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
 Allow my humble claim ;

Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father—God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwav'ring I believe;
And *Abba, Father!* humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive. DODDRIDGE.

93 C. M. Otford 106. Follett 181.

True Liberty given by Christ. John viii. 36.

- 1 **H**ARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty;
Transported fall before his feet
Who makes the prisoners free.
- 2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain;
Smiling he deals those pardons round
Which free from endless pain.
- 3 Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And *Abba, Father!* cry.
- 4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace;
The sinner's friend proclaim;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.
- 5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love. DR. DODDRIDGE.

94 7s. Georgia 192. Turin 244.

The Privileges of the Sons of God.

- 1 **BLESSED** are the sons of God ;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have :
With them number'd may we be,
Now, and thro' eternity!
- 2 God did love them, in his Son,
Long before the world begun ;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe : With, &c.
- 3 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace ;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day : With, &c.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness !
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within : With, &c.
- 5 They have fellowship with God,
Thro' the Mediator's blood ;
One with God, thro' Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun : With, &c.
- 6 Tho' they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy : With, &c.
- 7 They alone are truly blest—
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ ;
They with love and peace are fill'd ;
They are, by his Spirit, seal'd :
With them number'd may we be,
Now, and thro' eternity!

HUMPHREYS.

95 L. M. Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

Christians the Sons of God. John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1.

- 1 **N**OT all the nobles of the earth,
 Who boast the honours of their birth,
 Such real dignity can claim
 As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is given
 To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
 Sons of the God who reigns on high,
 And heirs of joys beyond the sky.
- 3 [On them, a happy chosen race,
 Their Father pours his richest grace:
 To them his counsels he imparts,
 And stamps his image on their hearts.
- 4 Their infant cries, their tender age,
 His pity and his love engage;
 He clasps them in his arms, and there
 Secures them with parental care.]
- 5 His will he makes them early know,
 And teaches their young feet to go;
 Whispers instruction to their minds,
 And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 6 When thro' temptation they rebel,
 His chast'ning rod he makes them feel;
 Then with a father's tender heart,
 He soothes the pain and heals the smart.
- 7 Their daily wants his hands supply,
 Their steps he guards with watchful eye,
 Leads them from earth to heaven above,
 And crowns them with eternal love.
- 8 If I've the honour, Lord,¹⁸ to be
 One of this numerous family,
 On me the gracious gift bestow,
 To call thee *Abba, Father!* too.
- 9 So may my conduct ever prove
 My filial piety and love!
 Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
 Their Father's likeness in my face.

96* S. M. Harborough 142. Simon's 250.

Communion with the *Father* and the *Son*. 1 John i. 5;
And the Communion of the *Holy Ghost*. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

- 1 **O**UR heavenly **FATHER** calls,
And **CHRIST** invites us near!
The **SPIRIT** makes our friendship sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 **GOD** pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 [How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood!]
- 4 **JESUS**, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.
- 5 The **SPIRIT** gives new life,
And prayer and praise inspires;
'Tis he who plucks the worthless brands
From the devouring fires.
- 6 He carries on his work
Of grace where'er begun;
He sheds abroad the Father's love,
And glorifies the Son.
- 7 This love and grace shall make
Our grateful incense burn;
Our hearts, our lives are borne away;
For love we love return.

* This Hymn of the excellent Dr. Doddridge, on Communion with the **FATHER** and the **SON**, is now intended, by a small alteration in verse the first, and by the addition of verses five, six, seven, and eight, to celebrate *also* the equally glorious blessing of Communion with the **HOLY SPIRIT**.

97, 98 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 8 Blest fellowship, how sweet,
 With God the sacred Three!
 But if imperfect grace is bliss,
 What then must glory be?
- 9 Here fix, my roving heart!
 Here wait, my warmest love!
 Till the communion be complete
 In nobler scenes above. DR. DODDRIDGE.

97 L. M. Ulverston 179. Rippon's 188.

Desiring Communion with God.

- 1 **M**Y rising soul, with strong desires,
 To perfect happiness aspires,
 With steady steps would tread the road
 That leads to heaven—that leads to God.
- 2 I thirst to drink unmingled love
 From the pure fountain-head above;
 My dearest Lord, I long to be
 Emptied of sin, and full of thee.
- 3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn;
 Art thou withdrawn? again return,
 Nor let me be the first to say,
 Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

BEDDOME.

98 C. M. Ludlow 84. Condescension 116.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But now I find an aching void
 The world can never fill.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. COWPER.

99 C. M. Worksop 31. Wantage 204.

Sins and Sorrows laid before God. Job xxiii. 3, 4.

- 1 **O** THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God !
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain ;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God ;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls thee to his throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

100, 101 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

100 C. M. Abridge 201. Ellenborough 170.

Sanctification and Pardon.

- 1 **W**HERE shall we sinners hide our heads?
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave?
- 2 Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly;
Bedew us with thy blood.
- 3 Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.
- 4 We bless that wondrous purple stream
That cleanses every stain;
Yet are our souls but half redeem'd
If sin, the tyrant, reign.
- 5 Lord, blast his empire with thy breath;
That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flattering plagues, that work our death,
Fly, for we hate you all.

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

101 (1st P.) L. M. Mark's 65. Bowden 78.

Abundant Life by Christ our Shepherd. John x. 10.

- 1 **P**RAISE to our Shepherd's gracious name,
Who on so kind an errand came;
Came that by him his flock might live,
And more abundant life receive.
- 2 Hail, great Immanuel! from above,
High seated on thy throne of love,
O pour the vital torrent down,—
Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown.
- 3 Scarce half alive we sigh and cry,
Scarce raise to thee our languid eye;
Kind Saviour, let our dying state
Compassion in thy heart create.

103

SANCTIFICATION. 101, 102

- 4 The Shepherd's blood the sheep must heal ;
 O may we all its influence feel !
 Till inward deep experience show,
 Christ can begin a heav'n below. DODDRIDGE.

101 (2d P.) L. M. Winchester 137.

Angel's Hymn 301.

Justification and Sanctification.

- 1 **W**E hail that condescending grace
 Which shows a Saviour's righteousness !
 Eternal honours to that name
 Which covers all our guilt and shame !
- 2 O may his blood, that boundless sea,
 Purge all our deepest stains away ;
 And we, renew'd by grace divine,
 More in our Lord's resemblance shine.

102 S. M. Simon's 250. Broderip's 252.

The Leper healed ; or, Sanctification implored.
 Matt. viii. 2, 3.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the leprous Jew,
 Oppress'd with pain and grief,
 Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet
 For pity and relief.
- 2 *O speak the word, he cries,
 And heal me of my pain :
 Lord, thou art able, if thou wilt,
 To make a leper clean.*
- 3 Compassion moves his heart ;
 He speaks the gracious word ;
 The leper feels his strength return,
 And all his sickness cur'd.
- 4 To thee, dear Lord, I look,
 Sick of a worse disease :
 Sin is my painful malady,
 And none can give me ease.
- 5 But thy Almighty grace
 Can heal my leprous soul :
 O bathe me in thy precious blood,
 And that will make me whole.

103, 104 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

103 S. M. Hopkins 157. Kibworth 249.

The Security of Christ's Sheep. John x. 27—29.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks ;
No angel's harp such music yields
As what my Shepherd speaks :
- 2 *I know my sheep, he cries,
My soul approves them well :
Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
And vain the rage of hell.*
- 3 *I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love ;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweetèr streams above.*
- 4 *Unnumber'd years of bliss
I to my sheep will give ;
And, while my throne unshaken stands,
Shall all my chosen live.*
- 5 *This tried Almighty hand
Is rais'd for their defence ;
Where is the power shall reach them there ?
Or what shall force them thence ?*
- 6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry ;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die. DR. DODDRIDGE.

104 L.M. Angel's Hymn 60. Green's Hund. 89.

Noah preserved in the Ark, and the Believer in Christ.

1 Peter iii. 20, 21.

- 1 **T**HE deluge, at the Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell !
Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.
- 2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close-pursuing wave ;
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.

3. How dire the wreck ! how loud the roar !
How shrill the universal cry
Of millions in the last despair,
Re-echoed from the low'ring sky !
4. Yet Noah, humble happy saint !
Surrounded with a chosen few,
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steer'd him through.
5. So may I sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall ;
Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.
6. Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure retreat ;
Then the wide flood which buries earth
Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.
7. Nor wreck, nor ruin there is seen ;
There not a wave of trouble rolls ;
But the bright rainbow round the throne
Seals endless life to all their souls.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

105 C.M. Bedford 91. Brighthelmstone 208.

Perseverance. Psalm cxix. 117.

1. **L**ORD, hast thou made me know thy ways ?
Conduct me in thy fear ;
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.
2. Let but thy own almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape secure from harm,
Amid the dreadful storm,
3. Be thou my all-sufficient friend
Till all my toils shall cease ;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

106 L. M. Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston 179.

Perseverance desired.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour, and my God,
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood ;
By ties both natural and divine,
I am, and ever will be, thine.
- 2 But, ah ! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me
For such ingratitude to thee !
- 3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate ;
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate ;
And yet so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.
- 4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord !
Grace in the needful hour afford ;
O steel this tim'rous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.
- 5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears :
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honours of the Christian name.

DR. S. STENNETT.

107 5. 6. Horsington 219. Winwick 75.

The Method of Salvation ; or, Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 **T**HREE, Father, we bless, whose distinguishing grace
Selected a people to show forth thy praise ;
Nor is thy love known by election alone ;
For, O ! thou hast added the gift of thy Son.
 - 2 The goodness in vain we attempt to explain,
Which found and accepted a ransom for men ;
Great SURETY of thine, thou didst not decline
To concur with the Father's most gracious design.
 - 3 To Jesus our friend, our thanks shall ascend,
Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the end :
Our ransom he paid ! in his merit array'd,
We attain to the glory for which we were made.
- 110

- 4 Sweet Spirit of Grace ! thy mercy we bless,
 For thy eminent share in the council of peace;
 Great Agent Divine, to restore us is thine,
 And cause us afresh in thy likeness to shine.
- 5 O God, 'tis thy part to convince and convert ;
 To give a new life, and create a new heart :
 By thy presence and grace we're upheld in our race,
 And are kept in thy love to the end of our days.
- 6 Father, Spirit, and Son, agree thus in One,
 The salvation of those he has mark'd for his own ;
 Let us, too, agree, to glorify thee,—
 Thou ineffable One, thou adorable Three !

TOPLADY.

108 8. 7. 4. Lewes 63. Helmsley 223.

Free Salvation. 2 Tim. i. 9.

- 1 **J**ESUS is our great salvation,
 Worthy of our best esteem !
 He has sav'd his favourite nation ;
 Join to sing aloud to him ;
 He has sav'd us,
 Christ alone could us redeem.
- 2 When involv'd in sin and ruin,
 And no helper there was found ;
 Jesus our distress was viewing,
 Grace did more than sin abound ;
 He has call'd us,
 With salvation in the sound.
- 3 Save us from a mere profession !
 Save us from hypocrisy !
 Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
 Of thy righteousness and thee :
 Best of favours !
 None compar'd with this can be,
- 4 Let us never, Lord, forget thee ;
 Make us walk as pilgrims here :
 We will give thee all the glory
 Of the love that brought us near ;
 Bid us praise thee,
 And rejoice with holy fear.

109, 110 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 5 Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine:
Saints are kept from final falling;
All the glory, Lord, be thine;
All the glory,
All the glory, Lord, is thine. F.—

109 C. M. Ashley 152. Great Milton 212.

Complete Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION, thro' our dying God,
Shall surely be complete;*
He paid whate'er his people ow'd,
And cancell'd all their debt.
- 2 He sends his Spirit from above
Our nature to renew;
Displays his power, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too.
- 3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shows our sins forgiv'n;
Conducts us through the wilderness,
And brings us safe to heaven.
- 4 Salvation now shall be my stay;
A sinner sav'd! I'll cry;
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

110 11. 8. Calne 69. Pithay 191.

Distinguishing Grace, Jer. xxxi. 3.

- 1 **I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims! for Sion who press, [days,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of
His rich and distinguishing grace.

* Christ has made a *complete* atonement for the sins of his people; in *that* sense HIS work is finished:—The work of the Spirit, which, at present, in some of the saints is only *begun*, in due time shall be completed also; and THEN *salvation* will be finished, but not before.

- 2 His love, from eternity fix'd upon you,
 Broke forth and discover'd its flame, [drew,
 When each with the cords of his kindness he
 And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,
 Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt: [in sin,
 You all would have liv'd, would have died too,
 And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
 Or give the Creator delight?
 'Twas *Even so, Father!* you ever must sing,
Because it seem'd good in thy sight.
- 5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey!
 While others were suffer'd to go
 The road which by nature we chose as our way,
 Which leads to the regions of-woe.
- 6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
 To him all the glory belongs; [fame,
 Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his
 And crown him in each of your songs.

111 (1st. P.) C. M. Irish 171. Cam. New 74.

By the Grace of God, I am what I am. 1 Cor. xv. 10.

- 1 **G**REAT God, 'tis from thy sovereign grace
 That all my blessings flow;
 Whate'er I am, or do possess,
 I to thy mercy owe.
- 2 'Tis this my powerful lusts controuls,
 And pardons all my sin;
 Spreads life and comfort thro' my soul,
 And makes my nature clean.
- 3 'Tis this upholds me whilst I live,
 Supports me when I die;
 And hence, ten thousand saints receive
 Their All, as well as I.

111, 112 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 4 How full must be the springs from whence
Such various streams proceed!
The pasture cannot but be rich,
On which so many feed.

111 (2d P.) S. M. Mt. Ephr. 185. Lowell 260.

Salvation by Grace from the first to the last. Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 [Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]
- 4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 5 [Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.]
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

112 C. M. Weybridge 92. Sprague 166.

God glorious, and sinners saved. Isaiah xlv. 23.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

- 2 [Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ ;
They show the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.]
- 3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worts,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms ;
- 4 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe,—
We love, and we adore ;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.
- 5 Here the whole Deity is known :
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 6 [When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones : -
Oh, the dear mysteries of his cross !
The triumph of his groans !]
- 7 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 8 Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

113 C. M. Grove House 143. Hammond 226.

O Lord, say unto my soul, I am thy Salvation. Psalm xxxv. 3.

- 1 **S**ALVATION!--O melodious sound
To wretched dying men !
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

114 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains !
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns !
- 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine ?
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise :
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.*

114 (1st P.) L. M. Paul's 246.
Ulverston 149. Gould's 272.

God reasoning with men. Isaiah i. 18.

- 1 **C**OME, *sinner*s; saith the mighty God,
Heinous as all your crimes have been,
Lo! I descend from mine abode
To reason with the sons of men.
- 2 *No clouds of darkness veil my face,*
No vengeful lightnings flash around;
I come with terms of life and peace;
Where sin hath reign'd let grace abound.
- 3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious sceptre bow ;
O make our crimson sins like wool,
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.

* As the few Hymns in the former editions of this volume, entitled *Scripture Invitations and Promises*, have been found peculiarly acceptable and encouraging, the Section is now considerably enlarged.

- 4 So shall our thankful lips repeat
 Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
 While humbly prostrate at thy feet,
 We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

DR. S. STENNETT.

114 (2d P.) L. M. Rippon's 188. Lebanon 79.

Seek ye my face. Psalm xxvii. 8.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH speaks; *Seek ye my face!*
 My soul admires the wondrous grace;
I'll seek thy face—thy Spirit give!
 O let me see thy face and live.

- 2 I'll wait; perhaps my Lord may come;
 (If I turn back how sad my doom!)
 And, begging, in his way I'll lie
 Till the sweet hour he passeth by.

- 3 Daily I'll seek with cries and tears,
 With secret sighs, and fervent pray'rs;
 And if not heard—I'll weeping sit,
 And perish at the Saviour's feet.

- 4 But canst thou, Lord! see all my pain,
 And bid me seek thy face in vain?
 Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive,—
 The soul that seeks thy face *shall* live.

114 (3d P.) L. M. Islington 40. New Sab. 122.

Sinners invited to Holiness and Heaven. Isa. i. 18.

- 1 **C**OME now, ye sinners, saith the Lord,
 And hear my kind inviting word;
Come, reason with me, and embrace
 The plenitude of gospel grace.

- 2 I give the new, the feeling heart,
 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
 The faith that tells your sins forgiven,
 The sighs that waft your souls to heaven—

- 3 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
 The conscience clad with tenderness,
 The genuine meek humility,
 The wonder, *Why such love to me?*

114, 115 SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

- 4 I give, with every saving grace,
 Super-angelic righteousness ;
 The pardon ratified with blood,
 The right to heaven, enthron'd with God.
- 5 O rich bequests ! and are they free ?
 Lord, graunt, O grant them all to me ;
 The inviting COME has won my heart :
 I might have heard the sound—DEPART.

114 (4th P.) 7s. 6 lines. Aldwinkle 312.

Come and welcome. John xix. 30 ; Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 **F**ROM the Mount of Calvary,
 Where the Saviour deign'd to die,
 What melodious sounds I hear,
 Bursting on my ravish'd ear !—
 " Love's redeeming work is done !
 COME AND WELCOME, SINNER, COME !
- 2 " Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
 Why beneath thy burthens groan ?
 All the curse on me was laid ;
 Justice owns the ransom paid :
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
 COME AND WELCOME, SINNER, COME !
- 3 " Now behold the festal board
 With its richest dainties stor'd ;
 To thy Father's bosom press'd,
 Once again a child confess'd,
 From his house no more to roam ;
 COME AND WELCOME, SINNER, COME ! "

DR. HAWEIS.

115 (1st P.) 8. 7. 4, Helmsley, 223. Jordan 81.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. Isaiah iv. 1.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore !
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with power ;
 He is able,
 He is willing : doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome ;
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger ;
 Nor of fitness fondly dream :
 All the *fitness* he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you ;
 'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall !
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all :
 Not the righteous,—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden ;
 On the ground your Maker lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him ;
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finish'd !
 Sinner, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood :
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name !
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners *here* may sing the same.

115 (2d P.) 8.7.4. Helmsley 223. Painswick 162.

The Gospel Message; or, Reconciliation to God.

- 1 **SINNERS**, you are now addressed
 In the name of Christ our Lord;
 He hath sent a message to you,
 Pay attention to his word;
 He hath sent it,
 Pay attention to his word.
- 2 Think what you have all been doing,
 Think what rebels you have been;
 You have spent your lives in nothing
 But in adding sin to sin:
 All your actions
 One continued scene of sin.
- 3 Yet your long-abused Sovereign
 Sends to you a message mild,
 Loth to execute his vengeance,
 Prays you to be reconcil'd:
 Hear him woo you,—
Sinners, now be reconcil'd.
- 4 Pardon now is freely publish'd
 Through the Mediator's blood;
 Who hath died to make atonement
 And appease the wrath of God!
 Wondrous mercy!
 See it flows through Jesus' blood!
- 5 In his name you are entreated
 To accept this act of grace;
 This the day of your acceptance,
 Listen to the terms of peace:
 O delay not,
 Listen to the terms of peace.
- 6 Having thus, then, heard the message,
 All with heavenly mercy fraught;
 Go, and tell the gracious Jesus
 If you will be sav'd or not:
 Say, poor sinner,
 Will you *now* be sav'd or not?

115 (3d P.) L. M. Gould's 272. Lewton 30.

Why will ye die? Ezek xxxiii. 10.

- 1 **W**HY, thoughtless sinner, wilt thou die?
Can the infernal regions charm?
Or wilt thou yet believe the lie,
That sin can do thy soul no harm?
- 2 God has pronounc'd the sinner's doom;
In ruin soon his course must end:
Wilt thou on peace in sin presume?
Or on what confidence depend?
- 3 Hast thou an arm like God most high,
In equal war with him to meet?
Canst thou his thunderbolts defy?
Or quench his flames beneath thy feet?
- 4 Deluded worm!—beware in time;
Now let the fatal contest cease;
Confess thy guilt, abhor thy crime,
And humbly sue for terms of peace.
- 5 Peace is proclaim'd! O, bless the sound
Of pardon bought with blood divine:
God has himself the ransom found,
Which could atone for sins like thine.
- 6 Embrace him with ecstatic joy;
His praise proclaim with every breath:
Who him reject their souls destroy;
Who hate him are in love with death.

DR. RYLAND

115 (4th P.) L. M. New Sabbath 122.

Ulverston 179.

The Unworthy not unwelcome, but made willing.

- 1 **H**OW sweet thy invitations be!
But are they, Lord, for such as we?
We, who transgressors are, and vile,
And most unworthy of thy smile?
- 2 Unworthy of the ground we tread,
The liquid drop, the crumb of bread;—
Of sight, of hearing, feeling, taste,
Then much more of thy saving grace.

- 3 But thou didst once a feast prepare,
And all around were welcome there ;
Those who obey'd the festive call,
And those who *would not* come at all.
- 4 Yet though we all *unworthy* be,
Are we *unwelcome*, Lord, to thee ?
For thou invitest us to come,
And find in thee our blissful home.
- 5 We hail thy invitations, Lord,
These are our *welcome* in thy word ;
But higher praise is yet thy due,
If thou hadst made us *willing* too.
- 6 [Let others know th' attractive day,
And never more perversely say,
We WILL NOT come for life to Thee—
But, *WE WILL* to the Saviour flee.]
- 7 As all are *welcome* to thy grace,
Th' unworthiest of the human race ;
Make thousands *willing*, Lord, we pray,
Draw them by cords of love to day.

115 (5th P.) L. M. China 300. Bampton 275.

The Samaritan Woman.—“ Come see a man,” &c.

- 1 **N**OW if I visit Jacob's well,
And ask, while Christ himself is there,
He'll freely give the vital stream—
Where he is, living waters are.
- 2 My fainting soul shall thirst no more
For sensual streams of bliss below,
When I have tasted those rich springs,
Which into life and glory flow.
- 3 'Tis without money, without price,
My soul may richly take her fill ;
None shall be empty sent away,
For all may come and draw that will.
- 4 I leave my pitcher at the well,
And haste my numerous friends to bring,
126

That we may all together go,
And drink of that delightful spring.

- 5 Lord, let them taste as I have done,
And then their ready cheerful feet
Will go, not for my word alone,
But go, because they find it sweet.

116 (1st P.) C. M. Worksop 31. Crowle 3.

Let the wicked forsake his way. Isaiah lv. 7.

- 1 **SINNERS**, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From Sin's destructive way.

- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

- 3 Your way is dark and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days
To reap immortal wee!

- 5 But he that turns to God shall live
Thro' his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Thro' the Redeemer's blood.

DR. FAWCETT.

116 SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

116(2dP.) L. M. Tooley Street 279. Bredby 165.

The Angels hastened Lot. Gen. xix. 85.

I made haste, and delayed not. Psal. cxix. 60.

1 **H**ASTEN, O sinner, *to be wise,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten, *mercy to implore,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, *to return,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, *to be blest,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn !
Now rouse him from his senseless state !
O let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late !

116 (3dP.) L. M. Rowles 73. Coombs's 45.

Strive to enter in at the Strait Gate. Luke xiii. 24.

1 **S**TRAIT is the Gate ; but Jesus cries,
“ Sinner set forth and reach the skies ;
The seats of bliss I long to fill,
Here's room for thousands, millions still.”

2 What can th' invited sinner say ?
Say this ;—“ Behold I come away !
I will provoke thy love no more ;
O do not rise and shut the door !”

3 Say this, and heaven, with new-rai'd song,
Shall hail, and bid thee come along ;
“ No !” cries the sinner, with disdain,
“ If Jesus calls, he calls in vain.”

- 4 Jesus the slighted call renews :
 O sinner, canst thou still refuse ?
 Then to yon wider gate repair ;
 Go, and resolve to enter there.
- 5 Resolve it not :—to Jesus *fly*,
 With breaking heart, and streaming eye ;
 With crimson shame thy sins deplore,
 Then he'll not rise and shut the door.
- 6 Yes, *fly* ! for in this journey know
 The rapid racer moves too slow :
 Jesus shall smile to see you soar,
 And wider throw th' eternal door. GREGG.

116 (4th P.) S. M. Stoke 207. Aynhoe 108.

TO-DAY.

If ye will hear his voice, &c. Heb. iii. 7.

- 1 **A**LL yesterday is gone,
 To-morrow's not our own ;
 What day is better than to-day
 To bow before the throne ?
- 2 Why should we yet delay,
 And not to God return ?
 How sad to have our oil to buy
 When we should have it burn !
- 3 O hear his voice *to-day*,
 And harden not your heart ;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
 Pronounce the sound, DEPART.

116 (5th P.) S. M. Shirland 304.

TO-MORROW.

Worldly Schemes vain ; and the Uncertainty of Life.
 James iv. 13—15.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine.
 Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand ;
 And, if its sun arise and shine
 It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away ;

116 SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine Almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursu'd !
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light ;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night. DODDRIDGE.

116 (6th P.) L. M. Gloucester 12. Coombs's 45.

The Union of Duty and Felicity.

To-day, if he will hear his voice, &c. Heb. iii. 7.

1 **M**Y soul, aspire to all the height
Of love, and duty, and delight ;
While thou art found in this employ,
Thou shalt a smiling God enjoy.

2 * "Hear while he speaks," he speaks to-day ;
"Pray while he hears," unceasing pray ;
"Believe his promises," and then
"Obey; while he commands."—Amen.

The Same, 104th. Hanover 130.

"Hear God while he speaks," then hear him to-day ;
"And pray while he hears," unceasingly pray ;
"Believe in his promise," rely on his word, [Lord:
And, "while he commands" you, "obey" your great

116 (7th P.) L. M. Eaton 291. Martin's Lane 67.

Whosoever will, let him come, &c.

The water that I shall give him shall, &c.

With joy shall ye draw water, &c.

1 **T**HE Saviour's fulness far excels
All Jordan's streams and Salem's wells ;

* The words marked with inverted commas are taken from
"Mason's Remains," recommended by Dr. Watts. 1741.

Come, then poor sinner, come and see
If there is in it nought for thee.

2 Ye doubting sinners, come and try,
For Christ will not his grace deny;
Then draw with joy, your vessels fill,
Come draw and drink, whoever will!

The blessed Spirit now invites,
And, lo! the happy bride unites;
And Jesus calls—be not afraid,
For such as you the well was made.

4 Yes; justice made it in the Lamb,
And mercy grants it in his name;
In it there is a boundless store
For us and for ten thousands more.

5 And is it open, full, and free?
Then, Lord, 'tis suitable for me;
O grant me now a rich supply,
That I may drink, and never die.

6 [But, careless sinner, know it well,
There's not a single drop in hell;
No; not a drop to cool your heart,
A single drop to ease your smart.]

7 Ye saints, your constant tribute bring
For this divine exhaustless spring;
Soon Christ will bring you to the skies,
Where living fountains ever rise.

117 L.M. Kingsbridge 88. Gould's 272.

Weary souls invited to rest. Matt. xi. 28.

1 **C**OME, weary souls, with sin distrest,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load;
O come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

118 SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest. STEELE.

118 148th. Eagle Street 16. Bethesda 112.

Yet there is room. Luke xiv. 22.

1 **Y**E dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to day,
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name;
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep draw near;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will now come:
In mercy's breast there still is room.

119 7s. Hotham 224. Bath Abbey 147.

Compel them to come in. Luke xiv. 23.

- 1 **L**ORD, how large thy bounties are,
Tender, gracious, sinner's friend!
What a feast dost thou prepare,
And what invitations send!
Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring:
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.
- 2 Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need;
Glory to forsake, and God,
See they run with rapid speed;
Draw them back by love divine,
With thy grace their spirits win: Every, &c.
- 3 Thus their willing souls compel,
Thus their happy minds constrain
From the ways of death and hell,
Home to God and grace again:
Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
Once outstretch'd to bleed for sin: Every, &c.

120 C. M. Huddersfield 202. Wiltshire 110.

Missionary 257.

The Saviour's Invitation. John vii. 37.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty longing heart
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain;
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

121. SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

4. Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

5. Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts!
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts;
And drink and never die. STEELE.

121 (1st P.) 8. 8. 6. Chatham 59.
Broadmead 150. Westbury Leigh 278.

Whosoever will, let him come. Rev. xxii. 17.

1. **Y**E scarlet-colour'd sinners! come;
Jesus, the Lord, invites you home;
O whither can you go!
What! are your crimes of crimson hue?
His promise is for ever true,
He'll wash you white as snow.

2. Backsliders! fill'd with your own ways,
Whose weeping nights and wretched days
In bitterness are spent,
Return to Jesus, he'll reveal
His lovely face, and sweetly heal
What you so much lament.

3. Tried souls! look up—he says, 'tis I—
He loves you still, but means to try
If faith will bear the test:
The Lord has giv'n the chiefest good,
He shed for you his precious blood;
O trust him for the rest!

4. Ye tender souls! draw hither too,
Ye grateful, highly favour'd few,
Who feel the debt you owe;—
Press on, the Lord hath more to give;
By faith upon him daily live;
And you shall find it so.

121 (2d P.) C.M. Cambridge New 74.

Missionary 257.

The Invitation of Wisdom.

- 1 **L**O! Wisdom stands with smiling face,
And courts us to her arms;
Who can resist the wondrous grace,
And slight her powerful charms!
- 2 She, gen'rous, holds out to our sight
Riches which shall endure;
Not sparkling rubies half so bright,
Nor finest gold so pure.
- 3 Eternal pleasures fill her train,
Pleasures which never cloy:
*Come, drink of bliss unmix'd with pain,
And taste celestial joy.*
- 4 Immortal crowns she now displays,
And thrones beyond the skies;
Accept her blessings while she stays,
And seize the glorious prize.

121 (3d P.) L.M. Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

The Invitation of Wisdom accepted. Rev. iii. 17.

- 1 **I** HEAR the counsel of a friend,
And to his soothing voice attend;
*Come, sinners, wretched, blind, and poor,
Come, buy from my unbounded store.*
- 2 *I only ask you to receive,
For freely I my blessings give:*
Jesus, and are thy blessings free?
Then I may dare to come to thee.
- 3 I come for grace, like gold refin'd,
T' enrich and beautify my mind:
Grace that will trials well endure,
And in the furnace grow more pure.
- 4 Naked; I come for that bright dress,
Thy perfect spotless righteousness;
That glorious robe, so richly dy'd
In thine own blood, my shame to hide.

122, 123 SCRIPTURE PROMISES.

- 5 Like Bartimeus, now to thee
I come, and pray that I may see :
Ev'n clay is eye-salve in thy hand,
If thou the blessing but command.
- 6 Here, wretched, poor, and blind I come ;
O let me not return the same ;
Let me depart, all-gracious Lord !
Happy, enrich'd, to sight restor'd.
- * Or read, *If wretched, poor, and blind, &c.*

122 L. M. Green's Hun. 89. Wareham 117.

The first Promise. Gen. iii. 15.

- 1 **W**HEN, by the tempter's wiles betray'd,
Adam, our head and parent fell,
Unknown before, a pleasure spread
Thro' all the mazy deeps of hell.
- 2 Infernal powers rejoic'd to see
The new-made world destroy'd, undone ;
But God proclaims his great decree,—
Pardon and mercy thro' his Son.
- 3 *Serpent, accurs'd, thy sentence read ;
Almighty vengeance thou shalt feel ;
The woman's seed shall break thy head,
Thy malice faintly brūise his heel.*
- 4 Thus God declares ; and Christ descends,
Assumes a mortal form, and dies ;
Whilst, in his death, death's empire ends,
And the proud conqueror conquer'd lies.
- 5 Dying, the King of Glory deals
Ruin to all his numerous foes ;
His power the Prince of Darkness feels,
And sinks oppress'd beneath his woes. **BEDDOME.**

123 L. M. Lebanon 79. Islington 40.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;

His faithful word declares to thee
That, *as thy days, thy strength shall be.*

- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say
How shall I stand the trying day!
He has engag'd, by firm decree,
That, *as thy days, thy strength sha'l be.*
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For, *as thy days, thy strength shall be.*
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That, *as thy days, thy strength shall be.*
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty—
Still, *as thy days, thy strength shall be.*
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And, *as thy days, thy strength shall be.*

DR. FAWCETT.

124 C. M. Great Milton 212. Matthew's 34.

| Fear not, for I am with thee. Isaiah xli. 10.

- 1 **A**ND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?
- 2 Dost thou a father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak
To sooth their sad complaints?
- 3 Why droop our hearts, why flow our eyes
While such a voice we hear?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near?

- 4 To all thine other favours, add
A heart to trust thy word ;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

125 (1st P.) C.M. Maidstone 196. Sprague 166.

My grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

- 1 **K**IND are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping saint ;
*My grace sufficient is for you,
Tho' nature's powers may faint.*

- 2 *My grace its glories shall display,
And make your griefs remove ;
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless power and love.*

- 3 What tho' my griefs are not remov'd,
Yet why should I despair ?
While my kind Saviour's arms support,
I can the burden bear.

- 4 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,
'Tis good to trust thy name ;
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.

- 5 Weak as I am, yet thro' thy grace
I all things can perform ;
And, smiling, triumph in thy name
Amid the raging storm.

NEEDHAM.

125 (2d P.) 104th. Stockwell 140, Geard 156.

The Lord will provide. Gen. xxii. 8.

- 1 **T**HO' troubles assail, and dangers affright ;
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite ;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, *The Lord will provide.*

- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread.
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written, *The Lord will provide.*

145

- 3 His call we obey, as Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers, *The Lord will provide.*
- 4 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, *The Lord will provide.*
- 5 He says we are weak: our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our spirits have tried,
This answers all questions, *The Lord will provide.*
- 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us thro';
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, *The Lord will provide.*

NEWTON.

126 C. M. New York 33. Devizes 14.

My God shall supply all your need. Phil. iv. 19, 20.

- 1 **M**Y God!—how cheerful is the sound!
How pleasant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
Where God hath fix'd his seat.
- 2 What want shall not our God supply
From his redundant stores?
What streama of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pours!
- 3 From Christ, the ever-living spring;
These ample blessings flow:
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart has lov'd us so.
- 4 Now, to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory given;
Thro' all the realms of man's abode,
And thro' the highest heaven. DODDRIDGE.

127, 128 SCRIPTURE PROMISES.

127 C. M. Arlington 17. Hammond 226.

Fear not; your Father will give you the kingdom. Luke xii. 32.

- 1 **Y**E little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares,
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.
- 2 Tho' wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence :
'Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight ;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.
- 4 [Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
For sure supports like these :
And, o'er the pious dead, we sing
Thy living promises.
- 5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless the Saviour's name :
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame.] DODDRIDGE.

128 (1st P.) 11s. Geard 156. Broughton 172.

Exceeding great and precious promises. 2 Pet. i. 4.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word,
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?
- 2 In every condition,—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea, [*be.*
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever
- 3 *Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd !
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.*

- 4 *When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow :
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.*
- 5 *When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.*
- 6 *E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.*
- 7 *The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!* K—.*

PAUSE.

[pray,

- 8 *Sweet promises these, Lord—then help me, I
Strong in faith to believe, and responsively say,
I will not, I will not despair of thy care,
I'll never, no never, no never despair.*

* Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's Translation of Heb. xiii. 5.

.128 (2d P.) 104th. Hanover 130. Sussex 70.

The Promises animating to Prayer.

Remember me, O my God, for good. Neh. xiii. 31.

I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth. Jer. ii. 2.

I do earnestly remember thee still. Jer. xxxi. 20.

O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me. Is. xlv. 21.

[ear,

- 1 **T**HOU Greatest and Best, O bow down thine
Attend my request, and answer my pray'r ;
*Remember me always, my God, for my good,
Thou, thou by the needy hast evermore stood.*

- 2 O gracious reply ! thou sayest, I will,
*I earnestly do remember thee still ;
Thy kindness I saw in the days of thy youth ;
Thy love of espousals when walking in truth.*

- 3 *Remember I do thy foes and thy fears,
Thy praises and pray'rs, thy joys and thy tears;
Should others forget thee, my signet thou art,
Yea, thou art engrav'd on my hands and my
heart.*
- 4 *Then as thou art mine, my care and my boast,
Believing rejoice, and no more distrust ;
Rely on my promise, THOU NEVER SHALT BE,
O ISR'EL, MY ISR'EL, FORGOTTEN OF ME.*

CHRIST.

129 (1st. P.) C. M. Abridge 201.
Cambridge New 74.

The Divinity of Christ.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Word,
The Father's equal Son ;
By heaven's obedient hosts ador'd,
Ere time its course begun.
- 2 The first creation has display'd
Thine energy divine ;
For not a single thing was made
By other hands than thine.
- 3 But, ransom'd sinners, with delight
Sublimar facts survey,—
The all-creating Word unites
Himself to dust and clay.
- 4 See the Redeemer cloth'd in flesh,
And ask the reason *Why?*
The answer fills my soul afresh,
To suffer, bleed, and die!
- 5 Creation's Author now assumes
A creature's humble form ;
A man of grief and woe becomes,
And trod on like a worm.
- 6 The Lord of Glory bears the shame
To vile transgressors due ;

- Justice the Prince of Life condemns
To die in anguish too.
- 7 God over all, for ever blest,
The righteous curse endures ;
And thus, to souls with sin distrest,
Eternal bliss insures.
- 8 What wonders in thy person meet,
My Saviour, all divine !
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
And would be wholly thine.
- 129 (2d P.) C. M. Irish 171. Arlington 17.

The Incarnation of Christ. Luke ii. 14.

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heav'n the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Thro' all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than Heaven could hold.
- 4 Down thro' the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 [Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light,
The wond'rous scene unfurl'd.]
- 6 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And *glory* leads the song :
Goodwill and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

129, 130 THE INCARNATION

- 7 [O for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and songs to raise,
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays !]
- 8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
Glory to God on high !
Goodwill and peace are now complete ;
Jesus was born to die !
- 9 Hail, Prince of Life ! for ever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend !
Tho' earth, and time, and life, should fail,
Thy praise shall never end. MEDLEY.

129 (3d P.) C.M. America 265. Tunbridge 103.

The Son of God became incarnate—to die.

- 1 “**A** GOD ! a GOD ! the wide earth shouts—
A GOD ! the heavens reply ;”
The choral UNIVERSE resounds—
A GOD is born—to die.
- 2 **JEHOVAH** Jesus is his name—
Immanuel, the I AM :
Transcendent Mystery ! yes ! 'tis He
Becomes the slaughter'd Lamb !

130 7s. Georgia 192. Hart's 221.

The Song of the Angels at the Birth of Christ.

- 1 **H**ARK, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
- 3 [Mild he lays his glory by ;
Born, that men no more might die ;
Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
Born, to give them second birth.]

4 Come, desire of nations, come !
 Fix in us thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's promis'd seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.

5 Glory to the new-born King !
 Let us all the anthem sing,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

c. w.

131 C. M. Charleston 195. Sprague 100.

The Incarnation. John i. 14.

1 **A**WAKE, awake the sacred song
 To our incarnate Lord ;
 Let every heart, and every tongue,
 Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign power
 By whom the worlds were made,
 (O happy morn, illustrious hour !)
 Was once in flesh array'd !

3 Then shone almighty power and love
 In all their glorious forms,
 When Jesus left his throne above
 To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery below,
 The Saviour left the skies ;
 And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
 That worthless man might rise.

5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs
 To hail the joyful day ;
 With rapture then let mortal tongues
 Their grateful worship pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due !
 With wonder we adore ;
 But, could we sing as angels do,
 Our highest praise were poor.

STEELB.

132 8. 7. 4. Lewes 63. Painswick 162.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **M**IGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
 May an infant lisp thy name?
 Lord of men, as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme.
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days!
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be thy just and lawful praise: Hal.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
 For created works of power,—
 Works with skill and kindness wrought: Hal.
- 4 For thy providence, that governs
 Thro' thine empire's wide domain;
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
 Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal.
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Dark thro' brightness all along:
 Thought is poor, and poor expression,
 Who dare sing that awful song? Hal.
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
 Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
 Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.
- 7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
 Did the shepherds learn their lays?—
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.
- 8 From the highest throne in glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe;
 All to ransom guilty captives:—
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow. Hal.

9 Go, return, immortal Saviour !
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;
 Thence return, and reign for ever,
 Be the kingdom all thy own: Hallelujah, &c.

ROBINSON.

133 C. M. Bath Chapel 26. Jersey 15.

The condescending Grace of Christ. Matt. xx. 28.

1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
 How sweet thy gracious name !
 With joy that errand we review
 On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic hands
 Stood waiting on the wing,
 Charm'd with the honour to obey
 Their great eternal King ;

3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
 Thou laidst thy glory by ;—
 First, in our mortal flesh, to serve ;
 Then, in that flesh, to die.

4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
 We doubly, Lord, are thine ;
 To thee our lives we would devote,
 To thee our death resign. DR. DODDRIDGE.

134 C. M. Tiverton 109. Otford 106,

The Redeemer's Message. Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long !
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
 Exerts his sacred fire ;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

135 (3d P.) L. M. Pell Street 306

The Cross of Christ.

- 1 **A** ID me, O Christ, thy cross to sing !
Its sovereign virtues who can tell !
It takes a worm defil'd with sin,
And makes him meet with God to dwell !
- 2 Brought near the cross, my soul shall melt,
And flow in streams of joy and grief ;
For here my sins will all be felt,
And here's full prospect of relief !
- 3 The wrath of God, by it's appeas'd ;
His holy law is magnified ;
Unbending justice is well pleas'd ;
And heaven to earth again allied.
- 4 In virtue of its untold worth
What glories gild the heavenly plains !
What blessings have come down on earth !
Such as surpass e'en Gabriel's strains !
- 5 Around this cross the angels crowd,
Intent new wonders to explore ;
And, raptur'd, all exclaim—*Of God*
We never saw so much before !
- 6 This cross a sinking world upholds ;
Its power subdues death, hell, and sin ;
High heaven's bright gates it wide unfolds,
And, ushers happy millions in.

PAUSE. Denbigh 54.

- 7 The triumphs of thy cross push on,
O Christ, wherever sin is known !
Bid vice and misery begone,
And make the nations all thy own !
- 8 The " travail of thy soul " demand,
The recompense of all thy woe ;
From every tribe, and tongue, and land ;—
Thy praise let all the people know !

RECOLLECTION.

- 9 Should e'er my love or zeal grow cold,
My caution fail, my faith abate,
Let me thy cross, O Christ, behold;
That shall new life and love create!
- 10 Thy wondrous cross shall be my boast
While in this sinning world I stay;
And when my voice in death is lost,
I'll sing it thro' eternal day!

Edinburgh, Feb. 22, 1822.

THOMAS RIPPON.*

135 (4th P.) 8. 8. 6. Hinton 266. Chatham 59.

Jesus crucified.

- 1 **W**HEN with a melting heart I stood
Near to a fountain fill'd with blood,
It flow'd a crimson tide;
That sight what stranger's heart can guess,
Or mind conceive, or tongue express
'Twas Jesus crucify'd.
- 2 But, plung'd beneath the cleansing flood,
My heart exclaimed, *Behold, how good*
The God who lov'd and died!
None saves from sin; its guilt, its stains,
From death, and everlasting pains,
But Jesus crucify'd.
- 3 O let me still this wonder see,
And cry, *He lov'd and died for me,*
And near the cross abide:
Take off my load, and from my heart
Bid sin, and guilt, and fear depart,
My Jesus crucify'd.
- 4 Thousands, besides the dying thief,
Have in this sight found sweet relief,
Feeling the blood apply'd;

* This amiable and endearing Young Minister, whose Talents could be surpassed by his Piety only; with a composure more than human, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, June 3, 1825, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

And yet, ten thousand thousand more
 Shall share the bliss, and all adore
My Jesus crucify'd.

- 5 O make *my* stubborn heart relent !
 May I of unbelief repent,
 And every sin beside :
 Now tune my heart, my voice, my tongue—
 I'll sing, and this shall be my song,—
My Jesus crucify'd.

136 L. M. Bab. Streams 23. Green's Hund. 89.

Behold the Man. John xix. 5.

- 1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the Man !
 The Man of grief, condemn'd for you !
 The Lamb of God, for sinners slain !—
 Weeping, to Calvary pursue.
- 2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With nails they fasten to the wood—
 His sacred limbs—expos'd and bare,
 Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 3 See there ! his temples crown'd with thorns,
 His bleeding hands extended wide,
 His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
 The fountain gushing from his side !
- 4 Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,
 How doth thy heart to sinners move !
 Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
 And melt us with thy dying love !
- 5 The earth could to her centre quake,
 Convuls'd, when her Creator died ;
 Oh, may our inmost nature shake,
 And bow with Jesus crucified !
- 6 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd
 Their horrors to the upper skies ;
 Oh, that our souls might burst the shade,
 And, quicken'd by thy death arise !

- 7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
 And tremble, and asunder part;
 Oh, rend, with thy expiring breath,
 The harder marble of our heart!

WHITEFIELD'S COLLECTION.

PAUSE.

- 8 O love of unexampled kind!
 Leaving all mortal thought behind; [height,
 Where length, and breadth, and depth, and
 Are lost to our astonish'd sight!

137 L. M. Dresden 178. Paul's 246.

A dying Saviour.*

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,
 Hark! his expiring groans arise;
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide!
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound;
 The vital stream, how free it flows
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
 To die for man, surprising grace!
 Yet pass rebellious angels by—
 O why for man, dear Saviour, why?
- 4 And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?
 And could the sun behold the deed?
 No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
 And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
 Insensible to love or pain?
- 6 Come, dearest Lord! thy grace impart,
 To warm this cold—this stupid heart,
 Till all its powers and passions move
 In melting grief and ardent love. STEELE.

* See Hymns on Redemption and the Lord's Supper, viz.
 69—76, and 472—490.

138 C. M. Canterbury 199. Tunbridge 103.

The Attraction of the Cross. John xii. 32.

1 **Y**ONDER—amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold, a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head :

3 The crimson tide puts out the sun ;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud ;
And, with th' amaz'd centurion, cry
This is the Son of God !

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive :
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O, that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee !
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be ! DR. S. STENNETT.

139 L. M. Rochford 22. Redemption 243.

The dying Love of Christ constraining to thankful Devotion.
2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

1 **S**EE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne :
Accept our humble, cheerful vow ;
Thou art our sovereign, thou alone.

2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour king,
The condescensions of his love.

- 4 Amazing love ! that stoop'd so low,
To view with *pity's* melting eye
Vile men deserving endless woe :
Amazing love !—did Jesus *die* ?
- 5 He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone ;
Oh, let his praise each hour employ,
Till hours no more their circles run !
- 6 He died !—ye seraphs, tune your songs !
Resound, resound, the Saviour's name,
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

140 148th. Resurrection 72. Darwell's 82.

The Resurrection of Christ. Luke xxiv. 34.

1 **Y**ES ! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conqu'ring head ;
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Lo ! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet :
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly
The joyful news to bear ;
Hark ! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air !
Their anthems say,
Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead !
He rose to-day.

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound,—
 Redeem'd by him from hell,
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell
 Transported, cry—
Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead,
No more to die.

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood!
 Wide be thy name ador'd,
 Thou rising, reigning God!
 With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And empires gain
 Beyond the skies.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

141 7s. Easter Hymn 232. Feversham 220.

The Resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

- 1 **C**HRI**S**T, the Lord, is ris'n to-day!
 Sons of men, and angels, say!
 Raise your joys and triumphs high!
 Sing, ye heavens,—and, earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er:
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell!
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Once he died our souls to save;
 Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head!

- Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies,
- 6 What, tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall,
Second life let us receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.
- 7 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven !
Praise to thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail ! the Resurrection—Thou.

142 7s. Hart's 221. Easter Hymn 232.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

- 1 **A**NGELS! roll the rock away !
Death ! yield up thy mighty prey !
See ! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour ! Angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise !
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hal.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes !
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky—
Up to waiting worlds on high. Hal.
- 4 Heaven displays her portals wide !
Glorious hero, thro' them ride !
King of Glory ! mount the throne,—
Thy great Father's and thy own. Hal.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs !
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres !
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong ! Hal.
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell !
Where is hell's once dreaded king ?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting ? Hal.

143, 144 RESURRECTION AND

143 L. M. Bramcoate 8. New Sabbath 122.

Christ's Resurrection, a Pledge of ours.

- 1 **W**HEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie;
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death;
Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath!
- 3 [Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seiz'd;
In *his* release *our own* we see,
And shout to view Jehovah pleas'd.]
- 4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold
To crown thy joy when he appears.
- 6 Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

144 C. M. New York 33. Crowle 3.

Comfort to such who seek a risen Jesus. Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

- 3 A moment give a loose to grief,—
 Let grateful sorrows rise ;
 And wash the bloody stains away
 With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
 The Saviour lives again ;
 Not all the bolts and bars of death
 The conqu'ror could detain.
- 5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
 His once dishonour'd head ;
 And, thro' unnumber'd years, he reigns,
 Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like his shall every saint
 His empty tomb survey ;
 Then rise with his ascending Lord,
 To realms of endless day.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

145 L. M. Cheshunt New 160. Coombs's 45.

Christ's Ascension. Psalm xxiv. 7.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead ;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The powers of hell are captive led—
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;—
*Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
 Ye everlasting doors give way.*
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
 He claims those mansions as his right :—
 Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 *Who is the King of Glory, who ?*
 The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame ;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
 And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;

*Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
- Ye everlasting doors, give way!*

6 *Who is the King of Glory, who?*

The Lord of boundless power possess,
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest!

WESLEY'S COLLECTION.

146

(1st P.) 148th. Darwell's 82.

Swithin's 44.

Jesus seen of Angels. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 **O** YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known:
On earth ye knew
His wond'rous grace;
His beauteous face
In Heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent, and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter spoil'd—
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd:
And joy'd to crown
The victor's head,
When Satan fled,
Before his frown.

4 Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd, with strong desire,
That wond'rous sight to see,—
The Lord of Life expire;

And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there
In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep ;
Then roll'd the stone,
And all ador'd
Your rising Lord,
With joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in light
The shining Conqu'ror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapt'rous flight
Up to the throne of God ;
And wav'd around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise ;
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise :
And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

146 (2d P.) C. M. America 265. Abridge 201.

Jesus seen of Angels. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 **B**EYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

2 Immortal angels, bright and fair,
In countless armies shine !

- Before him in transported lays
They offer songs divine.
- 3 "Hail! PRINCE," they cry, "for ever hail,
Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit those glorious realms
And royalties above."
- 4 And whilst he stoop'd on earth to dwell,
And suffer'd rude disdain;
They cast their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.
- 5 In all his toils and dang'rous paths
They did his steps attend,
Oft paus'd, and wonder'd how at last
This scene of love would end.
- 6 [And when the pow'rs of hell combin'd
To fill his cup of woe,
Their pitying eyes beheld his tears
In bloody anguish flow.]
- 7 As on the tort'ring tree he hung,
And darkness veil'd the sky,
They saw aghast! that awful sight,
The LORD OF GLORY DIE!
- 8 Anon he burst the gates of death,
Subdues the tyrant's power;
They saw th' illustrious conqu'ror rise,
And hail'd the blessed hour.

This Hymn, nearly as it has often appeared in print, was composed, one part of it by the Rev. James Fanch, of Romsey, and Pastor of the Baptist Church at Lockerley; and the other part by his bosom friend the Rev. Daniel Turner, of Abingdon: it was a production of their early days. From the latter I received it some years before his decease, *much enlarged*—it is here given in an abridged form. Let this page, if it were possible, say how much I owe to his paternal friendship and superior talents, even to the last, when he had honourably lived, and successfully laboured, for Christ, till more than eighty years of age.

- 9 They throng'd his chariot up the skies,
 And bore him to his throne ;
 Then swept their golden harps, and shout,
 - The GLORIOUS WORK IS DONE.
- 10 My soul the joyful triumph feels,
 And thinks the moments 'long
 Ere she her Saviour's glory sees,
 And joins the rapt'rous song.

147 L. M. Portugal 97. Redemption 243.

The exalted Saviour.

- 1 **N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above ;
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And there they sing his wondrous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
 O, may we feel the sacred flame ;
 And every heart and every tongue,
 Adore the Saviour's glorious name !
- 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree,
 In agonizing pains expir'd ;
 Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis he !
 How bright ! how lovely ! how admir'd !
- 4 Jesus, who died that we might live,—
 Died in the wretched traitor's place,—
 O, what returns can mortals give
 For such immeasurable grace !
- 5 Were universal nature ours,
 And art, with all her boasted store ;
 Nature and art, with all their powers,
 Would still confess the offerer poor !
- 6 Yet, tho' for bounty so divine,
 We ne'er can equal honours raise ;
 Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
 And all our tongues proclaim thy praise !

STEELE.

148, 149 KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

148 L. M. Aylie Street 241. Langdon 217.

The Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumphs of Christ.
Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.

- 1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,—
A burden for an angel's tongue :
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love !
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array
And veils the God in mortal clay.
- 4 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans :
The Prince of Life resigns his breath ;
The King of Glory bows to death.
- 5 But see the wonders of his power !—
He triumphs in his dying hour ;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 6 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood :
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.
- 7 Who shall fulfil this boundless song ?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue ;
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs !

DR. WATTS'S MISCELLANIES.

149 148th. Greenwich New 62. Portsmouth
New 144.

The Kingdom of Christ. Phil. iv. 4.

- 1 **R**EJOICE ! the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore ;

Mortals, give thanks and sing,

And triumph evermore :

Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,

Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice ! the Saviour reigns,—

The God of truth and love ;

When he had purg'd our stains,

He took his seat above : Lift up, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,

He rules o'er earth and heaven ;

The keys of death and hell

Are to our Jesus giv'n : Lift up, &c.

4 He all his foes shall quell,

Shall all our sins destroy,

And every bosom swell

With pure seraphic joy : Lift up, &c.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope !

Jesus the judge shall come,

And take his servants up

To their eternal home :

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice, —

The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

150 104th. Hanover 130. Old Hundred and
Fourth 148.

The Fulness of Christ. John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

1 **A** FULNESS resides in Jesus, our head,

And ever abides to answer our need :

The Father's good pleasure has laid up in store

A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.

2 What'er be our wants, we need not to fear ;

Our numerous complaints his mercy will bear ;

His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies ;

His power shall shield us when dangers arise.

3 The fountain o'erflows our woes to redress ;

Still more he bestows, and grace upon grace :

His gifts in abundance we daily receive ;

He has a redundancy for all that believe.

- 4 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us, and silence our fear,
For nothing can hurt us while Jesus is near.
- 5 When troubles attend, or danger or strife,
His love will defend and guard us thro' life:
And when we are fainting and ready to die,
Whatever is wanting his hand will supply.

DR. FAWCETT.

151 8s. New Jerusalem 230. Uxbridge 161.

The unsearchable Riches of Christ. Eph. iii. 8.

- 1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are.
His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace:
No! this is a myst'ry unknown.
- 2 In him; all the fulness of God
For ever transcendently shines;
Tho' once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs:
Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,—
Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- 3 His wisdom, his love and his power,
Seem'd then with each other to vie,
When sinners he stoop'd to restore,—
Poor sinners condemned to die!
He laid all his grandeur aside,
And dwelt in a cottage of clay—
Poor sinners he lov'd till he died—
To wash their pollutions away.
- 4 O sinners, believe and adore,
This Saviour so rich to redeem!

No creature can ever explore
 The treasures of goodness in him.
 Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,
 And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
 Draw near, while with terror you're toss'd,
 Believe, and your peace shall begin.

- 5 Now, sinners, attend to his call,
Whoso hath an ear let him hear,—
 He promises mercy to all
 Who feel their sad wants, far and near:
 He riches has ever in store,
 And treasures that never can waste:
 Here's pardon, here's grace; yea, and more,
 Here's glory eternal at last.

152 L. M. Kingsbridge 88. Portugal 97.

The intercession of Christ. Heb. vii. 25.

- 1 **H**E lives! the great Redeemer lives!
 (What joy the blest assurance gives!)
 And now, before his Father God,
 Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts!
 Above our fears, above our faults,
 His powerful intercessions rise;
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark distressful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their power,
 Let this dear hope repel the dart,
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
 On him our humble hopes depend:
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For Jesus pleads, and must prevail. STEELE.

153 C. M. Newbury 132. Charleston 195.

Christ's Intercession prevalent. John xvii. 24.

1 **A** WAKE, sweet gratitude! and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With cries and tears, he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim;
*Father, I will that all my saints
Be with me where I am:*

5 *By their salvation recompense
The sorrows I endur'd;
Just to the merits of thy Son,
And faithful to thy word.*

6 Eternal life, at his request,
To every saint is given:
Safety below, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

7 [Founded on right, thy prayer avails;
The Father smiles on thee;
And now, thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear Lord, Remember me.

Let the much incense of thy prayer
In my behalf ascend;

And, as its virtue, so my praise
Shall never, never end.]

TOPLADY.

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST. 154, 155

154 C. M. Michael's 119. Elim 151.

Christ's Intercession typified by Aaron's Breastplate.
Exodus xxviii. 29.

- 1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Tho' rais'd to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crown'd ;
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart ;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulder'd down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour ! on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,—
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne !

DR. DODDRIDGE.

155 C. M. Bedford 91. Ann's 58.

Christ's Admonition to Peter under approaching Trials, and
Intercession for him. Luke xxii. 31, 32.

- 1 **H**OW keen the tempter's malice is !
How artful and how great !
Tho' not one grain shall be destroy'd,
Yet will he sift the wheat.
- 2 But God can all his power control,
And gather in his chain ;
And, where he seems to triumph most,
The captive soul regain.
- 3 There is a Shepherd, kind and strong,
Still watchful for his sheep ;

Nor shall th' infernal lion rend
Whom he vouchsafes to keep.

- 4 Blest Jesus, intercede for us,
That we may fall no more;
O raise us when we prostrate lie;
And comfort lost restore.
- 5 Thy secret energy impart,
That faith may never fail;
But 'midst whole showers of fiery darts,
That temper'd shield prevail.
- 6 Secur'd ourselves by grace divine,
We'll guard our brethren too;
And, taught their frailty by our own,
Our care of them renew. DR. DODDRIDGE.

CHARACTERS & REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRIST.
PLACED ALPHABETICALLY.

156 L. M. Mark's 65. Ulverston 179.

ADVOCATE. 1 John ii. 1.

- 1 **W**HERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?
- 2 No, Lord! the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.
- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands,—
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands!
- 4 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

* These characters of Christ follow one another *Alphabetically*. Others, which it was necessary to place under different heads, may be found in the Index.

- 5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord!
 With stronger faith to call thee mine;
 Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

157 L. M. Lebanon 79. Lewton 30.

BRAZEN SERPENT. Numbers xxi. 8, 9.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel's grieving tribes complain'd,
 With fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
 A serpent straight the prophet made
 Of molten brass, to view display'd.
- 2 Around the fainting crowds attend,
 To heaven their mournful sighs ascend;
 They hope, they look, while from the pole
 Descends a power that makes them whole.
- 3 **B**ut, O, what healing to the heart
 Doth our Redeemer's cross impart!
 What life, by faith, our souls receive!
 What pleasures do his sorrows give!
- 4 Still may I view the Saviour's cross,
 And other objects count but loss;
 Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes,
 Enraptur'd with his sacrifice!
- 5 Jesus the Saviour! balmy name!
 Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim;
 By thy atonement set me free!
 My life, my hope, is all from thee.

158 L. M. Islington 40. New Sabbath 122.

BREAD OF LIFE. John vi. 35—48.

- 1 **D**EPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
 Nor love nor seek for heavenly bread;
 They choose the husks which swine do eat,
 Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.
- 2 Jesus! thou art the living bread
 By which our needy souls are fed;
 In thee alone thy children find
 Enough to fill the empty mind.

- 3 Without this bread, I starve and die ;
 No other can my need supply ;
 But this will suit my wretched case,
 Abroad, at home, in every place.
- 4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor
 Who ask for bread at mercy's door ;
 This living food descends from heaven,
 As mauna to the Jews was giv'n.
- 5 This precious food my heart revives ;
 What strength, what nourishment it gives !
 O let me evermore be fed
 With this divine celestial bread ! FAWCETT

159 L. M. Leeds 19. Madan's 107.

BRIDEGROOM and HUSBAND ; or, the Marriage between
 Christ and the Soul.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the heavenly lover, gave
 His life my wretched soul to save :
 Resolv'd to make his mercy known,
 He kindly claims me for his own.
- 2 Rebellious, I against him strove,
 Till melted and constrain'd by love ;
 With sin and self I freely part,
 The heavenly Bridegroom wins my heart.
- 3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,
 Yet takes and owns me for his spouse ;
 My debts he pays, and sets me free,
 And makes his riches o'er to me.
- 4 My filthy rags are laid aside,
 He clothes me as becomes his bride ;
 Himself bestows my wedding-dress,
 The robe of perfect righteousness.
- 5 Lost in astonishment, I see,
 Jesus ! thy boundless love to me :
 With angels I thy grace adore,
 And long to love and praise thee more.

Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow ;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men :
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He flew to my relief ;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carry'd all my grief.
- 6 [His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head ;
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.]
- 7 To him I owe my life, and breath,
And all the joys I have :
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.]
- 8 To heav'n, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet ;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
- 9 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine !

DR. S. STENNETT.

162 8. 7. Welsh 210. Trowbridge 21.

CONSOLATION OF ISRAEL. Luke ii. 25.

- 1 **C**OME, thou long expected Jesus !
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee :

Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art;
 Dear desire of every nation,—
 Joy of every longing heart.

- 2 Born, thy people to deliver;
 Born a-child and yet a king;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

MADAN'S COLLECTION.

163 L. M. Wareham 117. Wells 102.

CORNER-STONE. 1 Pet. ii. 6. Isa. xxviii. 16, 17.

- 1 **L**ORD, dost thou shew a Corner-stone
 For us to build our hopes upon,
 That the fair edifice may rise
 Sublime in light beyond the skies?
- 2 We own the work of sov'reign love;
 Nor death nor hell the hopes shall move,
 Which fix'd on this foundation stand,
 Laid by thy own Almighty hand.
- 3 Thy people long this stone have tried,
 And all the powers of hell defied;
 Floods of temptation beat in vain,
 Well doth this rock the house sustain.
- 4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
 Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
 'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
 And here securely they abide:
- 5 While they that scorn this precious stone,
 Foud of some quicksand of their own,
 Borne down by weighty vengeance, die,
 And buried deep in ruin lie. DR. DODDRIDGE.

164, 165 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

164 C. M. New York 33. Stillman 66.

DESIRE of all Nations. Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

- 1 **I**NFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Thro' all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Thro' all eternity.

165 C. M. Stamford 9. Huddersfield 202.

The Door. John x. 9. Hos. ii. 15.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a Door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide display'd,
The buildings strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the Door:
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 O, may thy grace the nations lead,
 And Jews and Gentiles come,
 All trav'ling thro' one beauteous gate
 To one eternal home! DR. DODDRIDGE.

166 L. M. Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

Our EXAMPLE. John xiii. 15.

- 1 **A**ND is the Gospel peace and love?
 Such let our conversation be;
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life!
- 3 O, how benevolent and kind!
 How mild! how ready to forgive!
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live!
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone thro' his life divinely bright!
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labours of his life were love;
 O, if we love the Saviour's name,
 Let his divine Example move.
- 6 But, ah! how blind! how weak we are!
 How frail! how apt to turn aside!
 Lord, we depend upon thy care,
 And ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 7 Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be!
 Make us, by thy transforming grace,
 Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!

STEELE.

167, 168 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

167 L. M. Bramcoate 8. Antigua 120.

FORERUNNER and FOUNDATION of our Hope. Heb. vi.
19, 20.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Lord, our souls adore !
A painful suff'rer now no more,
High on his Father's throne he reigns
O'er earth and heaven's extensive plains.
- 2 His race for ever is complete,
For ever undisturb'd his seat ;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gain'd victory.
- 3 Yet 'midst the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone !
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.
- 4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd sight,
With sacred wonder and delight ;
Jesus, thy own Forerunner, see
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains swell ;
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

168 104th. Stockwell 140. Hanover 130.

FOUNTAIN opened for Sinners. Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 **T**HE fountain of Christ, Lord, help us to sing,
The blood of our Priest, our crucify'd King ;
The fountain that cleanses from sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses salvation and health.
- 2 This fountain so dear he'll freely impart ;
When pierc'd by the spear, it flow'd from his heart,
With blood and with water, the first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter ; the fountain's but one.
- 3 This fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt, infallible cure ;
But, if guilt removed return and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved again and again.

- 4 This fountain, unseal'd, stands open for all
 Who long to be heal'd, the great and the small;
 Here's strength for the weakly that hither are led;
 Here's health for the sickly, and life for the dead.
- 5 This fountain, tho' rich, from charge is quite clear;
 The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here:
 Come needy, and guilty; come loathsome, and bare;
 Tho' leprous and filthy, come just as you are.
- 6 This fountain in vain has never been tried;
 It takes out all stain whenever applied:
 The fountain flows sweetly with virtue divine,
 To cleanse souls completely, tho' leprous as mine.

HART.

169 C. M. Tunbridge 103. Evans's 190.

Praise for the FOUNTAIN opened.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day;
 O may I there, tho' vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away!
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 But when this lisp'ing stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave,
 Then, in a nobler sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save.

COWPER.

PAUSE.

- 6 And hast thou, Lord, for me prepar'd,
 Unworthy, though I be,

171, 172 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

This name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

171 L.M. Portugal 97. Bramcoate 8.

GIFT of God. John iii. 16. 2 Cor. ix. 15.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day!
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness!
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God
To sinners weary and distress;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet;
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart!

BEDDOME.

172 (1st P.) C.M. Oxford 177. Newbury 132.

HEAD of the Church. Ephesians iv. 15, 16.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:

One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

4 O may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight ;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face !
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace. DR., DODDRIDGE.

172 (2d P.) L.M. Angel's Hymn 60. Mark's 65.

Christ our Hiding Place.

1 **H**AIL, sovereign Love, that laid the plan
To save apostate fallen man !
Hail, matchless, free, eternal Grace,
That gave my soul *a hiding-place*.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high ;
Despis'd the mention of his grace,
Secure, without *a hiding-place*.

3 Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Too proud to seek *a hiding-place*.

4 But thus th' eternal council ran,
Almighty grace, arrest that man ;
I felt my guilty, ruin'd case,
And found I had *no hiding-place*.

5 Indignant Justice stood in view ;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-place.

6 Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appear'd ;
She led me on, with steadfast pace,
To Jesus, as *my hiding-place*.

173 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 7 On him the tenfold vengeance fell,
That would have sunk a world to hell ;
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became *their hiding-place*.
- 8 A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast ;
There I shall sing the song of grace,
Adoring Christ, *my hiding-place*. BREWER

173 C. M. Liverpool 83. Irish 171.

- JESUS—Precious to them that believe. 1 Peter ii. 7.
- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul !
My transport and my trust :
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath ;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms—
The antidote of death. DR. DODDRIDGE.

173 (2d P.) L. M. Paul's 246.

- The blessed JESUS a JEW,*
How is it that thou, being a Jew ? &c. John iv. 9.
- 1 COME, Abra'm's sons, Messiah view,
Cloth'd in the body of a JEW—

* Sung at the close of a Sermon preached to the Jews, in Church Street, Spitalfields, by Dr. R., on Rom. x. 1.

- This Jew, Jehovah Tsidkenu,*
Became the son of Mary too.
- 2 This Jew, your Ehjeh, the I AM,
Was Isr'el's bleeding Paschal Lamb,
And he their Serpent lifted high,
That none who look to him should die.
- 3 He by his Cloud all Isr'el led,
All Isr'el with his Manna fed;
He did the Jordan's waves divide,
And land his flock on Canaan's side.
- 4 This Jew shall say, Come, come, ye bless'd,
To others say, Depart, ye curs'd—
And HIM, the heavens—adoring—own
Your KING—MESSIAH on his throne.

PAUSE. Coombs's 45.

- 5 Hear Abra'm, Isaac, Jacob too,
Adore the God, the exalted JEW;
Thus Moses, David, Solomon,
With all the saints around the throne.
- 6 To him the called tribes shall turn,
Their millions look on him, and mourn;
And all who on his Cross rely,
O happy souls! shall never die.
- 7 Then praise, O Jacob's favour'd race!
Your Abra'm's God, the God of grace;
Till all the earth, and seas, and skies,
In your enraptur'd concert rise,

174 7s. Turin 244. Feversham 220.

IMMANUEL. Matt. i. 23. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 **G**OD *with us!* O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite:—
O, mysterious depth and height!

* The LORD our righteousness. Jer. xxxiii. 6.

- 2 *God with us!* Amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.
- 3 *God with us!* But tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.
- 4 [*God with us!* O, blissful theme!
Let the impious not blaspheme;
Jesus shall in judgment sit,
Dooming rebels to the pit.]
- 5 *God with us!* O, wond'rous grace!
Let us see him face to face,
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

175 C. M. Charleston 195. Milbourn Port 183.

America 265.

KING of Saints.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round
How bright these glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays:
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 176, 177

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?

Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O, happy period! glorious day!

When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay
To celebrate thy praise. STEELE.

176 C. M. Miles's Lane 32. Condescension 116.

Crown Him.

1 **B**ACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
O, crown him Lord of all!

2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
O, crown him Lord of all!

3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall;
He understands the Spirit's groan;
O, crown him Lord of all!

4 Whoever comes, he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small:
His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
O, crown him Lord of all! w—.

177 (1st P.) C.M. Miles's Lane 32. Foster 96.

The Spiritual Coronation. Cant. iii. 11.

1 **A**LL HAIL, the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 [Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.]

177 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 [Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.]
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 [Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now joy with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.]
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 O, that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the *everlasting* song,
And crown him Lord of all.

177(2d P.) 8.8.6. Leach 290. Westb. Leigh 278.

The King of Kings crown'd by Earth and Heaven.

- 1 **U**PON Mount Zion Jesus stands,
With all dominion in his hands,
And rules this earthly ball:
While he his mighty sceptre sways,
Sinners shall tremble, saints shall praise,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 This Prince of Peace, the Mighty God,
From Jesse's stem, that fruitful rod,
Whom we Immanuel call;
Angels, and all the sons of light,
With saints in heaven and earth unite,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let us, his grateful subjects, meet,
And lay our honours at his feet,
Prostrate, adoring, fall:

- Sinners redeem'd, and wash'd in blood,
 Adopted, new-born, sons of God,
 Come, crown him Lord of all.
- 4 He has your mighty battles fought,
 And by his blood redemption wrought,
 And set you free from thrall; —
 From sin, and death, and hell, set free,
 Praise him to all eternity,
 And crown him Lord of all.

178 112th. Uffculm 93. Hoxton 121.

KINSMAN. Ruth iii. 2—9.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we claim thee for our own,
 Our kinsman, near allied in blood,
 Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
 The Son of Man, the Son of God;
 And, lo! we lay us at thy feet,
 Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.
- 2 Partaker of my flesh below,
 To thee, O Jesus, I apply;
 Thou wilt thy poor relations know;
 Thou never canst thyself deny,
 Exclude me from thy guardian care,
 Or slight a sinful beggar's prayer.
- 3 Thee, Saviour, at my greatest need,
 I trust my faithful friend to prove:
 Now o'er thy meanest servant spread
 The skirt of thy redeeming love:
 Under thy wings of mercy take,
 And save me for thy merit's sake.
- 4 Hast thou not undertook my cause,
 Lord over all, to worms allied?
 Answer me from that bleeding cross,
 Demand thy dearly ransom'd bride;
 And let my soul, betroth'd to thee,
 Thine, wholly thine, for ever be!

C. WESLEY.

179, 180 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

179 L. M. Bab. Streams 23. Kingsbridge 88.
Gould's 272.

LAMB of God, &c. Jehn i. 29.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love :
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above:
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid ;
He meekly bore the mighty load :
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world, he dies ;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb !
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name,
- 4 Pardon and peace thro' him abound ;
He can the richest blessings give ;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee—
Where else can helpless sinners go ?
Thy boundless love shall set me free,
From all my wretchedness and woe. FAWCETT.

180 S. M. New Eagle Street 55. Enfield 5.

LEADER.

- 1 **T**HOU very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came ;
Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 Angel of Gospel-grace !
Fulfil thy character :
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light ;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 181, 182

4 Our fainting souls sustain
 With blessings from above,
 And ever on thy people rain
 The manna of thy love.

J. c. w.

181 L. M. Virginia 234. Rippon's 188.

LIFE of the Soul. John xiv. 19.

1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,
 Jesus to thee I lift mine eyes—
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope—my comfort die,
 Fix'd on thy everlasting word,
 That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives;
 Here let me build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
 Immoveable the promise stands;
 Not all the powers of earth or hell
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
 If Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine. STEELE.

182 8. 7. Carlisle 95. Welsh 210.

LIGHT. Isaiah ix. 2.

1 **L**IGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come! and thy dear self revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:
 The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise!
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes!

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H O

183; 184: CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart ;
Come, and manifest the favour
Thou hast for the ransom'd race :
Come, thou dear exalted Saviour !
Come, and bring thy Gospel grace.
- 3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild pacific Prince !
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins :
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release ;
By the influence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

183 7s. Scotland 194. Stoel 164. Alcester 213.

MELCHIZEDEK a Type of Christ. Gen. xiv. 18, 19.

- 1 **K**ING of Salem, bless my soul !
Make a wounded sinner whole !
King of righteousness and peace,
Let not thy sweet visits cease !
- 2 Come, refresh this soul of mine
With thy sacred bread and wine !
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which cannot be told.
- 3 Hail, Melchizedek divine ;
Thou great High-Priest shalt be mine ;
All my powers before thee fall,—
Take not tithe, but take them all. w.—

184 C. M. New York 33. Prov. Collego 10.

MESSENGER of the Covenant. Mal. iii. 1.

- 1 **J**ESUS, commission'd from above,
Descends to men below,
And shows from whence the springs of love
In endless currents flow.

- 2 He, whom the boundless heaven adores,
Whom angels long to see,
Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
Ambassador to me!
- 3 To me, a worm, a sinful clod,
A rebel all forlorn;
A foe, a traitor to my God,
And of a traitor born.
- 4 To me, who never sought his grace,
Who mock'd his sacred word:
Who never knew or lov'd his face,
And all his will abhorr'd.
- 5 [To me, who could not even praise
When his kind heart I knew,
But sought a thousand devious ways
Rather than keep the true:]
- 6 Yet this redeeming Angel came:
So vile a worm to bless;
He took with gladness all my blame,
And gave his righteousness.
- 7 O that my languid heart might glow
With ardour all divine!
And, for more love than seraphs know,
Like burning seraphs shine!

185 (1st. P.) L. M. New Sabbath 122. Mark's 65.

MESSIAH. Gen. xlix. 10; Dan. ix. 26; Hag. ii. 9.

- 1 **G**LORY to God! who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is Love;
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.
- 2 O, what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to send!
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And God be glorious to forgive!
- 3 Messiah's come—with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold;

- Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke ;
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.
- 4 [Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,—
The time prophetic seals requir'd ;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince Messiah did atone.
- 5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far out-shone :
It wanted not thy glitt'ring store,
Messiah's presence grac'd it more.]
- 6 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wondrous child :
His birth, his life, his death, combine
To prove his character divine.
- 7 Jesus, thy Gospel firmly stands
A blessing to these favour'd lands ;
No infidel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead. NEEDHAM.

185 (2d P.) L. M. Judes 236. Bromley 104.

MESSIAH'S DAY.*

- 1 **A** BRA'M, with all the Saints of old,
By faith espied the Age of Gold ;
Rejoicing thro' their chequer'd way,
In prospect of MESSIAH'S DAY.
- 2 *In that day*, I will pour my Grace
On David's House, and Salem's Race ;
That each may look on ME, and mourn
As one that mourneth a first-born.
- 3 *In that day*, the Great Trumpet's sound
Shall gather outcasts all around ;
Ready to perish, myriads fly,
To him that died on Calvary.
- 4 *In that day*, see a Fountaig wide
Flowing from our Immanuel's side,
With blood which he so freely spilt,
To wash his murd'ers from their guilt.

* Sung on the same occasion as Hymn 178, 2d P.
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- 5 *In that day*, hear the Tribes confess
Christ is **THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS**.
Lo! priests, and people, now restor'd,
Are **HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD**.
- 6 Now to his cause the sea is given,
Each floating Hell* a floating Heaven—
And sails now bent from every strand
Waft Isr'el's sons to Canaan's land.
- 7 *In that day*, Lord, can more be crav'd?
Isr'el, all Isr'el shall be sav'd;
Gentiles and *Jews* unite in Thee,
Thy Church the **UNIVERSE** shall be.

PAUSE.

- 8 For Prophecies *fulfill'd*, dear Lord,
Thy faithful name shall be ador'd,
The rest,—thine Oaths—regard, we pray,
And haste the bright **MILLENNIAL DAY**.
- * A Man of War, so called by the Rev. Mr. Hervey.

186 7. 6. 8. Clark's 131. Tottenham Court 111.

PASSOVER. Exod. xii. 7. 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

- 1 **C**HRI**S**T our Passover is slain
To set his people free,—
Free from sin's Egyptian chain,
And Pharaoh's tyranny;
Lord, that we may now depart
And truly serve our pard'ning God,
Sprinkle every house and heart
With thine atoning blood.
- 2 Let the Angel of the Lord
His awful charge fulfil;
Let his pestilential sword
The first-born victims kill;
Safe in snares and deaths we dwell,
Protected, by that crimson sign,
From the rage of earth and hell,
And from the wrath divine.

187 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 Wilt thou not a difference make
 Betwixt thy friend and foe,
 Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
 And grace to Israel show?
 Know'st thou not, most righteous God,
 We on the paschal Lamb rely?
 See us cover'd with the blood,
 And pass thy people by. C. WESLEY.

187 C. M. Stillman 66. Condescension 116.

PEARL OF GREAT PRICE. Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu!
 A nobler choice be mine;
 A real prize attracts my view,
 A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
 Ye specious baits of sense;
 Inestimable worth appears,
 The Pearl of price immense!
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,—
 O name divinely sweet!
 Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
 Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
 Their boasted stores resign;
 With joy I would renounce them all,
 For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,—
 Of this dear gift possess'd,
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be for ever bless'd.
- 6 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
 Thy love is bliss divine;
 Accept the wish *that* love inspires,
 And bid me call thee mine. STEELE.

188 L. M. Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

Gould's 272.

PHYSICIAN of SOULS. Jeremiah viii. 22.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is Nature's aid;
The work exceeds all Nature's power.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?
- 4 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live:
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as Nature cannot give!
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.
- 6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sovereign cure is found,
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound. STEELE.

189 C. M. Great Milton 212. Ludlow 84.

PHYSICIAN; or, the Miracles of Christ.

- 1- **J**ESUS, since thou art still to-day,
As yesterday the same;
Present to heal—in me display
The virtue of thy name.
- 2 Since still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good;
On me, that I thy praise may shew,
Be all thy wonders shew'd.

LEPER.

- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat ;
With pitying eye behold me fall,
A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin ;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean,

DEAF AND DUMB.

- 5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord ! mine ear ;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in prayer.
- 6 Silent, (alas ! thou know'st how long)
My voice I cannot raise ;
But O, when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

LAME.

- 7 Lame, at the pool, I still am seen,
Waiting to find relief ;
While many others venture in,
And wash away their grief.
- 8 Now speak my mind, my conscience, sound,
Give, and my strength employ :
Light as a hart, my soul shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

BLIND.

- 9 If thou, my God, art passing by,
O, let me find thee near ;
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear !
- 10 See, I am waiting, in the way,
For thee the heavenly light ;
Command me to be brought, and say,
Sinner, receive thy sight,

POSSESSED.

11 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
 To thy great name submit ;
 Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
 And place me at thy feet.

12 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
 Thou canst relieve my soul ;
 Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
 For thou *wilt* make me whole.

190 148th. Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16.

HIGH PRIEST.

1 **A** GOOD High-priest is come,
 Supplying Aaron's place,
 And, taking up his room,
 Dispensing life and grace :
 The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
 But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

2 My Lord a priest is made,
 As sware the mighty God
 To Israel and his seed ;
 Ordain'd to offer blood
 For sinners, who his mercy seek ;
 A priest, as was Melchizedek.

3 He once temptations knew
 Of every sort and kind,
 That he might succour shew
 To every tempted mind :
 In every point the Lamb was tried,
 Like us, and then for us he died.

4 He dies ; but lives again,
 And by the altar stands ;
 There shews how he was slain,
 Op'ning his pierced hands :
 Our Priest abides, and pleads the cause
 Of us who have transgress'd his laws.

5 I other priests disclaim,
 And laws, and offerings too,

None but the bleeding Lamb
 The mighty work can do ;
 He shall have all the praise, for he
 Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and died for me.

CENNICK.

191 L. M. Leeds 19. Langdon 217.

The Excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 **M**ONG all the priests of Jewish race,
 Jesus the most illustrious stands ;
 The radiant beauty of his face
 Superior love and awe demands.
- 2 Not Aaron or Melchizedek
 Could elaim such high descent as he ;
 His nature and his name bespeak
 His unexampled pedigrec.
- 3 Descended from th' eternal God,
 He bears the name of his own Son ;
 And, dress'd in human flesh and blood,
 He puts hfs priestly garments on.
- 4 The mitred crown, th' embroider'd vest,
 With graceful dignity he wears ;
 And, in full splendour, on his breast
 The sacred oracle appears.
- 5 So he presents his sacrifice,—
 An off'ring most divinely sweet ;
 While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
 And cover o'er the mercy-seat.
- 6 The Father with approving smile
 Accepts the off'ring of his Son :
 New joys the wond'ring angels feel,
 And haste to bear the tidings down.
- 7 The welcome news their lips repeat
 Gives sacred pleasure to my breast :
 Henceforth, my soul, thy cause commit
 To Christ, thy advocate and priest.

DR. S. STENNETT.

192 112th. Carey's 11. New Haven 248.

Pearce 269.

PROPHET, PRIEST, and KING. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's darling, Thou!
O, let me catch th' immortal flame,
With which angelic bosoms glow!
Since angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the blest above.
- 2 My *Prophet* thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
The words, that from thy lips proceed,
O, how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great *Prophet*, I would love,
And imitate the blest above.
- 3 My great *High-Priest*; whose precious blood
Did once atone upon the cross;
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause;
In thee I trust; thee I would love,
And imitate the blest above.
- 4 My *King* supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit:
My *Saviour King* this heart would love,
And imitate the blest above.

PRESIDENT DAVIES.

193 L. M. Redemption 243. Wells's Row 198.

The RANSOM. Isaiah lxi. 2.

- 1 **I** COME, the great Redeemer cries,
A year of freedom to declare,
From debts and bondage to discharge;
And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share:
- 2 A day of vengeance I proclaim,
But not on man the storm shall fall;
On me its thunders shall descend,
My strength, my love, sustain them all.

- 3 Stupendous favour ! matchless grace !
 Jesus has died, that we might live :
 Not worlds below, nor worlds above,
 Could so divine a ransom give.
- 4 To him, who lov'd our ruin'd race,
 And for our lives laid down his own,
 Let songs of joyful praises rise
 Sublime, eternal, as his throne.

194 C. M. Oxford 177. Sprague 166.

OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. Jer. xxiii. 6.

- 1 SAVIOUR divine ! we know thy name,
 And in that name we trust ;
 Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
 Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
 And low in dust we lie,
 Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
 To bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 The sins of one most righteous day
 Might plunge us in despair ;
 Yet all the crimes of numerous years
 Shall our great Surety clear.
- 4 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,
 Shall deck us all around ;
 Nor by the piercing eye of God
 One blemish shall be found.
- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
 To sinners now are given ;
 Israel and Judah soon shall change
 Their wilderness for heaven.
- 6 With joy we taste that manna now,
 Thy mercy scatters down ;
 We seal our humble vows to thee,
 And wait the promis'd crown.

195 (1st P.) 7s. Deptford 124. Firth's 146.
Rest 183.

Rock smitten; or, the Rock of Ages. Isa. xxvi. 4.

- 1 **R**OCK of ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
- 2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!

TOPLADY.

195 (2d P.) L.M. Martin's Lane 67. China 300.

The ROSE of SHARON. Sol. Song, ii. 1.

- 1 **'T**IS Jesus speaks: how sweet the sound!
I am the Rose of Sharon's ground:
Yes, Saviour, thou art Sharon's Rose,
Surpassing every flow'r that blows.
- 2 Thy comeliness and fragrant smell,
What mortal strains on earth can tell?
Here let me make a pleasing stay,
And pass my blissful hours away.

196, 197 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 Thy name, thy sacrifice, thy love,
With odours fill the realms above ;
And these, thro' the whole church below,
Breathe all the fragrant gales we know.
- 4 Thy peerless beauties shall employ
My heart, my tongue, my every joy,
The Rose of Sharon still shall be
My song throughout eternity.

196 L. M. Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

SAVIOUR—the only One. Acts iv. 12.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,—
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.
- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God ;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.
- 3 No other name will heav'n approve :
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart :
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 5 Safe lead us thro' this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns. STEELE.

197 (1stP.) S. M. Finsbury 155. Mansfield 154.

SHEPHERD. Psalm xxiii. 1—3.

- 1 **W**HILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied.

- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine !
With pleasure, food, and safety blest ;
Beneficence divine !
- 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore ;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there. STEELE.

197 (2d P.) L. M. Antigua 120. Truro 105.

The STAR * of Bethlehem. Matt. ii. 10.

- 1 **W**HEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky ;
One STAR alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the STAR OF BETHLEHEM.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark ;
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

* See also Hymn 160.

197, 198 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 4 Jesus, my Star, my guide, my ah;
'Twas thine to bid my terrors cease:
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
To lead me to the port of peace.
- 5 There safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
This, this shall be my endless theme,
For ever and for evermore,
Jesus, the STAR OF BETHLEHEM!

197 (3d P.) S.M. Oxford 177. New York 33.

Christ the DAY STAR by his inspired Word.

- 1 **S**HINE lovely Star of Day,
Around, and in us shine,
That our benighted souls may own
Thy light and love divine.
- 2 Our wand'ring footsteps guide
Through this vast wilderness;
Beneath thy beams we'll trace the path
Of purity and bliss.
- 3 Death's vale shall lose its gloom,
Cheer'd by thy vital ray,
And open to our longing eyes
An everlasting day.

198 104th. Old Hundred and Fourth 148. Hanover 139.

STRONG-HOLD. Zech. ix. 12. Nah. i. 7.

- 1 **Y**E pris'ners of hope o'erwhelmed with grief,
To Jesus look up for certain relief;
There's no condemnation in Jesus the Lord,
But strong consolation his grace doth afford.
- 2 Should justice appear a merciless foe,
Yet be of good cheer, and soon shall you know
That sinners, confessing their wickedness past,
A plentiful blessing of pardon shall taste.
- 3 Then dry up your tears, ye children of grief,
For Jesus appears to give you relief;
If you are returning to Jesus your friend,
Your sighing and mourning in singing shall end.

4 *None will I cast out who come, saith the Lord,
Why then do you doubt? lay hold of his word:
Ye mourners of Zion, be bold to believe,
For ever rely on your Saviour and live.*

199 L. M. . New Sabbath 122. Martin's
Lane 67.

SUN. Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

- 1 **G**REAT God! amid the darksome night,
Thy glories dart upon my sight,
While, wrapt in wonder, I behold
The silver moon and stars of gold.
- 2 But, when I see the sun arise,
And pour his glories o'er the skies,
In more stupendous forms I view
Thy greatness and thy goodness too.
- 3 Thou Sun of suns, whose dazzling light
Tries and confounds an angel's sight!
How shall I glance mine eye at thee
In all thy vast immensity?
- 4 Yet I may be allow'd to trace
The distant shadows of thy face;
As, in the pale and sickly moon,
We trace the image of the sun.
- 5 In every work thy hands have made,
Thy pow'r and wisdom are display'd;
But, O! what glories all divine
In my incarnate Saviour shine!
- 6 He is my Sun: beneath his wings
My soul securely sits and sings;
And there enjoys, like those above,
The balmy influence of thy love.
- 7 O, may the vital strength and heat
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my course to run
With the same vigour as the sun!

DR. S. STENNETT.

200, 201 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

200 C. M. New York 33. Condescension 116

Christ the VINE, and Believers the Branches. John xv. 1—5.

1 **JESUS**, immutably the same !
Thou true and living Vine !
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit :
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.

3 I can do nothing without thee ;
My strength is wholly thine ;
Wither'd and barren should I be
If sever'd from the Vine.

4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop :
The plant, which thy right-hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

5 Each moment, water'd by thy care,
And fenc'd with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

TOPLADY.

201 L. M. Leeds 19. Lewton 30.

WAY to Canaan.

1 **JESUS**, my All, to heaven is gone ;
He, whom I fix my hopes upon !
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The king's highway of holiness
I'll go ; for all his paths are peace :

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not :
My grief, and burden, long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.

- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinu'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the Way.
- 5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am!
My sinful self to thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—*Behold the way to God!* CENNICK.
-
- 7 I'd carve his passion on the bark,
And, vocal, ev'ry wounded tree
Should say, by some dear mystic mark,
My Lord was crucify'd for ME.

202 8. 8. 6. Broadmead 150. Chatham 59.

WAY, TRUTH, and LIFE. John xiv. 6.

- 1 **T**HERE is no path to heav'nly bliss,
Or solid joy, or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road:
O, may we tread the sacred *Way!*
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God!
- 2 The types and shadows of the Word
Unite in Christ, the man, the Lord,
The Saviour, just and *True:*
O, may we all his word believe!
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.
- 3 As he above for ever lives,
And *Life* to dying sinners gives
Eternal and divine;
O, may his Spirit in me dwell!
Then—sav'd from sin, and death, and hell—
Eternal life is mine.

203, 204 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

203 L. M. Bramcoate 8. Langdon 217.

WISDOM, RIGHTEOUSNESS, SANCTIFICATION, and REDEMPTION. 1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

- 1 **MY** God ! assist me while I raise
An anthem of harmonious praise :
My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
And spread its banners in thy name.
- 2 In Christ I view a store divine ;
My Father, all that store is thine !
By thee prepar'd, by thee bestow'd :
Hail to the Saviour and the God !
- 3 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
Let there be light, th' Almighty said !
And Christ, my sun, his beams displays,
And scatters round celestial rays.
- 4 Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,
And awful Justice ask'd my blood :
'That welcome Saviour, from thy throne,
Brought righteousness and pardon down.
- 5 My soul was all o'erspread with sin ;
And, lo ! his grace hath made me clean :
He rescues from th' infernal foe,
And full redemption will bestow.
- 6 Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue !
Ye angels, warble back my song !
For love like this demands the praise
Of heavenly harps and endless days.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

204 C. M. Bedford 91. Brightelmstone 208.

ALL IN ALL.

- 1 **COMPAR'D** with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see :
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey :

Thyself bestow! for Thee alone,
My ALL IN ALL, I pray.

3 Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore :
More than thyself I cannot crave ;
And thou canst give no more.

4 Lov'd of my God, for him again
With love intense I'd burn :
Chosen of Thee, e'er time began,
I'd choose thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign ;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

TOPLADY.

205 8s. New Jerusalem 230. Lock 49.

ALL IN ALL; or, the Testimony concerning Jesus, the Soul
of Prophecy. Rev. xix. 10.

1 **T**HE Bible is justly esteem'd
The glory supreme of the land,
Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,
And brought to Jehovah's right hand :
With pleasure we freely confess
The Bible all books doth outshine ;
But Jesus, his person and grace,
Affords it that lustre divine.

2 In ev'ry *prophetical book*,
Where God his decrees hath unseal'd,
With joy we behold, as we look,
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd :
His glories project to the eye ;
And prove it was not his design
Those glories conceal'd should lie,
But there in full majesty shine.

3 The *first gracious promise* to man
A blessed prediction appears ;
His work is the soul of the plan,
And gives it the glory it wears.

How cheering the truth must have been,
That Jesus, the promised seed,
Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,
And hell in captivity lead !

- 4 The *ancient Levitical Law*,
Was prophecy after its kind ;
In types, there the faithful foresaw
The Saviour that ransom'd mankind :
The altar, the Lamb, and the priest,
The blood that was sprinkled of old,
Had life, when the people could taste
The blessings those shadows foretold.
- 5 Review each prophetic *Song*,
Which shines in prediction's rich train :
The sweetest to Jesus belong,
And point out his sufferings and reign.
Sure David his harp never strung,
With more of true sacred delight,
Than when of the Saviour he sung,
And he was reveal'd to his sight.
- 6 May Jesus more precious become !
His word be a lamp to our feet !
While we in this wilderness roam,
Till brought in his presence to meet !
Then, then we will gaze on thy face,—
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King !—
Recount all thy wonders of grace,
Thy praises eternally sing. K.——

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*THE INFLUENCES AND GRACES OF
THE SPIRIT.*

206 (1st. P.) 112th. Carey's 11. Hoxton 121.

The promised Comforter. John xiv. 16—18.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we hang upon the word
Our longing souls have heard from thee ;
Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,—
Thy promise made to such as me ;

- To such as Zion's paths pursue,
And would believe that God is true.
- 2 Thou say'st, *I will the Father pray,*
And he the Comforter shall give,
Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
And never more his temples leave;
Myself will to my orphans come,
And make you mine eternal home.
- 3 Come then, dear Lord! thyself reveal,
And let the promise now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to the word of grace!
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the Comforter.
- 4 He visits oft the troubled breast,
And oft relieves our sad complaint;
But soon we lose the transient guest,
But soon we droop again and faint,—
Repeat the melancholy moan,
Our joy is fled, our comfort gone!
- 5 Hasten him, Lord, into each heart,
Our sure inseparable guide:
O, may we meet and never part!
O may he in our hearts abide!
And keep his house of praise and prayer,
And rest and reign for ever there!

206 (2d P.) 8s. Limefield 94.

The Love of the Spirit. Rom. xv. 30.

- 1 **T**HE love of the Spirit I sing,
By whom is redemption apply'd;
Who sinners to Jesus can bring,
And make them his mystical bride.
- 2 'Tis he circumcises their hearts,
Their callousness kindly removes;
Life, light, and affection imparts,
To them that so freely he loves.

- 3 He opens the eyes of the blind,
The beauty of Jesus to view :
He changes the bent of the mind
The glory of God to pursue.
- 4 The stubbornest will he can bow,
The foes that dwell in us restrain ;
And none can be trodden so low,
But he can revive them again.
- 5 His blest renovation begun,
He dwells in the hearts of his saints ;
Abandons his temple to none,
Nor e'er of his calling repents.
- 6 Imprest with the image divine,
The soul to redemption he seals ;
And each with the Saviour shall shine,
When glory complete he reveals.
- 7 How constant thy love I believe,
Which stedfast endures to the end ;
Then never, my soul, may I grieve
So loving—so holy a friend.

206. (3d P.) S. M. Peckham 7. Hopkins 157.

The Work of the Holy Spirit described and desired. Mic. ii. 7.

- 1 **W**HERE'ER the Spirit works,
With energy divine,
There sin will lose its reigning pow'r,
And Christian graces shine.
- 2 'Tis by his sacred aid
The saints hold on their way ;
With vigour run the heav'nly race,
And watch, and praise, and pray.
- 3 Nor will he e'er forsake
The work of his own hand ;
Without his help the strongest fall,
With it the weakest stand.
- 4 [Though oft they are bow'd down,
With various griefs oppress,
213

He leads through all their dang'rous way,
To his appointed rest.]

- 5 Then grant us, gracious Lord,
Sweet influence from thy throne;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all thy own.

207 (1st P.) L. M. Ailie Street 241:
Ulverston 179.

The Leadings of the Spirit. Rom. viii. 14.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit; heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ,—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is. B—

207 (2d P.) C. M. Follet 181. Braintree 25.

The Work of the Spirit represented by the Wind; or
sovereign saving Grace. John iii. 8.

- 1 **T**HE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enliv'ning breeze.

208, 209 THE INFLUENCES OF

- 2 He forms the-carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.
- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and grief remove,
And brings us near to God.
- 4 Lord, fill each dead benighted soul
With life, and light, and joy!
None can thy mighty power controul,—
Thy glorious work destroy.

208 L. M. Magdalene 214. Rowles 73.

The Spirit's Influences compared to living Water.

- 1 **B**LESS'D Jesus, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
O, bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller thro' desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More needs the current to obtain,
Or to enjoy refreshing rain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring!
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest torrent, near my side,
Thro' all the desert gently glide;
Then, in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love! DODDRIDGE.

209 L. M. Kimbolton 251. Martin's Lane 67.

Divine Influences compared to Rain. Psalm lxxii. 6.

- 1 **A**S showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessing down;
Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

- 2 Lands that beneath a burning sky
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.
- 3 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 4 As, in soft silence, vernal show'rs
Descend, and cheer the fainting flow'rs,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 5 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all mankind ;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

210 L. M. Wareham 117. Gould's 272.

Seeking to God for the Communication of his Spirit.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious Sov'reign! from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down ;
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest hearts with love ;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy god-like power be known.
- 3 Speak thou, and, from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrows rise ;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 4 O, let a holy flock await
Numerous around thy temple-gate !

Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

- 5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise ;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

211 (1st P.) 112th. Hoxton 121. Francis 200.

The Influences of the Spirit desired.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! source of light!
Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire :
Our souls refine, our dross consume !
Come, *condescending* Spirit! come.
- 2 In our cold breast, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel ;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still ;
Come, *vivifying* Spirit! come,
And make our hearts thy constant home.
- 3 Whatever guilt and madness dare,
We would not quench the heav'nly fire ;
Our hearts as fuel we prepare,
Tho' in the flame we should expire :
Our breasts expand to make thee room,
Come, *purifying* Spirit! come.
- 4 Let pure devotion's fervours rise !
Let every pious passion glow !
O, let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below !
Come, *condescending* Spirit! come,
And make our souls thy constant home.

211 (2d P.) S.M. Stoke 207. New Eagle Str. 55.

The Holy Spirit invoked.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come !
With energy divine

- And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quick'ning influence.
- 3 Melt, melt, this frozen heart:
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee I will devote
The remnant of my days.

211(3dP.) L.M. New Haven 248. Pearce 269.

Universal Dedication implored.

- 1 **L**ORD, that so poor a worm as I
May to thy praise and glory live,
Now all my nature sanctify,
And all my thoughts and words receive;
Me for thy service wholly claim,
Claim all I have and all I am.
- 2 Take thou my soul and all my powers;
O take my mem'ry, mind, and will,
Take all my goods, and all my hours,
Take all I know, and all I feel;
Take all I think, and speak, and do;
O take my heart, but make it new.
- 3 Bless'd Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the high celestial host,
So let thy will on earth be done;
Glory by all, to thee be giv'n,
Thou glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

212 (1st P.) L. M. Mark's 65. Chard 175.

Entire Dedication ; or, Reasons for desiring the Work of the Spirit.

- 1 **E**MPTY'D of earth, I fain would be,
Of sin, of self, of all but thee ;
Reserv'd for Christ that bled and died,—
Surrender'd to the crucified !
- 2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life ;
Prepar'd for Heaven my noblest care,—
And have my conversation there.
- 3 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know ;
My friend, and my companion Thou ;
Lord, take my heart—assert thy right,
And put all other loves to flight.
- 4 Each idol tread beneath thy feet,
And to thyself the conquest get :
Let sin no more oppose my Lord,
Slain by thy Spirit's two-edg'd sword.
- 5 [Constrain my soul thy sway to own ;
Self-will, self-righteousness, dethrone ;
Let Dagon fall before thy face,—
The ark remaining in its place.]
- 6 Detach from sublunary joys
One that would only hear thy voice,
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
Nor glow but with celestial fire.
- 7 Larger communion let me prove
With thee, blest object of my love :
But, O ! for this no power have I ;
My strength is at thy feet to lie.

212 (2d P.) L. M. Denbigh 54. Rowles 73.

A propitious Gale longed for.

- 1 **A**T anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, *sweet Spirit, come !*
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way !

- 2 *Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below:
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, Thou must breathe th' auspicious gale.*

212 (3d P.) 8s. Limefield 94. Lambeth 57.

Waiting for the Comforter until the last.

- 1 **B**LESS'D Comforter, balm of the mind,
Long have I thy absence deplor'd;
Nor peace nor contentment can find,
Till thou to my soul art restor'd.
- 2 With comfort I once pass'd the day,
With comfort I laid me to rest,
But now thou art fled far away,
And sorrow oppresseth my breast.
- 3 Return and revive me once more,
With joys that are pure and divine;
Thy presence is what I implore,
O grant it, and comfort is mine.
- 4 But if thou delay to impart
The earnest and foretaste of heav'n;
In duty I'll give thee my heart,
And wait till the blessing is giv'n.
- 5 And should it yet tarry awhile,
Yea till I'm resigning my breath,
O step in and give me a smile,
And let me find comfort in death.

213 L. M. Portugal 97. Ulverston 179.

The Influences of the Spirit experienced. John xiv. 16, 17.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord! and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
Favour astonishing, divine!
- 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here—
Great spring of comfort, life, and light?

- 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
 'Tis he sustains my fainting heart ;
 Else would my hopes for ever die,
 And every cheering ray depart.
- 4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
 Do I not find his healing voice
 The tempest of my fears controul,
 And bid my drooping powers rejoice ?
- 5 [Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
 With ardent wish, my heart aspires ;
 Can it be less than pow'r divine
 Which animates these strong desires ?]
- 6 What less than thy Almighty word
 Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
 And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
 My life, my treasure, and my trust ?
- 7 And, when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God, and taste his grace,
 Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
 Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?
- 8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
 For ever dwell, O God of love !
 And light and heav'nly peace impart,—
 Sweet earnest of the joys above. STEELE.

214 8s. Uxbridge 161. New Jerusalem 230.

The Holy Spirit addressed under Darkness.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, Holy Spirit—the dove,
 And visit a sorrowful breast ;
 My burden of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest.
 Thou only hast pow'r to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,—
 The sense of redemption to give,
 And sprinkle his conscience with blood.
- 2 With me, if of old thou hast strove,
 And kindly withheld me from sin ;

Resolv'd, by the strength of thy love,
 My worthless affections to win;
 The work of thy mercy revive,
 Invincible mercy exert,
 And keep my weak graces alive,
 And set up thy rest in my heart.

3 If, when I have put thee to grief,
 And madly to folly return'd,
 Thy goodness hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourn'd;
 O, Spirit of pity and grace!
 Relieve me again, and restore,—
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall and to grieve thee no more.

4 If now I lament after God,
 And pant for a drop of his love,—
 If Jesus, who pour'd out his blood,
 Obtain'd me a mansion above;
 Come, heavenly Comforter! come,
 Sweet witness of mercy divine!
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally thine.

215 (1st P.) L. M. Bredby 165. Horsley
 205. Gould's 272.

The grieved Spirit entreated not to depart. Psalm li. 11.

1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
 Though I have done thee such despite,
 Cast not a sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd;—

3 But O! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of my great High-Priest;
 • Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
 I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,—
E'en now, O Lord! relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

• 215 (2d P.) C.M. Worksop 31. Walsal 237.

The grieved Spirit desired to return.

1 **M**Y grace so weak, my sin so strong,
My heart is greatly pain'd;
Bless'd Spirit, art thou griev'd?—and is
Thine influence restrain'd?

2 Tell me—O tell me what will please,
And cause thee to return;
As doves, the absence of their mates,
I thy withdrawments mourn.

3 Come then, Celestial Helper, come!
With energy divine;
Ease, of its heavy load of guilt,
This troubled heart of mine.

4 Vouchsafe in answer to my prayers,
Thy visits to renew;
Increase my faith, dispel my fears;
O, guard and save me too.

215 (3d P.) L. M. Paul's 246. Portugal 97.

Prayer for all the Saving Influences of Grace.

1 **I**'M in a world of hopes and fears,—
A wilderness of toils and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat.

2 Shed down, O Lord! a heav'nly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold the shield of pow'r,
To guard me in the dang'rous hour.

- 3 Teach me the flatt'ring path to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 Each sacred principle impart;—
The faith, that sanctifies the heart;
Hope, that to heaven's high vault aspires;
And love, that warms with holy fires.
- 5 Whate'er is noble, pure, refin'd,
Just, gen'rous, amiable, and kind,
That may my constant thought pursue—
That may I love and practise too.
- 6 Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,
Allure my wand'ring soul aside;
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.
- 7 There glories shine and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport the soul;
And ev'ry panting wish shall be
Possess'd of boundless bliss in thee. COLES.

215 (4th. P.) C. M. Matthews 34. Follett 181.

The Sealing Influences of the Spirit desired. Eph. iv. 30.

- 1 **G**REAT Comforter, we cry to thee,
Spirit of Jesus come,
And make our willing waiting souls
Thine everlasting home.
- 2 O let us feel thy saving pow'r,
That faith and love may grow,
Present salvation we desire;
This, this on us bestow.
- 3 Seal us to that redemption day,
Which hastens on apace,
When all the saints shall meet their Lord,
And see him face to face.
- 4 Nor ever let us grieve thee more,
Thou holy peaceful Dove;

216 INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

But may our hearts, and lips, and lives,
Be all transform'd to love.

216 (1st P.) C. M. New York 33. Sprague 166.

Divine Drawings celebrated. Hosea xi. 4.

- 1 **M**Y God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong!
While power and truth, and love combine,
To draw our souls along.
- 2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin:
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins *
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort thro' all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqu'ror's feet. DODDRIDGE.

216 (Continued.) C. M. Burford 148. Bangor 231.

- 1 **I**F thou hast drawn a thousand times,
O draw me, Lord, again;
Thy Spirit, Word, and Providence,
Cannot attract in vain.*
- 2 " Draw me from all created good,
From self, the world, and sin,
To the dear fountain of thy blood,
And make me pure within.

* See Hymn 207, First Part.

GRACES OF THE SPIRIT. 216, 217

3 " O lead me to thy mercy seat ;
 Attract me nearer still ;
 Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,
 To sit and learn thy will."

4 O draw me all the desert thro'
 With cords of heavenly love,
 And when prepar'd for going hence,
 Draw me to dwell above.

216 (2d P.) I. M. Portugal New 263.
 Rothwell, 174 Chard 175.

The time of Love ; or Praise for the Work of the Spirit.
 Ezek. xvi. 6, 8.

1 **L**ORD, 'twas a time of wond'rous love,
 When thou didst first draw near my soul,
 And by thy Spirit from above,
 My raging passions didst control.

2 Guilty and self-condemn'd I stood,
 Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near ;
 But He my evil heart renew'd,
 And all his graces planted there.

3 He will complete the work begun,
 By leading me in all his ways ;
 To God the FATHER, God the SON,
 And God the SPIRIT, *equal* praise.

THE GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

PLACED ALPHABETICALLY.*

217 (1st P.) 8.8.6. Baltimore 167. Hinton 266.

Contentment encouraged by the Divine Promise. Heb. xiii. 5.

1 **L**ET ocean's waves tumultuous rise,
 And strive in vain to pierce the skies,
 And mingle with the stars ;
 Then disappointed backward roll,
 And, wild with rage, disturb the pole
 With their presumptuous wars ;

* The Christian Graces and Tempers are placed *Alphabetically*, for the sake of finding them at once, by looking at the head of the page.

217 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 2 Let rebel angels, doom'd to fire,
 Provoke the dread Eternal's ire,
 And combat with their God ;
 Then headlong from th' ethereal height,
 Precipitate their downward flight,
 At his effective nod.
- 3 [Let murm'ring mortals too repine,
 Arraign the Providence divine,
 And blame the deeds of Heav'n ;
 While passions strong, without control,
 Disturb the agitated soul,
 Enrag'd at what is giv'n.]
- 4 But shall the Christian's nobler mind—
 By grace renew'd, by heaven refin'd—
 Indulge a murm'ring thought ?
 Shall he, who claims Jehovah's strength,
 Who shall be brought to heaven at length,
 Bemoan *his* present lot ?
- 5 Forbid it, gracious God ! he cries,
 Nor let th' ungen'rous thought arise,
 Offspring of discontent :
 No ! while my God, my Saviour lives,
 Thankful I'll take whate'er he gives,
 And prize the blessings sent.
- 6 Since he has said, *I'll ne'er depart,*
 I'll bind his promise to my heart,
 Rejoicing in his care :
 This shall support, while here I live ;
 And, when in glory I arrive,
 I'll praise him for it there. S. PEARCE.

217 (2d P.) S. M. Gosport 68. Enfield 5.

Faith, its Author and Preciousness. Eph. ii. 8.

- 1 **F**AITH!—'tis a precious grace,
 Where'er it is bestow'd !
 It boasts of a celestial birth,
 And is the gift of God !

2 It hears the *Prophet's* voice,
The teacher sent from heaven ;
And says, *No lesson's half so sweet*
As those which he has given.

3 Jesus it owns a King,—
An all-atoning *Priest* ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

4 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress ;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

5 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free ;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me !

BEDDOME.

217 (3d P.) C. M. Great Milton 212.

Providence College 10.

Hast thou Faith ?

1 **H**AVE I that faith which looks to Christ,
O'ercomes the world and sin ?
Receives him, Prophet, Priest, and King,
And makes the conscience clean ?

2 If I this precious grace possess,
All praise is due to thee ;
If not, I seek it from thy hands ;
Now grant it, Lord, to me.

218 C. M. Abingdon 42. Condescension 116.

The power of Faith.

1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares ;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares :

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain :—
- 5 Shows me the precious promise, seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken would I rest
Till this vile body dies ;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise !

219 L. M. Rochford 22. Rothwell 174.

The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief. Mark ix. 24.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our soul's delightful choice,
In thee, believing, we rejoice ;
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive ;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust ;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame,
Reveal the glories of thy name ;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispers'd by opening light.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

220 8s. Lambeth 57. Uxbridge 161.

Faith fainting.

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign,
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine :
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load ;
 All plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease ;
 The blood of atonement apply,
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,—
 The rock that is higher than I :
 Speak, Saviour ! for sweet is thy voice ;
 Thy presence is fair to behold :
 Attend to my sorrows and cries—
 My groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
 My hold of thy promise to keep,
 The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep :
 While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
 The tempter suggests with a roar,—
*The Lord has forsaken thee quite ;
 Thy God will be gracious no more.*
- 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
 No covenant blessing for me,
 Ah ! tell me how is it I find
 Some pleasure in waiting for thee ?
 Almighty to rescue thou art ;
 Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r ;
 Come, succour and gladden my heart,—
 Let this be the day of thy pow'r.

221, 222 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

221 8.8.6. Chatham 59. Westbury Leigh 278.

Faith reviving.

- 1 **F**ROM whence this fear and unbelief?—
Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
Thy spotless Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord! was charg'd on thee?
- 2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er thy people ow'd;
How then can wrath on me take place,
If shelter'd in thy righteousness,
And sprinkled with thy blood?
- 3 [If thou hast my discharge procur'd,
And freely, in my room, endur'd
The whole of wrath divine;
Payment God cannot twice demand,—
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.]
- 4 Turn, then, my soul, unto thy rest!
The merits of thy great High-priest
Speak peace and liberty:
Trust in his efficacious blood;
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee.

222 .8s. New Jerusalem 230. Lambeth 57.

Faith conquering.

- 1 **T**HE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucify'd God,
His pardon at once he receives,—
Redemption in full through his blood:
Tho' thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he thro' Christ can oppose—
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

- 2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
 And brings such salvation as this,
 Is more than mere notion or name;
 The work of God's Spirit it is;
 A principle, active and young,
 That lives under pressure and load;
 That makes out of weakness more strong,
 And draws the soul upward to God.
- 3 It treads on the world and on hell;
 It vanquishes death and despair;
 And, O! let us wonder to tell,
 It overcomes heaven by prayer,—
 Permits a vile worm of the dust,
 With God to commune as a friend;
 To hope his forgiveness as *just*,
 And look for his love to the end.
- 4 It says to the mountains, *Depart*,
 That stand betwixt God and the soul;
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes wounded consciences whole;
 Bids sin of a crimson-like dye
 Be spotless as snow, and as white;
 And raises the sinner on high,
 To dwell with the angels of light.

223 8s. New Jerusalem 230. Lock 49.

Faith triumphing.

- 1 **A** DEBTOR to mercy alone,
 Of covenant mercy I sing;
 Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
 My person and offerings to bring:
 The terrors of law, and of God,
 With me can have nothing to do;
 My Saviour's obedience and blood
 Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete;

His promise is Yea and Amen,
 And never was forfeited yet :
 Things future, nor things that are now,—
 Not all things below nor above,
 Can make him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.

- 3 My name from the palms of his hands
 Eternity will not erase ;
 Impress'd on his heart it remains
 In marks of indelible grace :
 Yes! I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is giv'n ;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorify'd spirits in heaven. TOPLADY.

224 (1st P.) S. M. Mount Ephraim 185.
 Salem New 99.

Weak believers encouraged.

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take ;
 Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord
 Bid every string awake.
- 2 Tho' in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home ;
 And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine ;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,
 When we shall clearly see
 Not only that he shed his blood,
 But each shall say, *For me.*
- 5 Tarry his leisure, then,—
 Wait the appointed hour ;
 Wait till the bridegroom of your souls
 Reveal his love with power.

- 6 **Blest is the man, O God!**
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord!
Shall thy salvation see.

224 (2d P.) Claybury 310. Carey's 11.

Encouragement to believe in Christ.

- 1 **I**F all the sins that men have done,
 In will, in word, in thought, in deed;
 Since worlds were made, or time began,
 Were laid on one poor sinner's head;
 The stream of Jesus' precious blood,
 Apply'd, removes the dreadful load.
- 2 Then hear, ye trembling sinners, hear,
 Th' inviting voice of Christ, and live;
 With humble confidence draw near,
 For he *commands* you to believe;
 Believe, and fly to him alone,
 Believe, and heav'n is all your own.

225 L. M. Kingsbridge 88. Magdalene 214.

Faith connected with Salvation. Rom. i. 16. Heb. x. 39.

- 1 **N**OT by the laws of innocence
 Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven!
 New works can give us no pretence
 To have our ancient sins forgiven:
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done
 Can make a wounded conscience whole:
 Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,
 That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.
- 3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word!
 Fain would I have my soul renew'd:
 I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
 To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.
- 4 O may thy grace its power display!
 Let guilt and death no longer reign;
 Save me in thine appointed way,
 Nor let my humble faith be vain!

DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

226 (1st P.) C. M. Bedford 91. Brighthelm-
stone 208.

Being in the fear of God all the Day long. Prov. xxiii. 17.

- 1 **T**HREE happy souls, who born from heav'n
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 So may *our* eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name, and pray.
- 3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne—
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine-alone !
- 4 As sanctify'd to noblest ends
Be each refreshment sought ;
And, by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought !
- 5 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 6 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band,—
In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night, we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast ;
And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our pow'rs to rest.
- 8 In solid pure delights like these,
Let all my days be past ;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear, the last. DR. ODDRIDGE.

226 (2d P.) S. M. Mount Ephraim 185.
Eagle Street New 55.

Practical Religion, or a day well spent.

- 1 **L**ET pray'r and praise ascend,
When morning gives the light ;
And pray'r and praise like incense rise,
And hallow ev'ry night.
- 2 Peruse the heav'nly page
Of truth and grace divine ;
And mark the footsteps of your Lord,
Which through the Gospel shine.
- 3 Assist your fellow men,
And most your fellow saints ;
Redress their wrongs, relieve their wants,
And pity their complaints.
- 4 Maintain a constant guard,
And wakeful be your eyes,
Quick to discover every sin,
In every fair disguise.
- 5 Let all terrene concerns
With vigour be pursu'd ;
Nor let devotion on the hours
Of industry intrude.
- 6 Let thoughts of God and heav'n
Your labours sanctify,
And oft your sacred wishes breathe
In whispers to the sky.
- 7 A life thus well improv'd
With blessings shall abound ;
With balmy gales and smiling rays
Its ev'ning shall be crown'd.

227 C. M. Stamford 2. Hammond 226.
Bath Chapel 26.

Fear of God united with love. Prov. xiv. 26.

- 1 **H**APPY beyond description, he
Who fears the Lord his God ;

Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.

2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
With its fair partner, love ;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.

3 Let terrors fright th' unwilling slave,
The child with joy appears ;
Cheerful he does his father's will,
And loves as much as fears.

4 Let fear and love, most holy God !
Possess this soul of mine ;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine.

NEEDHAM.

228 C. M. Michael's 119. Follett 181.

Holy Fortitude. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,—
Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be carry'd to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease ;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd thro' bloody seas !

3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die :
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

229 L. M. Chard 175. Ailie Street 241.

Gravity and Decency.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
 So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
 Are they not born to heavenly joys?
 And shall they stoop to earthly toys?
- 2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
 Were spirits of celestial kind
 Made for a jest, for sport and play—
 To wear out time, and waste the day?
- 3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
 Well suit the honours of their birth?
 Shall they be fond of gay attire,
 Which children love, and fools admire?
- 4 What if we wear the richest vest!
 Peacocks and flies are better drest;
 This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
 Must drop to dust and feed the worms.
- 5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher!
 Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
 Then, with a heav'n-directed eye,
 We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.
- 6 We'll look on all the toys below
 With such disdain as angels do;
 And wait the call that bids us rise
 To mansions promis'd in the skies.

DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

230 L. M. Kingsbridge 88. Gould's 272.

Hope set before us.

- 1 **A**ND be it so—that, till this hour,
 We never knew what faith has meant;

- And, slaves to sin and Satan's power,
Have never felt these hearts relent.
- 2 What shall we do?—shall we lie down,
Sink in despair, and groan, and die?
And, sunk beneath the Almighty's frown,
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?
- 3 Forbid it, Saviour! to thy grace
As sinners, strangers, we will come;
Among thy saints we ask a place,—
For in thy mercy there is room.
- 4 Lord, we believe! O, chase away
The gloomy clouds of unbelief:
Lord, we repent! O, let thy ray
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief!
- 5 Now spread the banner of thy love,
And let us know that we are thine;
Cheer us with blessings from above—
With all the joys of hope divine!

231 (1st P.) L. M. Chard 175. New Court 173.

Hope in Darkness.

- 1 **O** GOD, my sun, thy blissful rays
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enliv'ning beams depart!
- 2 Scarce thro' the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes!
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise?
- 3 O, let me not despairing mourn!
Tho' gloomy darkness spreads the sky;
My glorious Sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.
- 4 O, for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

231 (2d P.) 143th. Carmarthen New 35.

Who can tell? or, hoping against Hope. Jonah iii. 9.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD! to thee I'll make
 My griefs and sorrows known;
 And with a humble hope
 Approach thine awful throne;
 Tho' by my sins deserving hell,
 I'll not despair;—for, *who can tell?*
- 2 To thee, who by a word
 My drooping soul canst cheer,
 And by thy Spirit form
 Thy glorious image there—
 My foes subdue, my fears dispel—
 I'll daily seek;—for, *who can tell?*
- 3 Endanger'd or distress,
 To thee alone I'll fly;
 Implore thy powerful help,
 And at thy footstool lie;
 My case bemoan, my wants reveal,
 And patient wait;—for, *who can tell?*
- 4 My heart misgives me oft,
 And conscience storms within;
 One gracious look from thee
 Will make it all serene:
 Satan suggests that I must dwell
 In endless flames;—but, *who can tell?*
- 5 Vile unbelief, begone;
 Ye doubts, fly swift away;
 God hath an ear to hear,
 While I've a heart to pray;
 If he be mine, all will be well—
 For ever so;—and *who can tell?* BEDDOME.

PAUSE.

- 6 Then let us not despond,
 Enquiring *who can tell?*
 For in the sacred word
 The question's answer'd well;
*That all who come to Christ SHALL be
 Sav'd now, and through eternity.*

232 8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh 278. Leach 290.

Hoping and Longing. Numb. xiii. 30; Deut. iii. 25.

- 1 **C**OME, Lord! and help us to rejoice,
 In hope that we shall hear thy voice,
 Shall one day see our God;
 Shall cease from all our painful strife,
 Handle and taste the Word of Life,
 And feel the sprinkled blood.
- 2 Let us not always make our moan,
 Nor worship thee, a God unknown;
 But let us live to prove
 Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,
 The length and breadth, the depth and height,
 Of thy redeeming love.
- 3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 We stand, and from the mountain-top
 See all the land below;
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of Paradise
 In endless plenty grow:
- 4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favoured with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blest;
 There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
 And keeps his own in perfect peace
 And everlasting rest.
- 5 O, when shall we at once go up!
 Nor this side Jordan longer stop,
 But the good land possess;
 When shall we end our ling'ring years,
 Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,—
 A howling wilderness?
- 6 O dearest Joshua! bring us in;
 Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
 Our unbelief remove;
 The heav'nly Canaan, Lord! divide;
 And, O, with all the sanctify'd,
 Give us a lot of love!

233 (1st P.) L.M. Portugal 97. Wareham 117.

Hope encouraged by a View of the Divine Perfections.

1 Sap. xxx. 6.

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind?
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
 Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
 Am I not safe if God is nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand—
 That gracious hand on which I live,
 Doth life, and time, and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
 On him alone my hopes recline;
 The wondrous glories of his name,
 How wide they spread, how bright they shine!
- 4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
 Unchanging faithfulness and love!
 Here let me trust, while I adore,
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
 Then have I all my heart can crave;
 A present help in time of need;
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!
 And ease the sorrows of my breast;
 Speak to my heart the healing word,
 That thou art mine—and I am blest. STEELE.

233 (2d P.) L.M. Luton 30. Rowles 73.

Determination to hope in the Divine Mercy. Ps. cxlvii. 11.

- 1 **S**INCE through the heaven-inspired lines
 Mercy with signal splendour shines,
 Help me, O Lord, to read and pray,
 And drive desponding thoughts away.
- 2 Thy mercy pardons crying sins,
 And washes out the deepest stains;
 'Tis free, and to the vilest given—
 The vilest out of hell and heaven.

- 3 Then why should I bow'd down with pain,
Relinquish all my hope as vain—
Live without Christ, restraining pray'r,
Then sink and die in deep despair!
- 4 No! fly ye unbelieving fears;
Mercy through Christ shall wipe my tears;
Good hope has here its fullest scope—
Lord, in thy mercy, I WILL hope.

234 L. M. New Sabbath 122. Langdon 217.

Happy Poverty; or, the Poor in Spirit blessed. Matthew v. 3.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store:
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear,
Hope points, to your dejected eyes,
The bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride;
In vain they boast their little stores;
Trifles are *theirs* a kingdom *yours*,
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health and peace and joy unite,
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies:
- 5 A kingdom, which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
The state, which power and truth sustain,
Unmov'd for ever must remain.
- 6 [There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend that died for you;
That died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.]
- 7 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer!
Reveal, confirm my int'rest there:
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know!

8 [O let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.]

STABLE.

235 C. M. Bangor 231. Wantage 204.

Humble Pleadings for Mercy.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.
- 2 [On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.
- 3 We sink with all this weight oppress'd,
Sink down to death and hell;
O, give our troubled spirits rest,
Our num'rous fears dispel.]
- 4 'Tis mercy, merey, we implore;
O may thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 O for thy own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And, breaking, soon relieve.
- 6 Thus melt us down; thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

236 L. M. Ulverston 179. Rippon's 188.

The humble Publican. Luke xviii. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD! with a griev'd and aching heart,
To thee I look—to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart;
O help me soon, or else I die.

237, 238 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 2 Here, on my soul, a burden lies!
No human power can it remove;
My num'rous sins like mountains rise!
Do thou reveal thy pard'ning love.
- 3 Break off these adamantine chains;
From cruel bondage set me free;
Rescue from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

BEDDOME.

237 7s. Alcester 213. Cookham 36.

A Prayer for Humility.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart,—
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility;
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,—
Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 O, that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

MADAN'S COLL.

238 L. M. Old Hundred 100. Chard 175.

Rejoicing in God. Jer. ix. 23, 24.

- 1 **T**HE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his power extends;
All heaven before his footstool bends.
- 2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.

- 3 No more, ye wise ! your wisdom boast ;
 No more, ye strong ! your valour trust ;
 No more, ye rich ! sarvey your store,—
 Elate with heaps of shining ore ;
- 4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,—
 That God, your God, to you is known ;
 That you have own'd his sov'reign sway,—
 That you have felt his cheering ray.
- 5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power, we find
 In one Jehovah all combin'd ;
 On him we fix our roving eyes,
 And all our souls in raptures rise.
- 6 All else, which we our treasure call,
 May in one fatal moment fall ;
 But what their happiness can move,
 Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love ?

DR. DODDRIDGE.

239 S. M. Salem New 99. Mansfield 154.

Rejoicing in the Ways of God. Psalm cxxxviii. 5.

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join
 To form a sacred song ;
 Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,
 How open and how fair !
 No lurking gins t' entrap our feet ;
 No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise
 In rich profusion spring ;
 The Sun of glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires
 In beauteous prospect rise ;
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
 Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honour to his name,
 Who marks the shining way !

240, 241 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

To him who leads the wand'ers on
To realms of endless day ! DR. DODDRIDGE.

240 7s. Bath Abbey 147. Hart's 221.

Rejoicing in Hope. Isaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,

As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed be glad !
Christ our advocâte is made ;—
Us to save, our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
You on Jesus'-throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepar'd,—
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land,
Christ, your Father's darling Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee ! CENNICK.

241 L. M. Rochford 22. Mark's 65.

Return of Joy.

1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer ! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart ;
And blush that I should ever be

- Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!
- 3 O, let me, then, at length, be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn,)
That God is Love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,—
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine:
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine. COWPER.

242 L. M. New Sabbath 122. Portugal 97.

Justice and Equity. Matt. vii. 12.

- 1 **B**LESSED Redeemer, how divine,—
How righteous is this rule of thine,
*Never to deal to others worse
Than we would have them deal with us!*
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor mem'ry pain:
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.
- 3 'Tis written in each mortal breast,
Where all our tenderest wishes rest;
We draw it from our inmost veins,
Where love to self resides and reigns.
- 4 Is reason ever at a loss?
Call in self-love to judge the cause:
Let our own fondest passions shew
How we should treat our neighbour too.

- 5 How bless'd would every nation prove,
 Thus rul'd by equity and love !
 All would be friends without a foe,
 And form a paradise below.
- 6 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
 Thy sacred law of love asleep ;
 And take our envy, wrath, and pride,
 Those savage passions, for our guide.

DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

243 L. M. Chard 175. Truro 105.

God shining in the Heart. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord of boundless might !
 With uncreated glories bright ;
 His presence gilds the world above,—
 Th' unchanging source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
 When in substantial darkness veil'd,
 The shapeless-chaos, nature's womb,
 Lay buried in the horrid gloom.
- 3 *Let there be light*, Jehovah said !
 And light o'er all its face was spread ;
 Nature array'd in charms unknown,
 Gay with its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
 In shades of ignorance and vice ;
 And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
 And changes midnight into day.
- 5 Shine, mighty God ! with vigour shine
 On this benighted heart of mine ;
 And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
 As in the Saviour's face beheld.
- 6 My soul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
 Thy radiant image shall display ;
 While all my faculties unite
 To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

244 L. M. Kingsbridge 88. Lewton 30.

One thing I know. John ix. 25. Isaiah liv. 13.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour! make me wise to see
My sin, and guilt, and remedy;
'Tis said, of all thy blood has bought,
They shall of Israel's God be thought.
- 2 Their plague of heart thy people know;
They know thy name, and trust thee too;
They know the Gospel's blissful sound,
The path where endless joys abound.
- 3 They know the Father and the Son;
Theirs is eternal life begun;
Unto salvation they are wise,—
Their grace shall into glory rise.
- 4 But ignorance itself am I;
Born blind—estrang'd from thee I lie;
O Lord! to thee I humbly own
I nothing know as should be known.
- 5 I scarce know God, or Christ, or sin,—
My foes without, or plague within;
Know not my int'rest, Lord, in thee,
In pardon, peace, or liberty!
- 6 But help me to declare to-day,
If *many* things I cannot say,
One thing I know, all praise to *Thee*,
Though blind I was—yet now I see.

245 C. M. Bedford 91. Charmouth 28.

Knowledge at present imperfect. 1 Cor. xiii. 9.

- 1 **T**HY way, O God! is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround,
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wond'ring thoughts confound.

- 3 When I behold thy awful hand
 My earthly hopes destroy;—
 In deep astonishment I stand,
 And ask the reason, why?
- 4 As through a glass, I dimly see
 The wonders of thy love;
 How little do I know of thee,
 Or of the joys above!
- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
 I bless thee for the sight:—
 When will thy love the rest reveal
 In glory's clearer light?
- 6 With rapture shall I then survey
 Thy providence and grace;
 And spend an everlasting day
 In wonder, love, and praise. DR. FAWCETT.

246 L. M. Bramcoate 8. Portugal 97.

Liberality; or, the Duty and Pleasures of Benevolence.

- 1 **O** WHAT stupendous mercy shines
 Around the Majesty of heaven!
 Rebels he deigns to call his sons,—
 Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiven.
- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine,—
 The grace that blazes like the sun!
 Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
 Through all your lives let mercy run;
- 3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
 Swift let the great salvation fly;
 The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
 To pain and sickness help apply.
- 4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
 And be her counsellor and stay;
 Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
 To useful, happy life, his way.
- 5 Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,
 Your bowels of compassion move;
- 299

Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,—
Their hatred recompens'd with love.

- 6 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

247 L. M. Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, &c. Deut. vi. 5.

- 1 **Y**ES, I would love thee, blessed God!
Paternal goodness marks thy name!
Thy praises, through thy high abode,
The heavenly hosts with joy proclaim.
- 2 Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son
For man to suffer, bleed, and die;
And bidd'st me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on him rely.
- 3 In him, thy reconciled face,
With joy unspeakable I see;
And feel thy powerful, wondrous grace
Draw, and unite my soul to thee.
- 4 Whene'er my foolish wand'ring heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this blissful centre start,
LORD, fix it there to stray no more! D. TURNER.

248 C. M. New York 33. Condescension 116.

Delight in God. Psalm xxxvii. 4.

- 1 **O** LORD! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;

- A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee !
I must have all things, and abound,
While GOD is GOD to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil ;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail !
- 6 He, that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide ;
While CHRIST is rich, can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?
- 7 O LORD ! I cast my care on thee ;
I triumph and adore :
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

DR. RYLAND.

249 L. M. Martin's Lane 67. Langdon 217.

Love to Christ present or absent.

- 1 **O**F all the joys we mortals know,
JESUS, thy love exceeds the rest !
Love, the best blessing here below,
The nearest image of the blest.
- 2 While we are held in thy embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove ;
Each smile upon thy beauteous face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 While of thy absence we complain,
And long or weep in all we do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain ;
And tears have their own sweetness too.
- 4 When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchman of the night
For some kind tidings of thy love,
Thy very name creates delight.

- 5 JESUS, our God, yet rather come!
 Our eyes would dwell upon thy face;
 'Tis best to see our LORD at home,
 And feel the presence of his grace.

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

250 7s. Cookham 36. Alcester 213.

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought—
*Do I love the Lord, or no?
 Am I his, or am I not?*
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse
 Who have never heard his name.
- 3 [Could my heart so hard remain;
 Prayer a task and burthen prove;
 Every trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild;
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin;
 Can I deem myself a child?]
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do;
 You that love the LORD indeed,
 Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,—
 Find my sin a grief and thrall:
 Should I grieve for what I feel
 If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet;
 Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;
 Find at times the promise sweet;
 If I did not love the LORD?
- 8 LORD, decide the doubtful case!
 Thou, who art thy people's sun,

251 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray !
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

NEWTON.

251 L. M. Lebanon 79. Gould's 272.

Desiring to love Christ.

- 1 **C**OME, let me love ; or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice ?
I see the blessed fair one bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies.
- 2 O ! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love !
- 3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains ;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains !
- 4 Infinite grace ! almighty charms !—
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies !
JESUS, the God, extends his arms—
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.
- 5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood ?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God ?
- 6 Again he lives ! and spreads his hands—
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring smart ;
By these dear wounds ! says he, and stands,
And prays to clasp me to his heart.
- 7 Sure I must love ; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move ?
Lord ! melt this flinty heart to tears ;—
This heart shall yield to death or love.

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

252 (1st P.) C.M. Sprague 166. Brighton 208.

Profession of Love to Christ.

- 1 **A**ND have I, CHRIST, no love for thee,
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?
- 2 Is there no spark of gratitude
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whose gen'rous bosom glow'd
With friendship all divine?
- 3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell;
And while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?
- 4 Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest!
Sure CHRIST deserves the noblest place
In every human breast.
- 5 A very wretch, LORD! I should prove,
Had I no love for thee:
Rather than not my Saviour love,
O may I cease to be! DR. S. STENNETT.

252 (2d P.) S. M. Ryland 48. Stoke 207.

Desiring to Love Christ more.

- 1 **T**HOU good and gracious LORD,
Whom I unseen adore;
But if thy love has reach'd my heart,
I fain would love thee more.
- 2 Of all the things in hell,
Not to love thee is worst;
Fill'd with thy love among the damn'd
I could not be accurs'd!
- 3 Of all the things in heav'n,
The love of CHRIST is best;
And till this bliss to me is giv'n,
I cannot, will not, rest. DR. RYLAND.

253 8s. Uxbridge 161. New Jerusalem. 230.
Lock 49.

Supreme Love to Christ.

- 1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love !
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name :
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my GOD,
And in his sweet presence to dwell ;
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing ;
To view with eternal delight,
My JESUS, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 In Meshech, as yet I reside,
A darksome and restless abode !
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God :
O, when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay
For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of ineffable day !
- 4 [My glorious Redeemer ! I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd :
O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above,
To gaze on thee, world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love ?]
- 5 [Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,

Shall ever molest me again,
 Perfection of glory reigns there :
 This soul and this body shall shine
 In robes of salvation and praise,
 And banquet on pleasures divine,
 Where God his full beauty displays.]

- 6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey ;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away :
 The crown that my Saviour bestows
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;
 My joy everlastingly flows,—
 My GOD, my Redeemer is mine. B. FRANCIS.

254 S. M. Vermont 134. Stoke 207.
 Harborough 142.

Love to the Brethren.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in christian love !
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers :
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes ;
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

258, 259 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray ;
With love, their hatred—and their curse,
With blessings—will repay.

**258 (2d P.) C. M. Providence College 10.
New York 33.**

Perfect Love.

- 1 **T**HAT perfect love is perfect bliss,
Proof rises all around ;
Nor shall felicity but this
In earth or heaven be found.
- 2 This is the joy of joy I know,
That can delight impart ;
Warm as the ruby tides that flow
Incessant from my heart.
- 3 This is the joy that angels feel,
Where harps celestial move ;
And the fierce anguish known in hell,
Is perfect want of love !
- 4 Say—is not this the dazzling light
That decks the seraph's crown ?
What is perdition's tenfold night,
But love's eternal frown ?

MRS. SAFFERY.

259 C.M. Providence Coll. 10. New York 33.

All attainments vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

- 1 **S**HOULD bounteous Nature kindly pour
Her richest gifts on me,
Still, O my God ! I should be poor
If void of love to thee.
- 2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
Could make me truly good :
Not zeal itself could recompense
The want of love to GOD.
- 3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
But were deny'd thy grace ;
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.

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- 4 Tho' thou shouldst give me heavenly skill
 Each myst'ry to explain;
 If I'd no heart to do thy will,
 My knowledge would be vain.
- 5 Had I so strong a faith, my God,
 As mountains to remove;
 No faith could do me real good,
 That did not work by love.
- 6 [What though to gratify my pride,
 And make my heaven secure,
 All my possessions I divide
 Among the hungry poor;
- 7 What though my body I consign
 To the devouring flame,
 In hope the glorious deed will shine
 In rolls of endless fame!
- 8 These splendid acts of vanity,
 Though all the world applaud,
 If destitute of charity,
 Can never please my GOD.]
- 9 O, grant me, then, this one request,
 And I'll be satisfy'd,—
 That love divine may rule my breast,
 And all my actions guide.

DR. S. STENNETT.

260 S. M. Mansfield 154. Mount Ephraim 185.

The Meek beautified with Salvation. Psalm cxlix. 4.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls rejoice,
 And cheerful praises sing!
 Wake all your harmony of voice;
 For **JESUS** is your King.
- 2 That meek and lowly **LORD**,
 Whom here your souls have known,
 Pledges the honour of his word
 T' avow you for his own.
- 3 He brings salvation near,
 For which his blood was paid!

- How beauteous shall your souls appear,
Thus sumptuously array'd !
- 4 Sing, for the day is nigh,
When, near your Saviour's seat,
The tallest sons of pride shall lie
The footstool of your feet.
- 5 Salvation, Lord, is thine,
And all thy saints confess
The royal robes, in which they shine,
Were wrought by sovereign grace.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

Moderation ; or, the Saint indeed. Phil. iv. 5.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean ;
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part ;
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.
- 3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
For truth dwells in his breast ;
With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.
- 4 What blessings bounteous heaven bestows,
He takes with thankful heart :
With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.
- 5 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confin'd :
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.
- 6 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
Of truth and heav'nly love ;
The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where rests the peaceful dove.

- 7 His business is to keep his heart,
 Each passion to controul :
 Nobly ambitious well to rule
 The empire of his soul.
- 8 Not on the world his heart is set,
 His treasure is above ;
 Nothing beneath the sov'reign good
 Can claim his highest love. NEEDHAM.

262 L. M. Portugal 97. Magdalene 214.

Agur's Wish. Proverbs xxx. 7, 8, 9.

- 1 **T**HUS Agur breath'd his warm desire—
*My GOD, two favours I require ;
 In neither my request deny,
 Vouchsafe them both before I die :*
- 2 *Far from my heart and tents exclude
 Those enemies to all that's good ;—
 Folly, whose pleasures end in death,
 And Falsehood's pestilential breath.*
- 3 *Be neither wealth nor want my lot :
 Below the dome, above the cot,
 Let me my life unanxious lead ;
 And know nor luxury nor need.*
- 4 Those wishes, Lord, we make our own ;
 O, shed in moderation down
 Thy bounties, till this mortal breath,
 Expiring, tunes thy praise in death !
- 5 But, shouldst thou large possessions give,
 May we with thankfulness receive
 Th' exub'rance—still our GOD adore,
 And bless the needy from our store !
- 6 Or, should we feel the pains of want—
 Submission, resignation grant ;
 Till thou shalt send the wish'd supply,
 Or call us to the bliss on high.
- 317 L 10

263, 264 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

263 L. M. Bramcoate 8. New Sabbath 122.

Christian Patience. Lake xxi. 19.

- 1 **P**ATIENCE!—O what a grace divine!
Sent from the God of power and love,
Submissive to its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.
- 2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 Though we, in full sensation, feel
The weight, the wounds, our GOD ordains,
We smile amid our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.
- 4 O, for this grace! to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er—
We reach the shores of endless rest!
- 5 Faith into vision shall resign;
Hope shall in full fruition die;
And patience in possession end
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

264 L. M. Kingsbridge 88. Gould's 272.

Patience.

- 1 **D**EAR LORD! tho' bitter is the cup
Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up;—
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.
- 2 Dash it with thy unchanging love;
Let not a drop of wrath be there!—
The saints, for ever bless'd above,
Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From JESUS, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod.
When its severest strokes I feel.

265 C. M. Stillman 66. Hammond 226.

God speaking Peace to his People. Psalm lxxxv. 8.

- 1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts ! unite
In silence soft and sweet ;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend :
For, lo, the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey :
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey .
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more ;
But charm'd, by melody divinè,
To give its follies o'er. DR. DODDRIDGE.

266 112th. Hoxton 121. Uffculm 93.

A Prayer for the promised Rest. Isaiah xxvi. 3.

- 1 **D**EAR Friend of friendless sinners; hear !
And magnify thy grace divine ;
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would his heart to thee resign ;—
A worm, by self and sin oppress,
That pants to reach thy promis'd rest.
- 2 With holy fear and rev'rend love,
I long to lie beneath thy throne ;
I long in thee to live, and move,
And stay myself on thee alone :
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
To find in thee the promis'd rest.
- 3 Thou say'st *Thou wilt thy servants keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be,
Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, dear Lord ! on thee :*

269, 270 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt!
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

4 But ONE can yet perform the deed;
That One in all his grace I need;—
Thy Spirit can from dross refine
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

5 O Breath of Life, breathe on my soul!
On me let streams of mercy roll:
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

269 L. M. Bromley 104. Gloucester 12.

Christ exalted to give Repentance. Acts v. 31.

1 **E**XALTED Prince of Life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne;
'Tis fix'd by GOD'S almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour! we confess
The sov'reign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey:
Wide may thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive!
Thine Israel shall repent and live!
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life who wrought thy death.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

270 7s. Cookham 35. Stoel 254.

Penitential Sighs.

1 **F**ATHER! at thy call I come;
In thy bosom there is room

For a guilty soul to hide,—
Press'd with grief on every side.

2 [Here I'll make my piteous moan!
Thou canst understand a groan:
Here my sins and sorrows tell,
What I feel thou knowest well.

3 Ah! how foolish I have been
To obey the voice of sin—
To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee.

4 Darkness fills my trembling soul;
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll:
Pity, Father! pity me!
All my hope's alone in thee.

5 But, may such a wretch as I,
Self-condemn'd and doom'd to die,—
Ever hope to be forgiven,
And be smil'd upon by heaven?

6 [May I around thee cling and twine,
Call myself a child of thine;
And presume to claim a part
In a tender Father's heart?]

7 Yes, I may! for I espy
Pity trickling from thine eye:
'Tis a Father's bowels move,—
Move with pardon and with love.

8 Well I do remember, too,
What his love hath deign'd to do;
How he sent a Saviour down
All my follies to atone.

9 Has my elder Brother died?
And is justice satisfied?
Why—O, why—should I despair,
Of my Father's tender care?

DR. S. STENNETT.

271, 272 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

271 C. M. Charmouth 28. Ann's 58.

The Penitent.

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear JESUS! at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 O, let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm!
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead,
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed;—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live. DR. S. STENNETT.

272 C. M. Ludlow 84. Crowle 3.

Penitence and Hope.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detain'd,—betray'd
From JESUS to depart;—
- 3 From JESUS—who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my LORD, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
 My wand'ring soul restores :
 He bids the mourning heart partake
 The pardon it implores.
- 5 O, while I breathe to thee, my LORD,
 The penitential sigh,
 Confirm the kind forgiving word
 With pity in thine eye.
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
 Rejoice to seek thy face :
 And grateful own how kind, how sweet
 Thy condescending grace. STEELE.

273 L. M., Ulverston 179. Paul's 210.
 Gould's 272.

The Prodigal Son; or, the repenting sinner accepted.
 Luke xv. 32.

- 1 **T**HE mighty GOD will not despise
 The contrite heart for sacrifice;
 The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan,
 Rises accepted to the throne.
- 2 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
 The trembling lip, the blushing face ;
 His bowels yearn when sinners pray ;
 And mercy bears their sins away.
- 3, When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
 He, pitying, heals their broken frame ;
 He hears their sad complaints, and spies
 His image in their weeping eyes.
- 4 Thus, what a rapt'rous joy possess
 The tender parent's throbbing breast,
 To see his spendthrift son return,
 And hear him his past follies mourn. BEDDOME.

274 C. M.— Walsal 237. Bangor 231.

Why weepest thou? John xx. 13.

- 1 **W**HY, O my soul! why weepest thou?
 Tell me from whence arise
 Those briny tears that often flow,
 Those groans that pierce the skies?

2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
 Or the chastising rod?
 Dost thou an evil heart lament,*
 And mourn an absent GOD?

3 LORD, let me weep for nought but sin!
 And after none but thee!
 And then I would—O, that I might!
 A constant weeper be!

BEDDOME.

275 C. M. Ellenborough 170. Brighton 208.

The contrite Heart. Isaiah lvii, 15.

1 **T**HE LORD will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow;
 Then tell me, gracious GOD! is mine
 A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel;
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
 To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
 To love thee, if I could;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more!
 But, when I cry, *My strength renew,*
 Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
 And love thy house of prayer;
 I sometimes go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.

6 O, make this heart rejoice or ache;—
 Decide this doubt for me;
 And, if it be not broken, break;
 And heal it, if it be.

COWPER.

* Or—Dost thou departed friends lament?

276 C. M. Abridge 201. Wantage 204.

Resignation; or, GOD our Portion.

- 1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,
Great GOD! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall:
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be *Thou* my All in All.

BEDDOME.

277 C. M. Bedford 91, Crowle 3.

Submission.

- 1 **O** LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

278: 279 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 4 Thy favour all my journey thro'
 Thou art engag'd to grant;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
 Shall I resist them both?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth?
- 6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway;
 Else the next cloud, that veils my skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away. COWPER.

278 C. M. James's 163. Tanbridge 103.

Filial Submission. Heb. xii. 7.

- 1 **AND** can my heart aspire so high,
 To say, *My Father, God!*
 LORD! at thy feet I fain would lie,
 And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
 For thou art good and wise;
 Let every anxious thought be still,
 Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
 And bid me wait serene
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
 And brighten all the scene.
- 4 *My Father*—O permit my heart
 To plead her humble claim,
 And ask the bliss those words impart,
 In my Redeemer's name. STEELE

279 C. M. Grove House 143. Condescension 161.

It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth him good.

1 Sam. iii. 18.

- 1 **IT** is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
 Whose claims are all divine;
 Who has an undisputed right
 To govern me and mine.

- 2 *It is the Lord*—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still!
- 3 *It is the Lord*—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And, of his bounties, may recall
Whatever part he please.
- 4 *It is the Lord*—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load;
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 *It is the Lord*—whose matchless skill
Can, from afflictions, raise
Matter eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 *It is the Lord*—my cov'nant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His cov'nant will my soul defend
Should nature's self expire,
And the Great Judge of All descend
In awful flames of fire!
- 8 And can my soul with hopes like these,
Be sullen or repine?
No, gracious God! take what thou please,
To thee I all resign.

T. GREENE.

280 C. M. Braintree 25. Huddersfield 202.

Self-Denial; or, taking up the Cross. Mark viii. 38.

1. **A** SHAM'D of CHRIST! my soul, disdain
The mean ungen'rous thought:
Shall I disown that friend, whose blood
To man salvation brought?
2. With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came:

For us endur'd the painful cross—
For us despis'd the shame.

3 At his command, we must take up
Our cross without delay,
Our lives—and thousand lives of ours—
Can ne'er His love repay.

4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views
With infinite delight
Their lives to him are dear; their deaths
Are precious in his sight.

5 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
Our highest honour this!
Who nobly suffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliss.

6 But should we, in the evil day,
From our profession fly,—
JESUS, the Judge, before the world,
The traitor will deuy.

NEEDHAM.

231 C. M. Grove House 143. Prospect 299.

Self-Denial. Mark viii. 34; Luke ix. 23.

1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right! since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go!—One look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear;
Compar'd with thee, Supremely Good!
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Saviour of souls! could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Tho' destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

282 C. M. Crowle 3. Gainsborough 29.

Sincerity and Truth. Phil. iv. 8.

- 1 **L**ET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil;
The saints—the followers of the Lamb—
Are men of honour still.
- 2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Tho' to their hurt they swear;
Constant and just to all they speak—
For GOD and angels hear.
- 3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flatt'ring words devise;
They know the GOD of Truth can see
Thro' every false disguise.
- 4 They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears,
Firm to the truth—and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.
- 5 Lo! from afar the LORD descends,
And brings the judgment down;
He bids his saints—his faithful friends—
Rise and possess their crown.
- 6 While Satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite
And guilty liar fly? DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

283 S. M. Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Sincerity desired.

- 1 **I**F secret fraud should dwell
Within this heart of mine,
Purge out, O God! that cursed leav'n,
And make me wholly thine.
- 2 If any rival there
Dares to usurp the throne,
O, tear th' infernal traitor thence,
And reign thyself alone.

- 3 Is any lust conceal'd?
 Bring it to open view;
 Search, search, dear LORD! my inmost soul,
 And all its powers renew. BEDDOME.

284 (1st P.) C. M. Ann's 58. Stillman 66.

Spiritual Mindedness; or, Inward Religion.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below:
 May I its great importance learn,
 Its sovereign virtue know!
- 2 More needful *this* than glittering wealth,
 Or aught the world bestows;
 Not reputation, food, or health,
 Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage
 Amidst our youthful bloom;
 'Twill fit us for declining age,
 And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
 Be my Redeemer's throne;
 And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
 His government to own!
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
 Be join'd with godly fear;
 And all my conversation prove
 My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
 Through my remaining days;
 And in me let each virtue shine
 To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
 Let warm affections rise;
 And may I wait with strong desire
 To mount above the skies. DR. FAWCETT.

284 (2d P.) C. M. Sprague 106.

Godliness profitable; or, the Benefit of genuine Religion.
1 Tim. iv. 8.

- 1 **H**OW vast the blessings, how divine,
From godliness which flow!
Nor men, nor angels, should they join,
Can half its value show.
- 2 Ten thousand comforts it procures
To Christians while on earth;
It endless happiness secures,
And frees from endless death.
- 3 **G**OD, for himself, hath set apart
The godly whom he loves:
They have a place within his heart;
Their conduct he approves.
- 4 [There is a rich and free reward,
The eye of faith descries,
Reserv'd for all who fear the LORD,
Above the starry skies.]
- 5 A glorious kingdom and a crown,
CHRISt will on such bestow:
For them the seeds of bliss are sown,
The fruits of glory grow!

285 C. M. Exeter 4. Michael's 119.

Encouragement to trust and love God. Psalm xxxiv.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all, who are distress,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of **G**OD encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

- 4 O, make but trial of his love !—
 Experience will decide
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints ! and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Make you his service your delight,—
 Your wants shall be his care.
- 6 While hungry lions lack their prey,
 The LORD will food provide
 For such as put their trust in him,
 And see their needs supply'd.

TATE.

286 (1st P.) L. M. Bowden 78. Rowles 73.

Trust and Confidence ; or, looking beyond present Appear-
 ances. Hab:iii. 17, 18.

- 1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fear !
 Let fear in me no more take place :
 My Saviour doth not yet appear ;
 He hides the brightness of his face :
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield ?
 No, in the strength of JESUS, no !
 I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
 Altho' the olive yield no oil,
 The withering fig-tree droop and die,
 The field illude the tiller's toil—
 The empty stall no herd afford—
 And perish all the bleating race ;
 Yet I will triumph in the LORD !
 The God of my salvation praise !
- 3 Away, each unbelieving fear !
 Let fear to cheering hope give place ;
 My Saviour *will* at length appear,
 And show the brightness of his face ;
 Tho' now my prospects all be cross'd,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see ;

*Still will I in my Jesus trust,
Whose boundless love can reach to me.*

- 4 In hope—believing against hope—
His promis'd mercy will I claim ;
His gracious word shall bear me up
To seek salvation in his name :
*Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh :
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.*

286 (2d P.) L.M. Portugal 97. Paul's 246.

All things working for Good, &c. Rom. viii. 28.

- 1 **T**EMPTATIONS, trials; doubts and fears,
Wants, losses, crosses, groans and tears,
Will, through the grace of GOD, our friend,
In everlasting triumphs end !
- 2 To those who him sincerely love,
All penal evil blessings prove ;
Whom grace hath call'd and made his own,
Nor fires can burn, nor floods can drown.
- 3 **L**ORD, let this thought in deep distress
Our hopes confirm, our spirits raise ;
'Midst earth and hell's opposing pow'rs,
We still are safe if thou art ours.

287 (1st P.) L.M. Ulverston 179. Dresden 178.

Humble Trust ; or, Despair prevented.

- 1 **L**ORD, didst thou die, but not for me ?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood ?
Hast thou not pardons rich and free ;
And grace an overwhelming flood ?
- 2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
From thee to regions of despair ?
Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there ?
- 3 Presumptuous thought ! to fix the bound—
To limit mercy's sov'reign reign ;

What other happy souls have found
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

- 4 I own my guilt, my sins confess :
Can men or devils make them more ?
Of crimes, already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember Thou hast died,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at thy side.
- 6 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down ;
To thee reveal my guilt and fear ;
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the *first* who perish'd there.

287 (2d P.) C. M. Grove House 143. Bedford 04.

Trust encouraged by the Promise,—I will be their God.

- 1 **I**F God is mine, then present things,
And things to come, are mine ;
Yea, CHRIST, his Word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.
- 2 If he is mine, then from his love,
He every trouble sends ;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.
- 3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell ;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.
- 4 If he is mine, let friends forsake—
Let wealth and honours flee—
Sure he who giveth me *Himself*,
Is more than these to me.
- 5 If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Thro' death's tremendous vale ;
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.

- 6 O, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;
 What can I wish beside?
 My soul shall at the fountain live
 When all the streams are dried.

MY GOD.

- 7 Yes, thou art mine, thro' grace art mine,
 The height of all my bliss!
 The vast ALL-COMPREHENDING good!
 What boon can equal this?

288

C. M. Oxford 177.

Fear not.

- 1 **Y**E trembling souls! dismiss your fears;
 Be mercy all your theme;
 Mercy, which, like a river, flows
 In one continued stream.
- 2 *Fear not* the powers of earth and hell;
 GOD will these powers restrain;
 His mighty arm their rage repel,
 And make their efforts vain.
- 3 *Fear not* the want of outward good;
 He will for his provide,
 Grant them supplies of daily food,
 And all they need beside.
- 4 *Fear not* that he will e'er forsake,
 Or leave his work undone;
 He's faithful to his promises,—
 And faithful to his Son.
- 5 *Fear not* the terrors of the grave,
 Or death's tremendous sting;
 He will from endless wrath preserve—
 To endless glory bring.
- 6 You, in his wisdom, power, and grace
 May confidently trust;
 His wisdom guides, his power protects,
 His grace rewards the just.

347

M 8

288, 289 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

288 (2d P.) C. M. Worksop '31. Ludlow 81.

Trust in God promoted by grateful Recollection.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord! why should I doubt thy love,
Or disbelieve thy grace?
Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,
Altho' thou hide thy face.
- 2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,
My drooping spirits cheer'd;
And wilt thou not appear again
Where thou hast once appear'd?
- 3 Hast thou not form'd my soul anew,
And told me I am thine?
And wilt thou now thy work undo,
Or break thy word divine?
- 4 Dost thou repent? wilt thou deny
The gifts thou hast bestow'd?
Or are those streams of mercy dry,
Which once so freely flow'd?
- 5 **L**ORD! let no groundless fears destroy
The mercies now possess'd;
I'll praise for blessings I enjoy,
And trust for all the rest.

289 8. 8. 6. Chatham 59. Hinton 276.

Fears removed—It is I; be not afraid. John vi. 20.

- 1 **U**NCLEAN! unclean! and full of sin,
From first to last, O Lord, I've been!
Deceitful is my heart:
Guilt presses down my burden'd soul;
But Jesus can the waves controul,
And bid my fears depart.
- 2 When first I heard his word of grace,
Ungratefully I hid my face,—
Ungratefully delay'd:
At length his voice more powerful came,
'Tis I, he cried, I, still the same;
Thou need'st not be afraid.

3 My heart was chang'd; in that same hour
 My soul confess'd his mighty power;
 Out flow'd the briny tear:
 I listen'd still to hear his voice;
 Again he said, *In me rejoice;*
'Tis I—thou need'st not fear.

4 *Unworthy of thy love!* I cried;
Freely I love, he soon replied,
On me thy faith be staid:
On me for every thing depend;
I'm JESUS, still the sinner's friend,—
Thou need'st not be afraid.

JESSE.

290 104th. Old Hundred and Fourth 148.
 Sussex 76. Portugal New 263.

I will trust and not be afraid. Isaiah xii. 2.

- 1 **B**EKGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
 And, for my relief, will surely appear;
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
 With CHRIST in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, tis his to provide:
 Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
 The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite thro'.
- 4 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my path
 When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
 And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain?—he told me no less:
 The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
 Thro' much tribulation must follow their LORD.
- 6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
 Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!

291, 292 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Christ, my LORD, suffer, and shall I repine?

- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

NEWTON.

291 L. M. New Sabbath 22. Langdon 217.

True Wisdom. Prov. iii. 13—18.

- 1 **H**APPY the man who finds the grace—
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
And faith that sweetly works by love.

- 2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows, *the Saviour died for me*—
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

- 3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace:
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd with her.

- 4 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends:
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of Paradise.

- 5 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom, and CHRIST, and heaven are one.

292 L. M. Lewton 30. Rowles 73.

Zeal for Christ; or, Peter and John, following their Master.
John xxi. 18—20.

- 1 **B**LEST men, who stretch their willing hands,
Submissive to their LORD's commands,
And yield their liberty and breath
To him that lov'd their souls in death.

- 2 Lead me to suffer and to die;
If thou, my gracious LORD! art nigh:

- One smile from thee my heart shall fire,
And teach me, smiling, to expire.
- 3 If nature at the trial shake,
And from the cross or flames draw back,
Grace can its feeble courage raise,
And turn its tremblings into praise.
- 4 While scarce I dare with Peter say,—
I'll boldly tread the bleeding way;
Yet, in thy steps, like John, I'd move
With humble hope and silent love.

DR. DODDIDGE.

293 (1st P.) C.M. Bedford 91. Grove House 143.

Holy Zeal and Diligence.

- 1 **W**HILE carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities pursue,
How slow th'advances which I make,
With heaven itself in view!
- 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal;
Great GOD! my love inflame;
Religion, without zeal and love,
Is but an empty name.
- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
May I with fervour strive;
And all those powers employ for thee
Which I from thee derive!

BEDDOME.

293 (2d P.) C.M. Great Milton 212.
Condescension 116.

Zeal for God; or, longing for the Mind of Christ!

- 1 **I**F duty calls, and suff'ring too,
My Lord! I'd follow thee;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
As thou art, would I be.
- 2 With zeal inflam'd, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.
- 3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Did through thy conduct shiue;

O, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord ! of thine.

- 4 Depending on thy sovereign grace,
I'll tread the heavenly road ;
With willing mind thy footsteps trace,
And climb to thine abode.

PAUSE.

- 5 O, let me run the Christian race
With diligence and speed !
GOD'S word, his Spirit, and his Grace,
Do all to duty lead.
- 6 Did JESUS leave the realms of bliss
To save from sin and hell ?—
A love so wonderful as this
Calls for a glowing zeal.
- 7 Those who to CHRIST for refuge flee
Should in his footsteps tread ;
Our Prophet, Priest, and King, should be
Both trusted and obey'd.

THE CHRISTIAN.

294 (1st P.) L. M. Fawcett 184.
Ulverston 179. Gould's 272.

The Christian awakened—What must I do to be saved ?
Acts ix. 6.

- 1 **W**ITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries ;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me ?
- 2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh ;
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die ;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
I shall have peace, at last, I cried.
- 3 But when, great God ! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure discerning eye,
LORD! what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in JESUS' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
O save a wretch condemn'd to die.

DR. FAWCETT.

294 (2d. P.) C. M. Abridge 201. Ann's 58.
Ellenborough 170.

The great Question Answered.

- 1 **I**S there, in heaven or earth, who can
A wretched mortal save?
Make a poor lep'rous sinner clean?
Redeem an helpless slave?—
- 2 Who can appease an angry God?—
Relieve a burden'd mind?
In whom a soul, o'erwhelm'd with guilt,
May ease and safety find?
- 3 Yes, there is ONE, who dwells on high,
That can do this and more;—
A Being of unbounded love,
And uncontrolled power.
- 4 **IMMANUEL** is his name; who once,
Upon th' accursed tree,
Bore the vast weight of all their sins
Who, burden'd, to him flee.
- 5 But now he lives, he ever lives,
And pleads what he hath done;
Whilst God ten thousand crimes forgives,
Through his atoning Son.

- 6 JESUS! I to thy feet repair,
 And there will prostrate lie;
 Be thou propitious to my prayer,
 And I shall never die.

294 (3d P.) 8. 7. 4. Calvary 297.
 Helmsley 223.

The Strait Gate; desire to enter it. Luke xiii. 24.

- 1 **S**TRAIT the gate, the way is narrow,
 To the realms of endless bliss;
 Sinful men and vain professors,
 Self-deceiv'd, the passage miss;
 Rushing headlong,
 Down they sink the dread abyss.
- 2 Sins and follies unforsaken,
 All will end in deep despair;
 Formal pray'rs are unavailing,
 Fruitless is the worldling's tear:
 Small the number
 Who to wisdom's path repair.
- 3 Thou who art thy people's guardian,
 Condescend my guide to be;
 By thy Spirit's light unerring,
 Let me thy salvation see:
 May I never
 Miss the way that leads to thee. BEDDOME

295 8. 7. Trowbridge 21. Welsh 220.
 Tabernacle 239.

Supplicating—Jesus! thou Son of David, have mercy on me.
 Mark x. 17.

- 1 **J**ESUS, full of all compassion,
 Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
 Let me know thy great salvation:
 See! I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
 Send, O send me quick relief!

- 3 [Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?—
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?]
- 4 [While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.
- 5 With thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest ;
Heir with thee, all things inherit.—
Peace, and joy, and endless-rest.
- 6 Without thee, the world possessing,
I should be a wretch undone,
Search through heaven,—the land of blessing,
Seeking good, and finding none.]
- 7 Hear then, blessed Saviour ! hear me !
My soul cleaveth to the dust ;
Send the Comforter to cheer me ;
Lo ! in thee I put my trust.
- 8 On the word thy blood hath sealed
Hangs my everlasting all :
Let thy arm be now revealed ;
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall !
- 9 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, LORD ! be said,
*Here's a soul that perish'd suing
For the boasted Saviour's aid !*
- 10 Sav'd—the deed shall spread new glory
Thro' the shining realms above !
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptur'd with thy love ! D. TURNER.

296 (1st P.) 7s. Steel 164. Cookham 36.

Looking for an interest in the Redeemer ; or, venturing on
the Mercy of God, in Christ.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord ! incline thine ear !
My requests vouchsafe to hear ;

Hear my never-ceasing cry ;—
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
Earthly comforts, LORD ! are vain ;
These can never satisfy,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.

3 LORD ! deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt ;
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am overspread with sin !
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost !
In thy grace alone I trust :
With my earnest suit comply ;
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.

6 Thou dost promise to forgive
All who in thy Son believe ;
LORD ! I know thou canst not lie,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.

7 Father ! does thy justice frown ?
Let me shelter in thy Son !
JESUS ! to thy arms I fly ;
Come and save me, or I die.

296 (2d P.) C. M. Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

The plain serious Christian's daily Hymn.

HELP me, my God—O SAVE me. Psalm cix. 26.

1 **H**ELP and SALVATION, Lord ! I crave,
For both I greatly need :
None else these blessings can bestow ;
From thee they must proceed.

2 *Help* me thy glories to behold,
Thy loveliness to see ;
Save from an atheistic heart,
Which shuns the Deity.

- 3 [*Help me the turpitude of sin*
 With shame to realize ;
Save from impenitence ; and thaw
 A breast as hard as ice.]
- 4 *Help me to cleave to CHRIST alone—*
 Where else can sinners fly ?
Save me from all self-righteousness,
 And every idol nigh.
- 5 *Help me to live upon thy word,—*
 The Christian's daily food ;
Save me from unbelief, that foe—
 That bar to every good.
- 6 *Help me to do thy holy will ;*
 Let duty bliss dispense :
Save from a disobedient heart,
 From sloth and negligence.
- 7 *Help me to persevere in grace,*
 Still gladly following on :
Save me from each backsliding path
 To which my heart is prone.
- 8 [*Help, in prosperity, that I*
 True gratitude may find :
Save me from pride and carnal ease,
 And from an earthly mind.
- 9 *Help, in adversity, to bow*
 My neck to bear the yoke :
Save me from wrath and discontent,
 Which would my GOD provoke.]
- 10 *Help me to conquer all my foes,*
 Satan, the world, and sin :
Save from temptation's snares without,
 And this base heart within
- 11 *Help me to wait the time decreed,*
 And then meet death with joy :
Save me from all the ills of life,
 The dread of death destroy.

297 (1st P.) L. M. Mark's 65. Rowles 73.

Choosing the better Part. Luke x. 42.

- 1 **B** ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Saviour divine ! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my JESUS ! still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

297 (2d P.) 8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh 278.
Broadmead 150.

Admiring the Love of GOD in CHRIST.

- 1 **M** Y God ! thy boundless love we praise ;
How bright on high its glories blaze—
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thy eternal throne ;
Thro' heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that gilds the vernal ray—
Adorns the flow'ry robe of May—
Perfumes the breathing gale ;
'Tis love that loads the plenteous plain
With blushing fruits and golden grain,
And smiles o'er every vale.
- 3 But, in thy Gospel, it appears
In sweeter fairer characters,
And charms the ravish'd breast :

There, Love immortal leaves the sky
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.

4 There smiles a kind propitious God—
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
The pledge of sins forgiv'n :
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To regions of eternal day,
And opens all her heav'n.

5 Then, in redeeming Love, rejoice,
My soul!—and hear a Saviour's voice,
That calls thee to the skies ;
Above life's empty scenes aspire—
Its sordid cares and mean desire—
And seize th' eternal prize.

298 (1st P.) S. M. Kibworth 249. Eagle
Street New 55.

Devoting himself to GOD. Rom. xii. 1.

1 **A**ND will th' eternal King
So mean a gift reward ?
That off'ring, LORD ! with joy we bring,
Which thine own hand prepar'd.

2 We own thy various claim ;
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Descend, celestial fire !
The sacrifice inflame :
So shall a grateful odour rise
Thro' our Redeemer's name. DODDRIDGE.

298 (2d P.) S.M. Broderip's 252. Aynhoe 108.

Going forward ; or, Difficulties the Occasion of Prayer
and Pleading. Exod. xiv. 15.

1 **L**IKE Israel, LORD ! am I,
My soul is at a stand !
A sea before, an host behind,
And rocks on either hand.

- 2 O LORD! I cry to thee,
And would thy word obey;
Bid me advance, and, thro' the sea,
Create a new-made way.
- 3 Without thee, I must sink
Beneath the swelling flood;
Or fall a prey to those, who think
To glut them with my blood.
- 4 The time of greatest straits
Thy chosen time has been,
To manifest thy power is great,
And make thy glory seen.
- 5 Thou wast by Abra'm own'd
A God in time of need:—
Thou art *Jehovah-Jireh* found
By all of Abra'm's seed.
- 6 Thy power is still the same;
On thee I would rely:
Wilt thou not answer to thy name
To such a worm as I?
- 7 O, send deliv'rance down!
Display the arm divine!
So shall the praise be all thy own,
And I be doubly thine.

298 (3d P.) L. M. Lebanon 79. Paul's 246.

Renouncing the Moral Law, as a Covenant of Life; but
admiring it as a Rule of Conduct.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus for his people died,
The holy law was satisfied:
Its awful penalties he bore;
It can command, but curse no more.
- 2 He having suffer'd in their stead,
The law in cov'nant form is dead,
But rules them with a gentle sway;
And they, with sweet delight, obey.
- 3 Amazing love, how rich, how free!
That Christ should die for such as we!

From hence, the holiest duties flow
Of saints above and saints below.

299 (1st P.) L. M. New Court 179. Derby 169.

Our Bodies the Temples of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor. vi. 19.
1 John v. 21.

- 1 **A**ND will th' offended God again
Return, and dwell with sinful men?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?
- 2 The joyful news transports my breast;
All hail! I cry, thou heav'nly guest!
Lift up your heads, ye pow'rs within,
And let the King of Glory in.
- 3 Enter, with all thy heav'nly train!
Here live, and here for ever reign!
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway;
Let love command, and I'll obey.
- 4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;
To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.
- 5 No idol-god shall hold a place
Within this temple of thy grace;
Dagon before the ark shall fall,
And GOD in CHRIST be all in all.

DR. S. STENBETT.

299 (2d P.) C. M. Frome 225. Salem 189.
Foster 96.

Imploring the presence of God.

- 1 **L**ORD! let me see thy beauteous face!
It yields a heaven below;
And angels round the throne will say
'Tis all the heav'n they know.
- 2 A glimpse—a single glimpse of thee,
Would more delight my soul
Than this vain world, with all its joys,
Could I possess the whole.

299; 300 THE CHRISTIAN.

299 (3d P.) L. M. Rowles 73. Langdon 217.

Happy in the Salvation of God. Psalm xlv. 4.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT GOD! to thee I raise
My spirit, fraught with joy and praise:
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own.
- 2 Rivers descending, Lord! from thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me:
Their varied virtues to rehearse
Demands an everlasting verse.
- 3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
Salvation! Lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood!
- 4 I taste—delight succeeds to woe;
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so;
Such joy and purity to share,
I would remain enraptur'd there—
- 5 Till death shall give this soul to know
The fulness sought in vain below;—
The fulness of that boundless sea
Whence flow'd the river down to me.
- 6 My soul—with such a scene in view—
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;
Nor dreads a few chastising woes
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

300 8. 8. 6. Chatham 59. Westb. Leigh 278.

The Spiritual Pilgrim.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine;
Already sav'd from self design,
From every creature love,—

Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,—
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

- 3 The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen ;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own :
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,—
A country in the skies.
- 5 There is my house and portion fair ;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home :
For me my elder brethren stay ;
And angels beckon me away,
And JESUS bids me come.
- 6 I come, thy servant, LORD! replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest :
Now let the pilgrim's journey end :
Now—O my Saviour, brother, friend—
Receive me to thy breast!

301

7. 6. Amsterdam 136.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place !
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove ;

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N 4

Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above!

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
Thus a soul, new-born of GOD,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet, a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,—
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

302 C. M. Camb. New 74. Furman 135.
Milbourn Port 183.

Running the Christian Race. Phil. iii. 12—14.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis GOD'S all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Bless'd Saviour! introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down! DR. DODDRIDGE

303 L. M. Coombs's 45. Bromley 104.

Derby 169.

The Christian Warfare. Eph. vi. 13—17.

- 1 **M**Y Captain sounds th' alarm of war :
Awake! the powers of hell are near!
To arms! to arms! I hear him cry,
'Tis yours to conquer or to die!
- 2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
 I cast my eager eyes around;
 Make haste to gird my armour on,
 And bid each trembling fear begone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet; faith my shield;
 Thy word, my God! the sword I wield;
 With sacred truth my loins are girt,
 And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight;
 Resolv'd to put my foes to flight;
 While JESUS kindly deigns to spread
 His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope; in him I trust;
 His bleeding cross is all my boast:
 Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on
 To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

DR. S. STENNETT.

303 (2dP.) C. M. Gr. Milton 212. Michael 119.

Elisha's question to the Shunamite improved: Wouldest thou
 be spoken for to the King, or to the Captain of the Host?

2 Kings iv. 13.

How can I dispossess them? Deut. vii. 17.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I saw, or thought I saw,
 The sinfulness of sin,
 My soul was griev'd with foes without,
 But more with foes within.
- 2 I saw they would o'er me prevail,
 And my destruction prove,
 In spite of all that I could do
 To force them to remove.

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N 5

- 3 But something whisper'd me, when hope
Was giving up the ghost,
*Wilt thou be spoke for to the King,
Or Captain of the Host?*
- 4 O that the Captain of the Host
Would in my cause appear,
Defeat my cruel deadly foes,
That chill my soul with fear.
- 5 *Fear not their looks, the victor cried,
Though they are fierce and stout,
By little and by little, I
Will surely drive them out.*
- 6 I rest upon thy promise, Lord,
And trust thy love, and power ;
O make me more than conqu'ror now,
And in the final hour.

304 148. Eagle Street 16. Grove 125.

Elapham 18.

The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.

- 1 **JESUS!** at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep :
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise ;
My compass is thy word :
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a LORD !
I trust thy faithfulness and pow'r
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Tho' rocks and quicksands deep
Thro' all my passage lie ;
Yet CHRIST will safely keep
And guide me with his eye :
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boist'rous storm outride.

- 4 By faith I see the land,—
The port of endless rest ;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to JESUS' breast !
O, may I reach the heavenly shore
Where winds and waves distress no more !
- 5 [Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss ;
Be thou, dear LORD ! still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss :
For more the treach'rous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.]
- 6 Come, HOLY GHOST ! and blow,
A prosp'rous gale of grace ;
Waft me from all below
To heaven—my destin'd place !
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

305 (1st P.) 7s. Hotham 224.

Tempted—but flying to CHRIST, the Refuge.

- 1 JESUS ! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the raging billows roll,—
While the tempest still is high !
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee !
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone !
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O CHRIST! art all I want;
 All in All in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin I am—
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
 Grace to pardon all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound:
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art!
 Freely let me take of thee!
 Spring thou up within my heart—
 Rise to all eternity!

305 (2d P.) 8. 6. 8. Ewell 80. Francis 200.
 Weston Favell 305.

The only Method of Safety and Felicity.

1 **W**HENE'ER I wish the feather'd wings
 Of a swift pinion'd dove,
 To fly from all tempestuous things,
 The long'd-for rest to prove—
 I'm ask'd, *What place can bliss impart,*
Till Christ and grace have reach'd my heart?

2 Full oft in fruitless fond desire
 I to the desert ran,
 But could not from myself retire,
 Nor 'scape the inner man:
 I think no place can bliss impart,
 Till Christ and grace have *won* my heart.

3 No lonely desert where I go
 Can hide me from my pain,
 I carry with me my own woe,
 While sin and guilt remain:
 I find no place can bliss impart,
 Till Christ and grace have *cleans'd* my heart.

- 4 No Eden, breathing vernal sweets,
 No Paradise below,
 Nor Glory, if a graceless state,
 Can half my wish bestow :
 I feel no place can bliss impart,
 Till Christ and grace have *cheer'd* my heart.
- 5 A little genuine *grace* insures
 The death of all my sins ;
 With *more*, my bliss shall more increase,
 With *much* my heaven begins :
 I'm sure no place can bliss impart,
 Till Christ and grace have *fill'd* my heart.
- 6 Then, O my disappointed soul,
 No longer rove from home ;
 Fly not to earth, to hell, nor heaven,
 But to *the* REFUGE come :
 Not *heaven* can perfect bliss impart,
 Till Christ and grace have *fix'd* my heart.
- 7 Now, Holy Dove, on thy soft wings,
 Waft me to Jesus' breast,
 There, if I fly, I cannot fail
 To find the promis'd rest :
 For all his grace he will impart,
 This shall *beatify* my heart.

306 (1st P.) L.M. Lewton 30. Rowles 72.

The Christian's Temptations moderated, a Proof of God's
 Fidelity. 1 Cor. x. 13.

- 1 **N**OW let the feeble all be strong,
 And make Jehovah's arm their song :
 His shield is spread o'er every saint ;
 And, thus supported, who shall faint ?
- 2 What tho' the hosts of hell engage
 With mingled cruelty and rage !
 A faithful God restrains their hands,
 And chains them down in iron bands.

- 3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day :
And, when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good ;
Which JESUS ratified with blood :
Still he is gracious, wise, and just ;
And still in him let Israel trust.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

306 (2d P.) 7s. Bath Abbey.147. Alcester 213.

Welcoming the Cross; or, Trials sanctified.

- 1 'TIS my blessedness below
Not to live without the cross ;
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying every loss :
Trials must and will befall ;
But—with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all—
This is happiness to me.
- 2 GOD, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil :
Trials make the promise sweet ;
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here—
No chastisement by the way—
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away ?
Bastards may escape the rod,*
Sunk in earthly vain delight ;
But the true-born child of God
Must not—would not if he might.

COWPER.

* Heb. xii. 8.

306 (3d P.) S. M. Wirksworth 158. Eagle
Street New 55.

Call upon me *in the day of trouble*, I will deliver thee, &c.
Psalm l. 15.—2 Chron. xv. 4.

"The Christian man is never long at ease,
When one fright's gone, another doth him seize."

BUNYAN.

- 1 **T**HE troubles of the Saint
Are constant as his days,
And when in trouble, if he prays,
The accuser comes and says,—
- 2 Thou hast restrained pray'r
Before the God of grace,
And were it not for trouble now
Thou wouldst not seek his face.
- 3 Ah, what can I reply?
Shall I pretend to say,
That were I now from trouble free
I heartily should pray?
- 4 This, this is my reply,
That God has said to me,
*Because thou art in trouble call,
And I'll deliver thee.*
- 5 Then, Lord, if I have gone
In smiling days astray,
In trouble let me on thee call
Until my dying day.

307 L. M. Chard 175. Derby 169.

The Ministry of Angels.

- 1 **G**REAT God! what hosts of angels stand,
In shining ranks at thy right hand,
Array'd in robes of dazzling light,
With pinions stretch'd for distant flight!
- 2 Immortal fires! seraphic flames!
Who can recount their various names?
In strength and beauty they excel;
For near the throne of God they dwell.

- 3 How eagerly they wish to know
The duties he would have them do ;
What joy their active spirits feel
To execute their Sov'reign's will !
- 4 Hither, at his command, they fly
To guard the beds on which we lie,
To shield our persons night and day,
And scatter all our fears away.
- 5 [Aghast the hostile Syrian band
Around the helpless prophet stand,
While mighty Gabriel downward flies,
And with his chariot fills the skies.
- 6 Herod attempts, but all in vain,
To bind a Peter with his chain ;
At one soft word an angel speaks
The massy chain asunder breaks.]
- 7 Send, O my God ! some angel down,
(Tho' to a mortal eye unknown,)
To guide and guard my doubtful way
Up to the realms of endless day.

308 C. M. Charmouth 28. Worksop 31.

Walking in Darkness, and trusting in God. Isaiah l. 10.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God ! my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs ;
When will the mournful night be gone,
And when my joys arise ?
- 2 **M**Y GOD—O could I make the claim—
My father and my friend—
And call thee mine by every name
On which thy saints depend !—
- 3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat :
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.
- 4 Yet tho' my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay ;

Here would I rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, LORD! and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise. STEELE.

309 S. M. Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Complaining—The Good that I would, I do not. Rom. vii. 19.

1 **I** WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Tho' I endeavour oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till JESUS make it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by love divine:
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will:
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot—LORD! relieve,
My help must come from thee!

6 But if indeed I *would*,
Tho' I *can* nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
To thee my praise is due.

310, 311 THE CHRISTIAN.

7 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt thou not crown at length
The work thou hast begun?
And, with a will, afford me strength
In all thy ways to run?

310 L. M. Virginia 234. Lewton 30.

Complaining of Inconstancy.

1 **T**HE wandering star, and fleeting wind,
Both represent th' unstable mind;
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.

3 Our outward walk and inward frame,
Scarce thro' a single hour the same:
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

5 With flowing tears, Lord! we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness:
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

BEDDOME.

311 L. M. Mark's 65. Ulverston 179.

Pride lamented.

1 **O**FT have I turn'd my eyes within,
And brought to light some latent sin;
But pride, the vice I most detest,
Still lurks securely in my breast.

- 2 Here with a thousand arts she tries
To dress me in a fair disguise,
To make a guilty wretched worm
Put on an angel's brightest form.
- 3 She hides my follies from mine eyes,
And lifts my virtues to the skies ;
And, while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals.
- 4 Rend, O my GOD ! the veil away,
Bring forth the monster to the day ;
Expose her hideous form to view,
And all her restless power subdue.
- 5 So shall humility divine
Again possess this heart of mine ;
And form a temple for my GOD,
Which he will make his lov'd abode.

DR. S. STENNETT.

312 C. M. Crowle 3. Wantage 204.

Pleading with God under Affliction.

- 1 **W**HY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh, and every pain
Is but the fruit of sin ?
- 2 No, LORD ! I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel ;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul ;
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is tost ;
Till I am tempted in despair
To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet thro' the stormy clouds I'll look ;
Once more to thee, my GOD !

O fix my feet upon a rock,
Beyond the gaping flood.

- 6 One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease ;
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

DR. S. STENNETT.

313 (1st P.) L. M. Kingsbridge 88. Angel's
Hymn 60.

The Backslider. Jer. xxxi. 18—20.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injur'd Father's face ;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 *Return, O wanderer, return,*
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.
- 3 *Return, O wanderer, return,*
He heard thy deep repentant sigh ;
He saw thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.
- 4 *Return, O wanderer, return,*
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;—
Go to his bleeding feet and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 5 *Return, O wanderer, return,*
And wipe away the falling tear ;
'Tis God who says—' *No longer mourn,*'
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.
- 6 *Return, O wanderer, return,*
Regain thy lost, lamented rest ;
Jehovah's melting bowels yearn,
To clasp his Ephraim to his breast.

DR. COLLYER.

313 (2d F.) 7. 6. 8. Tottenham Court 111.

Backsliding and Returning; or, the Backslider's Prayer.

- 1 **JESUS!** let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain, like Peter, weep;
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all its freeness shown;
 Turn and look upon me, LORD!
 And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour Prince! enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, thro' thy dying love,
 The humble contrite heart;
 Give, what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy love unknown:
 Turn and look upon me, LORD!
 And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour! from above,
 Nor suffer me to die;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye:
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn and look upon me, LORD!
 And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Look, as when thy pitying eye
 Was clos'd that we might live;
Father (at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasp'd) *forgive!*
 Surely with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, *'Tis done:*
 O my loving, bleeding LORD,
 This breaks my heart of stone.

313 (3d P.) 148th. Grove 125. Dartmouth 46.

The sincerely returning Backslider.

- 1 **GOD** of eternal love,
 Pity a troubled heart;

Shine from thy throne above,
And ease me of my smart ;
The sin that doth my spirit grieve,
'Tis Jesus only can relieve.

2 On thee I now rely,
My kind unchanging friend,
And, Lord, I'd rather die
Than thy great name offend ;
O break corruption's iron neck,
And save me for thy mercy's sake,

3 Did I a world possess,
That world I'd now resign,
To feel thy pard'ning grace
And victory over sin ;—
To find my God within my heart,
And feel my every sin depart.

4 Yet I will not despair,
But to my Lord I'll flee,
He'll bring salvation near,
And I his face shall see ;—
On yonder throne his name adore,
And shout, *I'm sav'd to sin no more.*

314 C. M. London 180. Bangor 231.

Peter's Fall and Recovery. Luke xxii. 54—62.

1 **H**OW did the powers of darkness rage
Against the Son of GOD !
While cruel men on earth engage
To shed his precious blood.

2 His friends forsook him with surprise,
When that dread scene began ;
And one perfidiously denies
He ever knew the man.

3 How feeble human efforts prove
Against temptation's pow'r !
E'en *Peter's* flaming zeal and love
Are vanquish'd in an hour.

- 4 His firmest purpose will not stand ;
Behold his guilt and shame !
LORD ! keep me by thy mighty hand,
Or shall I do the same.
- 5 At length the suffering Saviour turns,
And looks with pitying eyes !
Peter relents, withdraws, and mourns,
And loud for mercy cries.
- 6 So boundless is Jehovah's grace,
He hears the humble pray'r :
If I am found in Peter's case,
I would not still despair.
- 7 Look on me, Lord ! with eyes of love,
My wand'ring soul restore ;
My guilt forgive, my fears remove,
And let me sin no more. DR. FAWCETT.

315 C. M. Crowle 3. Worksop 31.

O that I were as in months past ! Job xxix. 2.

- 1 **S**WEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to GOD.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And, when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm ;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the LORD,
And saw his glory shine ;
And, when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 [Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done ;

- But now my heart is almost broke,
 For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns ;
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.]
- 7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
 For Jesus hides his face ;
 I read, the promise meets my eyes,
 But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
 And make my soul his prey ;
 Yet, LORD! thy mercies cannot fail,
 O come without delay,

NEWTON.

316 C. M. Bedford 91. Charmouth 28.

Troubled, but making God a Refuge.

- 1 **D**EAR refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal ;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 But, O ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine ;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God ! where shall I flee ?
 Thou art my only trust ;
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Tho' prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 And shall I seek in vain ?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf when I complain ?

6 No, still the ear of sov'reign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer ;
 O may I ever find access
 To breathe my sorrows there !

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 Here let my soul retreat ;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet. STEELE.

317 C.M. Cambridge New 74. Hephzibah 77.

Persecution to be expected by every true Christian.
 2 Tim. ii. 12.

1 GREAT Leader of thine Israel's host,
 We shout thy conqu'ring name ;
 Legions of foes beset thee round,
 And legions fled with shame.

2 A vict'ry glorious and complete,
 Thou by thy death didst gain ;
 So in thy cause may we contend,
 And death itself sustain !

3 By our illustrious Gen'ral fir'd,
 We no extremes would fear ;
 Prepar'd to struggle and to bleed,
 If thou, O LORD ! be near.

4 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn
 To triumph and renown ;
 Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
 May we but share thy crown. DODDRIDGE.

318 (1st P.) 8. 7. 4. Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.

Cast down, yet hoping in God. Psalm xliiii. 5.

1 O MY soul ! what means this sadness ?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
 Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
 Bid thy restless fears be gone :
 Look to JESUS,
 And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What tho' Satan's strong temptations
 Vex and tease thee day by day,

And thy sinful inclinations
 Often fill thee with dismay;
 Thou shalt conquer,
 Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

- 3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee
 From without, and from within;
 JESUS saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
 But will save from hell and sin;
 He is faithful
 To perform his gracious word.
- 4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road;
 His right hand shall still defend thee,
 Soon he'll bring thee home to GOD;
 Therefore praise him,
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 5 O that I could now adore him,
 Like the heav'nly host above,
 Who for ever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his love!
 Happy songsters!
 When shall I your chorus join?

DR. FAWCETT.

318 (2d P.) 8. 8. 6. Chatham 59. West-
 bury Leigh 278.

Sorrowing self-converse attended, with hope.

- 1 **W**HY are our hearts so full of grief?
 What, cannot Jesus give relief
 And ease our troubled mind?
 To this the contrite all can say,
 Had we but now a heart to pray,
 We soon should comfort find.
- 2 But oft, alas! we cannot pray,
 We can but just look up, and say,
Quicken our stupid heart;
Make us what thou wouldst have us be,
We would not live so far from thee,
From thee no more depart.

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3 The Lord he hears when thus we moan,
 Weighs and considers every groan,
 And knows our very sigh ;
 For reasons best he seems to stay,
 He won't forsake, he may delay,
 It is our faith to try.

4 Then let us wait to feel his love,
 And hope to meet our Lord above,
 Beyond the reach of fear ;
 O may his smiles attend our days,
 And all our future lives be praise,
 Until safe landed there !

318 (3d P.) S. M. Broderip's 252. Eagle-
 street New 55.

The Wonder.

1 **G**OD look'd from heav'n, and saw
 Mankind *all* sunk in sin,
 Filthy, abominable, vile,
 A UNIVERSE unclean !

2 Amazing *patience* which
 Surveys a world of foes,
 Yet plunges not a world like this
 In an abyss of woes !

3 But wonder more, my soul,
 If I, of Adam's race,
 Am snatch'd from the consuming fire,
 And sav'd by sov'reign grace !

319 C. M. Brighton 208. Grove House 143.

The Request.

1 **F**ATHER ! whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.

320, 321 THE CHRISTIAN.

3 *Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine
And crown my journey's end.*

320 C. M. Bath Chapel 26. Salem 139.

Watchfulness and Prayer. Matt. xxvi. 41.

1 **A** LAS! what hourly dangers rise!

What snares beset my way!

To heaven O let me lift my eyes,

And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!

My weak resistance, ah! how vain;

How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious GOD! in whom I live,

My feeble efforts aid;

Help me to watch,* and pray, and strive,

Tho' trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,

When foes and fears prevail!

And bear my fainting spirit up,

Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,

Or lure my feet aside,

My GOD! thy powerful aid impart,

My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,

And bid the tempter flee;

And let me never, never stray

From happiness and thee. STEELE.

321 L. M. Kingsbridge 88. Rippon's 188.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

1 **I** ASK'D the LORD that I might grow

In faith, and love, and every grace;

Might more of his salvation know,

And seek, more earnestly, his face.

* See also Hymn 235.

- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour
At once he 'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe ;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd—
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 *Lord ! why is this ? I trembling cried ,
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?
'Tis in this way, the LORD replied
I answer prayer for grace and faith :*
- 7 *These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free ;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me.* NEWTON.

322 (1st P.) L.M. Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

Growing in Grace. 2 Pet. iii. 18.

- 1 **P**RAISE to thy name, eternal GOD
For all the grace thou shed'st abroad ;
For all thy influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love :
- 2 Bless'd be thy hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of Paradise ;
And gave its heavenly beauties birth
To deck this wilderness of earth,
- 3 But why does that celestial flower
Open and thrive and shine no more ?

Where are its balmy odours fled?
And why reclines its beauteous head?

- 4 Too plain, alas! the languor shows
The unkindly soil in which it grows;
Where the black frost, and beating storm,
Wither and rend its tender form.
- 5 Unchanging Sun! thy beams display
To drive the frost and storms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known
To cheer a plant so much thy own.
- 6 And thou, bless'd Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heav'n on shrubs below;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our GOD.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

322 (2dP.) L.M. Pell St. 306. Rodenham 309.

Growth in Grace, promised and pleaded. Hos. xiv. 4.

- 1 **S**HOW us our welcome, gracious LORD,
To all the Treasures of thy word:
And help us now in faith to trace
Thy promises of GROWTH IN GRACE.
- 2 Thou, on thy people from above,
Wilt pour thy Spirit and his love,
Like plenteous showers and copious dews,
Which blooming life and joy diffuse.
- 3 Like fragrant lilies they shall grow,
Like cedars strike their roots below,
And spread their branches fair and green
As fruitful olive trees are seen.
- 4 As does the dying corn revive,
As vines in southern aspects thrive,
So shall their graces vig'rous shine,
And breathe an incense all divine.

PAUSE. New Sabbath 122.

- 5 O may the promises be mine,
The sure performance, LORD, is thine;
400

For little children and young men
Have grown, and honour'd *Fathers* been.

6 [Paul said, with joy, of some he knew,
Exceedingly their graces grew—
So did their *faith and love abound,*
The same spread all the churches round.

7 Precept and promise still unite
To make this service our delight ;
To *grow in grace*,—this, surely this,
Is the transcendency of bliss.]

8 Then, Lord, forbid, forbid that we
Should *always* little children be ;
But may our *path shine more*, we pray,
And more until the perfect day.

322 (3d P.) L.M. Martin's Lane 67. Leeds 19.

Unfruitfulness reprov'd and deprecated.

And when he came to it, he found nothing but leaves.

Luke xiii. 6. Matt. xxi. 19. Mark xi. 13.

1 **D**OES GOD, the ever good and kind,
Come seeking fruit, and fruit not find ?
Sure, as the means he richly gives,
He justly looks for more than leaves.

2 The buds are pleasing in his view,
And beauteous are the blossoms too ;
But plenteous fruits are, in his sight,
Fair objects of his chief delight.

3 Then what if Jesus comes and sees
That we are only barren trees,
Spreading our leafy branches round,
Mere worthless cumb'ers of the ground !

4 Ah ! LORD, we have deserv'd the name ;
But save us from the sin, the shame,
Lest Thou and thine should with a frown,
Cry, Cut, now cut the cumb'rer down.

5 But a sweet wrestling voice we hear,
O spare it, LORD, another year,
That fruit may on each branch be found,
The graces clust'ring all around.

323, 324 THE CHRISTIAN.

6 This prayer has often reach'd the skies,
Now let it from our hearts arise ;
Spare, spare it, LORD,—so Mercy spake,—
Spare it, we cry, for Jesus' sake.

323 L. M. Lebanon 79. New Sabbath 122.

Rising to God.

1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal joys ?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to GOD ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our GOD to dwell.—

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above ;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

324 L. M. Magdalene 214. Lewton 30.

Remembering all the Way the Lord has led him.

Deut. viii. 2.

1 **T**HUS far my GOD hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known ;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Thro' this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home ;
LORD ! let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dang'rous way.

- 3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy :
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent GOD I mourn.
- 4 My soul with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear LORD ! that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of GOD ?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below ?
- 6 'Tis even so thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That JESUS may be All in All. DR. FAWCETT.

325 S. M. Sutton 149. Stockport-47.

Waiting for the Coming of his LORD ; or, the active Christian.
— Luke xii. 35—38.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the LORD,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame :
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your LORD's command ;
And while we speak he's near :
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found !
He shall his LORD with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own bounteous hand,

And raise that favourite servant's head,
Amidst th' angelic band. DR. DODDRIDGE.

326 (1st P.) L. M. Ulverston 179. Lewton 30.

Solicitous of finishing his Course with Joy. Acts xx. 24.

- 1 **A**SSIST us, LORD! thy name to praise
For the rich gospel of thy grace;
And that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital power.
- 2 With joy may we our course pursue,
And keep the crown of life in view;
That crown, which in one hour repays
The labour of ten thousand days.
- 3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
Unmov'd, their terrors we'll survey;
And the last hour improve for thee,
The last of life or liberty.
- 4 Welcome those bonds, which may unite
Our souls to their supreme delight!
Welcome that death, whose painful strife
Bears us to CHRIST our better life!

326 (2d P.) C. M. Furman 135. Sydenham 43.

Animated in prospect of Overcoming. Rev. ii. 11.

- 1 **R**OUSE, rouse my soul, and fight thy way,
Should earth and hell oppose;
Though thou art not, thy Saviour is
A match for all thy foes.
- 2 Yes, thou art weak, but he is strong,
And will his strength impart;
He'll teach thy feeble hands to war,
And cheer thy fainting heart.
- 3 A few successful struggles yet,
Then, not a conflict more;
Satan and sin shall ne'er assault
On the celestial shore.

327 L. M. Martin's Lane 67. Portugal 97.

The Believer committing his departing Spirit to JESUS.

- 1 **O** THOU, that hast redemption wrought,
Patron of souls, thy blood hath bought ;
To thee our spirit we commit,
Mighty to rescue from the pit.
- 2 Millions of blissful souls above,
In realms of purity and love,
With songs of endless praise proclaim
The honours of thy faithful name.
- 3 When all the powers of nature fail'd,
Thy ever-constant care prevail'd ;
Courage and joy thy friendship spoke,
When every mortal bond was broke.
- 4 We on that friendship, LORD! repose,
The healing balm of all our woes ;
And we, when sinking in the grave,
Trust thine omnipotence to save.
- 5 O may our spirits by thy hand
Be gather'd to that happy band,
Who, 'midst the blessings of thy reign,
Lose all remembrance of their pain !
- 6 In raptures there, divinely sweet,
Give us our kindred souls to meet,
And wait with them that brighter day,
Which all thy triumph shall display !

DR. DODDRIDGE.

328 C. M. Evans's 190. Cambridge New 74.

The Christian Warrior animated and crowned. Rev. ii. 10.

- 1 **H**ARK ! tis our heavenly Leader's voice
From his triumphant seat ;
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful and how sweet !
- 2 *Fight on, my faithful band, he cries,
Nor fear the mortal blow :
Who first in such a warfare dies,
Shall speediest victory know.*

- 3 *I have my days of combat known,
And in the dust was laid;
But thence I mounted to my throne,
And glory crowns my head.*
- 4 *That throne, that glory, you shall share;
My hands the crown shall give;
And you the sparkling honours wear,
While GOD himself shall live.*
- 5 LORD! 'tis enough; our souls are fir'd
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fix'd above. DODDRIDGE.

WORSHIP.
329 L. M. PRIVATE WORSHIP.

Retirement and Meditation. Psalm iv. 4.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken GOD implore.
- 2 O thou, great GOD! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess;
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 3 Thro' all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purify'd.
- 4 Then, with the visits of thy love;
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That GOD has fix'd his dwelling there.

DR. DODDRIDGE.**330 L. M. Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.**

Reading the Scriptures.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD! oppress'd with grief and fear,
I take thy book, and hope to find

Some gracious word of promise there,
To soothe the sorrows of my mind :

- 2 I turn the sacred volume o'er,
And search with care from page to page ;
Of threat'nings find an ample store,
But nought that can my grief assuage.
- 3 And is there nought ? Forbid, dear LORD !
So base a thought should e'er arise ;
I'll search again, and, while I search,
O may the scales fall off mine eyes !
- 4 'Tis done ; and, with transporting joy,
I read the heaven-inspired lines ;
There mercy spreads its brightest beams,
And truth with dazzling lustre shines.
- 5 Here 's heavenly food for hungry souls,
And mines of gold t' enrich the poor ;
Here 's healing balm for every wound,
A salve for every fest'ring sore. **BEDDOME.**

331 (1st P.) L.M. Magdalene 214. Paul's 246.

Self-examination. Gal. iv. 19, 20.

- 1 **WHAT** strange perplexities arise !
What anxious fears and jealousies !
What crowds in doubtful light appear !
How few, alas ! approv'd and clear !
- 2 And what am I ?—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take ;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear ?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear ?
Is **JESUS** form'd and living there ?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine ?
- 4 Searcher of hearts ! O search me still ;
The secrets of my soul reveal ;
My fears remove : let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear !

- 5 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terror spread ;
Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself, myself display.
- 6 May I at that bless'd world arrive
Where CHRIST thro' all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

PRESIDENT DAVIES.

331 (2d P.) Gould's 272. Virginia 231..

Holy Jealousy.

One of you shall betray me!—*Lord, is it I?* *Matt.*
xxv. 21, 22.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS I hear the Saviour say,
One of you will the Lord betray:
Betray Thee, Lord, my God, my King!
Forbid, forbid th' accursed thing.
- 2 But is the contrite heart, with pains,
Alarm'd at these affecting strains?
Let holy jealousy reply,
As in his sight, *Lord, is it I?*
- 3 Yes, if I only look within
At my depravity and sin,
I see, but for thy mighty pow'r,
I shall betray thee every hour.
- 4 But if the baleful crime I hate,
And e'en the thought I deprecate,
And if thine arms my soul entwine,
Lord, can the dreadful guilt be mine?
- 5 This moment I would rather die,
Than live my Saviour to deny ;
Or treach'rously, in any way,
His cause or honour e'er betray.
- 6 Then hear me breathe my inmost heart,
Ne'er let me act the traitor's part,
But thy lov'd name and cause defend,
With hallow'd zeal, till life shall end.

FAMILY WORSHIP. 332, 333

7 Then may I breathe my life away
 On thy dear breast—while angels say,
A faithful friend of Jesus dies,
We waft him to his native skies.

332 C. M. Charmouth 28. Bedford 91.

Secret Prayer. Matt. vi. 6.

- 1 **F**ATHER divine! thy piercing eye
 Sees thro' the darkest night;
 In deep retirement thou art nigh,
 With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There may that piercing eye survey
 My duteous homage paid,
 With every morning's dawning ray,
 And every evening's shade.
- 3 O let thy own celestial fire
 The incense still inflame;
 While my warm vows to thee aspire,
 Thro' my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
 My soul in secret bless;
 So shalt thou deign in worlds above,
 Thy suppliant to confess.

PAUSE.

- 5 Mercy, good Lord! mercy I ask,
 This is the total sum;
 Mercy, thro' CHRIST, is all my suit;
 LORD let thy mercy come.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

333 C. M. Great Milton 212. Matthew's 34.

Going to a new Habitation.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD! where'er we pitch our tent,
 Let us an altar raise;
 And there with humble frame, present
 Our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 To thee we give our health and strength,
 While health and strength shall last;

For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

334 L. M. Magdalene 214. Horsley 205.

The Christian's noblest Resolution. Joshua xxiv. 15.

- 1 **A**H, wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the **LORD**;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme controul,
And in his kind commands rejoice,
- 5 O may I never faint or tire,
Nor wand'ring leave his sacred ways!
Great **GOD**! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

STEELE.

335 L. M. Portugal 97. Ulverston 179.

Family Religion. Gen. xviii. 19.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all! thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace,
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustain'd.
- 2 To **GOD**, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, **LORD** of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows :

Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name!
While pleas'd and thankful we remove
To join the family above. DR. DODDRIDGE.

336 (1st P.) S. M. Eagle Street New 55.
Simon's 250.

Prayer for Infants; or Children Day by Day given to God.

1 **G**REAT GOD! now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace!

2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Dear LORD! thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed;
O bring the long'd-for happy hour,
That makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name,
Then follow their despis'd LORD
Thro' the baptismal stream.

5 Thus let our favour'd race
Surround thy sacred board,
There to adore thy sovereign grace,
And sing their dying LORD.

336 (2d P.) L. M. Addison's 1. Eaton 291.

Prayer for Children.

1 **D**IVINE Redeemer, God of love,
Now let thy kindest bowels move;
Look from the glorious throne on high,
With soft compassion in thine eye.

2 To thee our God, our heavenly King,
Our tender offspring, lo! we bring:

Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

- 4 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies :
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around !
- 5 Here, may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above ;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.
- 6 Here, may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polish'd stones,
Thro' long succeeding days ;
Here, Lord, display thy saving pow'r,
While temples stand, and men adore.

B. FRANCIS.

338* (2d P.) C.M. Charmouth 28. James's 153.

Re-building, or re-opening a Place of Worship.

- 1 **O** GOD, before whose radiant throne
The heav'nly armies bend,
Now graciously incline thine ear,
And to our suit attend.
- 2 Where our forefathers join'd in praise,
We meet to praise thee too ;
For us and others here they pray'd,
We now their works renew.
- 3 This house, these walls re-edified, †
Are raised, Lord, for thee,

* Sung July 22, 1810, at Uffculm, Devon, at the first administration of the Lord's Supper by Dr. R., after the Meeting-House had been rebuilt.

† Or, *new beautify'd.*

- In all the plenitude of grace,
Let this thy temple be.
- 4 By pious crowds of new-born souls,
Let countless proofs be giv'n,—
This surely is the house of God,
The very gate of heav'n.
- 5 Here may the dead be made alive,
Backsliding souls return ;
More grace by gracious souls be felt,
And saints like seraphs burn.
- 6 Here build thy Church, maintain thy Cause,
Nor let it e'er decline ;
But flourish when the trumpet sounds—
THE KINGDOMS, LORD, ARE THINE.
- 7 And on each flock around this hill,
Show'r mercy, grace, and love ;
Thus meeten us and millions more
For the blest Church above.

339 (1st P.) L.M. Chard 175. Wareham 117.

On Opening a Place of Worship.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace ;
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade
To fill our worshippers with dread.
- 2 These walls we to thy honour raise ;
Long may they echo to thy praise !
And thou, descending, fill the place,
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of his train ;
While power divine his word attends
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

339 (2d P.) L.M. Addison's 1. Langdon 217.

On opening an enlarged Place of Worship; or for a
Prayer Meeting.

- 1 **J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat:
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they con-
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 [Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.]
- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

COWPER.

340 C.M. Abridge 201. Bedford 91.

On Opening a Place for Social Prayer.

- 1 **D**EAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;

Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 Shew us some token of thy love
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

4 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round
To come and fill the place.

NEWTON.

341 S. M. Kibworth 249. Vermont 184.

The Pleasures of Social Worship.

1 **H**OW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sov'reign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts,

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

DR. S. STENNETT.

342 7s. Bath Abbey 147. Shore Cottage 302.

The Excellency of Public Worship.

- 1 **L**ORD of Hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are !
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heav'n and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes ;
While the Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known ;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus, with festive songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

D. TURNER.

343 L. M. Langdon 217. Chard 175.

The happiness of humble worship. Psalm lxxxiv.

- 1 **H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear !
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.
- 2 O, blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.
- 3 Happy the men, whom strength divine
With ardent love and zeal inspires ;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.
- 4 One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me
Than thousands in the tents of state ;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.

- 5 God is a sun : our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows ;
God is a shield, thro' all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 6 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down on souls sincere ;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
The happy fav'rites of his care.
- 7 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee! STEELE.

344 L. M. Bramcoate 8. Lewton 30.

Delight in God's House, and confidence in Him. Psahn xxvii.

1. **T**HOU, Lord, my safety, thou my light,
What danger shall my soul affright?
Strength of my life! what arm shall dare
To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy care?
- 2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet shall form ;
One gift I ask, that, to my end,
Fair Sion's dome I may attend :
- 3 There, joyful find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my God ;
For he, within his hallow'd shrine,
My secret refuge shall assign.
- 4 When thou, with condescending grace,
Hast bid me seek thy shining face,
My heart replied to thy kind word,
Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord !
- 5 Should every earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart,
My God, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.
- 6 Ye humble souls, in every strait,
On God with sacred courage wait :

His hand shall life and strength afford ;
O ever wait upon the Lord.

345 (1st P.) S.M. Price's 187. Hopkins 157.

Forms vain without Religion.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the creation's frame !
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too ;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 4 [But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform !
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.]
- 5 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain ;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true
Until 'tis form'd again.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul, ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

LORD'S DAY ANTICIPATED.

345 (2d P.) 7s. 6 lines. Firth's 146. Turin 244.

Saturday Evening ; or Preparation for the Lord's Day.

- 1 **S**AFELY, Lord, another week,
Thou hast brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On th' approaching Sabbath day :—

Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

- 2 [Mercies multiplied each hour
Thro' the week our praise demand,
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guarded by his hand :
Though ungrateful we have been,
Making sad returns of sin.]
- 3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin and shame ;
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee !
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near ;
May thy glory meet our eyes
When we in thy house appear !
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints :
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above. NEWTON.

345 (3d P.) 8.8.6. Leach 290. Broadmead 150.

Longing for the Lord's Day before its arrival. " And the Sabbath drew on." Luke xxiii. 54

- 1 **S**WEET day of rest ! for thee I'd wait,
Emblem and earnest of a state
Where saints are fully blest !
For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh,
I'd count the days till thou art nigh,
Sweet day of sacred rest.
- 2 O let my mind be always so ;
My songs no interruption know,
Till death shall seal my tongue :

In heav'n a nobler strain I'll raise,
 And rest from every thing but praise,—
 My heav'n an endless song.

345 (4th P.) L. M. Rippon's 188. Bab.
 Streams 23.

Saturday Evening Reflection.

- 1 **A**NOTHER week for ever gone!
 How fast our days and minutes fly!
 The joys of heav'n or pains of hell
 Await us—and we soon must die.
- 2 The sins and follies of the week,
 Pardon, O Lord! for Jesus' sake;
 And a delightful Lord's-day frame
 Grant in the morn when we awake.
- 3 The endless Lord's-day soon will dawn;
 Ye saints, rejoice, and homeward press;
 Each week, and day, and hour for you,
 Leaves one of sin and sorrow less.

345 (5th P.) C. M. Ellenbro' 170. Maidstone 196.

Saturday Evening; or the Lord's Day anticipated.

- 1 **B**E GONE, my worldly cares, away,
 Nor dare to tempt my sight!
 Let me begin the sweet Lord's day
 Before I end this night.
- 2 Yes, let the work of prayer and praise
 Employ my heart and tongue;
 Begin, my soul; thy Sabbath days
 Can never be too long.
- 3 Let the past mercies of the week
 Excite a grateful frame:
 And may my tongue rejoice to speak
 Some good of Jesus' name.
- 4 Forgive my dulness, dearest Lord,
 And quicken all my powers;

- Prepare me to attend thy word,
 T' improve the sacred hours.
- 5 On wings of expectation borne,
 My hopes to heaven ascend ;
 I long to welcome in the morn,
 With Thee the day to spend.

LORD'S DAY MORNING, & MORNING LECTURES.

346 (1st P.) 7s. Stoel 164. Hart's 221.

Jesus rising—Morning of the Lord's Day.

- 1 **M**ORNING breaks upon the tomb,
 Jesus dissipates its gloom!
 Day of triumph! through the skies
 See the glorious Saviour rise.
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears,
 Banish unbelieving fears ;
 Look on his deserted grave,—
 Doubt no more his pow'r to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scatter'd shade ;
 Drive your anxious cares away,
 See the place where Jesus lay.

346 (2d P.) S.M. Salem New 99. Gosport 53.

The Resurrection announced.

- 1 **Y**E saints, dismiss your fear,
 Let joy and hope succeed ;
 Transporting news devoutly hear,
The Lord is risen indeed.
- 2 The promise is fulfill'd,
 Redemption's work is done,
 Justice with mercy's reconcil'd,
 For God hath rais'd his Son.
- 3 Angels with saints rejoice,
 The risen Victor sing ;
 And all the blissful seats above
 With loud Hosannas ring.

346 (3d P.) C. M. Messiah 293. Prov. Coll. 10.

The Sun of Righteousness risen.

- 1 **T**HE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more ;
This light shall scatter all our fears :
Come, saints, and all adore !
- 2 Twice had the sun withdrawn his light,
And twice restor'd the day ;
But see, on the third dawning morn,
The God HIMSELF display.
- 3 Alone the dreadful race He ran,
Alone the wine-press trod ;
He groans—He dies,—behold the *Man* !
He lives,—behold the GOD !
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid his early rise ;
Our Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And open'd Paradise.

346 (4th P.) L. M. Coombs's 45. Leeds 19.

Early Lord's Day Morning at Home.

- 1 **R**EVIVING sound ! methinks I hear
The dear, the gracious Saviour say,
Arise, my love, my fairest fair,
Make haste, prepare, and come away.
- 2 I come, my Lord, what is thy will ?
Tell me for what I should prepare ;
Meet me this day on Sion's hill !
My Lord, I'm blest to meet thee there.

346(5th P.) 8.8.6. Chatham 59. West. Leigh 278.

Early Lord's Day Morning, in Society, or at Lecture.

- 1 **O**UR precious Lord, on duty bent,
To lonely places often went,
To seek his Father there ;
The early morn and dewy ground
Can witness they the Saviour found
Engag'd in fervent pray'r.

- 2 And did my Saviour love to pray
Ere dawning light unveil'd the day ?
Shall I not do so too ?
O may I be inspir'd with zeal
To execute my Father's will
As Jesus us'd to do.
- 3 [And you who love his sacred name,
Who love to imitate the Lamb,
And more of Jesus know ;
Come, let us all surround his throne,
And see what blessings on his own
Our Saviour will bestow.]
- 4 Though fears be great, temptations strong,
And you may oft have waited long,
Perhaps he may design
This morn to give each soul to see,
And say with Paul, *He died for me,*
And my Redeemer's mine. PEARCE..

346 (6th P.) 148th. Greenwich New 62.
Grove 125.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, delightful morn !
Thou day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return ;
Lord make these moments blest ;
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace ;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face :
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Display the Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours ;

Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbath days be spent in vain.

346 (7th P.) C. M. Suffolk 315. Wilkins 308.

Lord's Day Morning. Ps. cxviii. 24.

1 **O**N this sweet morn my Lord arose
Triumphant o'er the grave ;
He dies to vanquish all my foes,
And lives again to save.

2 I bless his name, and hail the morn,
It is my Lord's own day ;
And faithful souls will surely scorn
To sleep the hours away.

3 These are the precious sacred hours
On which my Lord I've seen ;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
Delighted I have been.

4 I come, I hear, and sing, and pray :
How sweet those days of love !
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above !

5 O, if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found,
I'll clasp my Saviour in my arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

6 On all thy flock thy Spirit pour,
All-saving grace convey ;
A sweet refreshing Lord's-day show'r
Will make them sing and pray.

346 (8th P.) Langdon 217. Angel's Hymn 60.

The Lord's Day Silver Trumpets.

The Silver Trumpets calling the Assemblies. Numb. x. 2.

1 **T**HE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear ;
The silver trumpets seem to sound
That call the tribes of Israel near.

- 2 Obedient to thy summons, Lord,
 We to thy sanctuary come ;
 Thy gracious presence here afford,
 And send thy people joyful home.
- 3 O hasten, Lord, the day of rest,
 When we shall see Thee face to face :
 Then shall we be supremely blest,
 Eternal debtors to thy grace.

346 (9th P.) 8. 8. 6. Baltimore 167. Broad-
 mead 150.

Zeal for the House of God, and delight in Worship. Ps. cxxii.

- 1 **T**HE joyful morn, my God, is come,
 That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
 Thy presence to adore ;
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps thy courts ascend,
 And tread the hallow'd floor.
- 2 Hither from *Judah's* utmost end,
 The heaven-protected-tribes ascend ;
 Their off'rings hither bring :
 Here, eager to attest their joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail th' immortal King.
- 3 Be peace implor'd by each on thee,
 O Sion, while with bended knee
 To Jacob's God we pray ;
 How bless'd who calls himself thy friend !
 Success his labours shall attend,
 And safety guard his way.
- 4 O mayst thou, free from hostile fear,
 Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
 Nor war's wild wastes deplore :
 May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
 And in thy courts, with lavish hand,
 Distribute all her store !
- 5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail !
 How can my tongue, O Sion, fail
 To bless thy lov'd abode ?

How cease the zeal that in me glows
 Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose
 The mansions of my God? MERRICK.

347 7s. Alcester 213. Feversham 220.

A Song of Praise to the Redeemer. Psalm xl. 7, 8.

- 1 **H**OLY wonder, heavenly grace,
 Come, inspire our humble lays,
 While the Saviour's love we sing,
 Whence our hopes and comforts spring.
- 2 Man involv'd in guilt and woe,
 Touch'd his tender bosom so,
 That when justice death demands,
 Forth the great Deliverer stands;
- 3 Cries to God, *Thy mercy shew;*
Lo! I come thy will to do;
I the sacrifice will be,
Death shall plunge his dart in me.
- 4 Tho' the form of God he bore,
 Great in glory, great in power,
 See him in our flesh array'd,
 Lower than his angels made.
- 5 [He that heaven itself possess'd,
 Now an infant at the breast!
 Angels from the world above,
 See and sing th' amazing love!]
- 6 Thro' the shining hours of day,
 Toil and danger mark his way;
 Lonely mounts, and chilling air,
 Witness oft his midnight prayer.]
- 7 Now the heavenly lover dies!
 Darkness veils the mid-day skies!
 Angels round the bloody tree
 Throng and gaze in ecstasy!
- 8 [Powers unseen earth's bosom heave,
 Rocks and tombs asunder cleave;
 While the Temple's rending veil
 Tells the priest the awful tale.]

- 9 But the third day's dawning come,
Lo! the Saviour leaves the tomb!
Re-ascends his native sky,
Where he lives no more to die.
- 10 On his cross he builds his throne,
Whence he makes his glories known,
Sends his Spirit down to give
Dying sinners grace to live. D. TURNER.

848 L. M. Rowles 73. Magdeleine 214.
Eaton 291.

The Sabbath begun.

1. **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns;
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise;
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties, let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

J. STENNETT.

349 148th. Carter Lane 141. Dartmouth 46.

A Hymn for Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band ;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand :
Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail in songs of-praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant Death resign'd
The glorious Prince of Life,
In dark domains confin'd :
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts **THE GOD** ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
Heaven with hosannas rings ;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings ;
*Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Thro' endless years to live and reign.*
- 4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conqu'ring car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war :
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.
- 5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart :
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Num'rous as drops of morning dew.

LORD'S DAY EVENING.

350 C. M. Salem 139. New York 33.

A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's Day.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quick'ning beams ;

And yet how slow devotion burns ;
How languid are its flames !

- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end ;
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine ;
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ ;
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy. B—

351 (1st P.) C.M. Brighton 208. Prov. Coll. 10.

Lord's Day Evening.

- 1 **W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene ;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day,
Without a veil between ?
- 2 Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares ;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.
- 3 [Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led ;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee ;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.]

- 5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give
 To be my guide and friend,
 To light my path to ceaseless joys,
 To Sabbaths without end. CENNICK.

351 (2d P.) L. M. Portugal 97. New Sab. 122.

Lord's Day Evening.

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship thee !
 At once they sing, at once they pray !
 They hear of heaven and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go ;
 'Tis like a little heaven below :
 Not all that hell or sin can say
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
 The text and doctrine of thy word ;
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
 That, hoping pardon through his blood,
 I may lie down and wake with God. DR. WATTS.

351 (3d P.) S. M. Whitefield's 168. Bro-
 derip's 253.

Serious Recollections on the Evening of Lord's Day.

- 1 **T**HE light of Sabbath eve
 Is fading fast away ;
 What pleasing record will it leave
 To crown the closing day ?
- 2 Is it a Sabbath spent
 Fruitless, and vain, and void ?
 Or have these precious moments lent
 Been sacredly employ'd ?
- 3 How dreadful and how drear,
 In yon dark world of pain,
 Will Sabbath seasons lost appear,
 That cannot come again !

- 4 God of these blissful hours,
 O! may we never dare
 To waste, in worldly thoughts of ours,
 These sacred days of prayer! EDMESTON.

351 (4th P.) 7s. 6lines. Deptford 124. Turin 244.

Returning from Worship to spend the Lord's Day Evening
 alone.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I've met thy saints to-day,
 Where they join'd to praise and pray;
 And have listen'd to thy word,
 Gladly of my Saviour heard!
 Still I pant thy face to see;
 Wilt thou now retire with me?
- 2 Come, thou dear Immanuel, come,
 Make my heart thy constant home,
 Let me now thine influence feel,
 Here thy richest love reveal:
 Fain would I commune with thee;
 Dearest Lord, retire with me.
- 3 May the savour of thy word
 Joy in solitude afford;
 Seal its truths upon my heart,
 Let me ne'er from thee depart:
 Lord, content I cannot be,
 Till thou dost retire with me.
- 4 Stay, thou heavenly lover, stay,
 Drive each earthly thought away:
 Fix my soul on things divine;
 May I be for ever thine!
 Thus on earth may I be blest,
 Till I rise to endless rest.

352 L. M. Gloucester 12. Lebanon 79.

The Eternal Sabbath. Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our labouring souls aspire,
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.

* See Hymn 329.

- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

353 (1st P.) C.M. Messiah 293. London 180.

Prayer—Behold, he prayeth.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came :
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 The prayers and praises of the saints,
Like precious odours sweet,
Ascend and spread a rich perfume
Around the mercy-seat.
- 3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear ;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.
- 4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died. BEDDOME.

353 (2d P.) L.M. Portugal 97. Langdon 217.

Exhortation to Prayer.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !

- Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when thro' weariness they fall'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words ? Ah, think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me! COWPER.

353 (3d P.) L.M. Ulverston 179. N. Sabbath 122.

Encouragement to Prayer—*Ask, and it shall be given you.*
Matt. vii. 7.

- 1 **C**OME, needy soul, howe'er distress'd ;
And hear from heav'n THYSELF address'd :
Ask, saith the Lord, and let me know
What I shall now on thee bestow.
- 2 Art thou to seriousness inclin'd ?
Ask, and I'll solemnize thy mind :
Dost thou want love to Jesus' name ?
Ask, and enjoy the matchless flame.
- 3 Dost thou want faith and holy fear ?
Ask, and behold the blessing's near :
Dost thou want strength to conquer sin ?
Ask, and the vict'ry thou shalt win.

- 4 Dost thou want justifying grace,
Through Christ's all-perfect righteousness?
Or holy peace and pardon seal'd?
Ask, for they wait to be reveal'd.
- 5 Woul'dst thou sweet fellowship renew
With Father, Son, and Spirit too;—
Delight thyself in God and prayer?
Ask, for the blessings promis'd are.
- 6 Would'st thou thy *all* to Jesus yield,
Be with his mind and spirit *fill'd*,
The heights of holiness attain?
Ask, for thou can'st not ask in vain.
- 7 Would'st thou surmount the fear of death,
Serenely breathe thy latest breath,
And live till then as those in heaven?
ASK, ASK, THE BLISS SHALL ALL BE GIVEN.

EPIPHONEMA.

- 8 Sweet precept, and sweet promise, Lord!
We'll ask, encourag'd by thy word;
Now shall our wants be all supplied,
For Christ has promis'd, Christ has died!

354 7s. Cookham 36. Stoel 164.

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. Gen. xxxii. 20.

- 1 **L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,
Fill a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;—
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
456

Mercy heard, and set him free ;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou !

6 Thou hast help'd in every need ;
This emboldens me to plead ;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?

7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

355 C. M. Ludlow 84. Crowle 3.

The successful Resolve—I will go in unto the King.
Esther iv. 16.

1 **C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last* resolve :—

2 *I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.*

3 *Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.*

4 *I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.*

5 *Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.*

* Or read—And make this blest resolve.

356, 357 WORSHIP.

6 *I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolv'd to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.*

7 *But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried, -
This were to die (delightful thought !)
As sinner never died.* EDMUND JONES.

356 S. M. Eagle Street New 55. Broderip's 252.

A broken Heart and a bleeding Saviour.

- 1 **U**NTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring :
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing ?
- 2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes ;
Thou mayst reject that worthless thing,
But not His sacrifice.
- 3 When He gave up the ghost,
The law was satisfied ;
And now to its most rig'rous claims,
I answer, *Jesus died.*

357 L. M. Rippon's 188. Ulverston 179.

Holy Boldness.

- 1 **S**PRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O God ;
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears !
- 2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign !
Doth with refulgent brightness shine !
And, while my faith beholds it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay ;
With courage sing, with fervour pray ;
And, tho' myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance thro' thy Son—

4 Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree
 Expir'd to set the vilest free;
 On this I build my only claim,
 And all I ask is in his name. BEDDCME.

358 8. 8. 6. Chatham 59.

The Lord's Prayer. Matt. vi. 9—13.

- 1 **O**UR Father, whose eternal sway
 The bright angelic hosts obey,
 O lend a pitying ear!
 When on thy awful name we call,
 And at thy feet submissive fall,
 O condescend to hear!
- 2 Far may thy glorious reign extend;
 May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
 And yield to sovereign love;
 May we take pleasure to fulfil
 The sacred dictates of thy will;
 As angels do above.
- 3 From thy kind hand each temp'ral good,
 Our raiment and our daily food,
 In rich abundance come:
 Lord, give us still a fresh supply;
 If thou withhold thy hand we die,
 And fill the silent tomb.
- 4 Pardon our sins, O God! that rise
 And call for vengeance from the skies;
 And, while we are forgiven,
 Grant that revenge may never rest,
 And malice harbour in that breast
 That feels the love of heaven.
- 5 Protect us in the dang'rous hour,
 And from the wily tempter's power
 O set our spirits free!
 And if temptation should assail,
 May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
 And lead our hearts to thee.

6 Thine is the power ; to thee belongs
 The constant tribute of our songs,
 All glory to thy name :
 Let every creature join our lays,
 In one resounding act of praise,
 Thy wonders to proclaim. J. STRAPHAN.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

359 L. M. Portugal 97. Wareham 117.

To be sung between Prayer and Sermon.

- 1 **W**HERE *two or three, with sweet accord,*
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
- 2 *There, says the Saviour, will I be,*
Amid this little company ;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word :
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

360 (1st P.) C. M. G. Milton 212. Condes. 116.

Ministers nothing without Christ. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

- 1 **I**N vain Apollos' silver tongue,
 And Paul's, with strains profound,
 Diffuse among the list'ning throng
 The gospel's gladd'ning sound.
- 2 Jesus, the work is wholly thine
 To form the heart anew ;
 Now let thy sovereign grace divine
 Each stubborn soul subdue.

360 (2d P.) L. M. N. Sab. 122. Langdon 217.

The Message of God. Judges iii. 20.

- 1 **G**REAT God to day thy grace impart,
 Bring home thy word to every heart ;

Deep let this truth impressed be,
God has a message unto me.

2 O be thine arm revealed now,
 That stubborn enemies may bow,
 And say, and feel, and clearly see,
God has a message unto me.

3 Now also let each saint rejoice,
 And thankful sing with heart and voice,
*Blessed for ever let him be,
 God has a message unto me.*

MEDLEY.

360 (3d P.) L. M. Wareham 117. Portugal 97.

Speak Lord, thy servant heareth. 1 Sam. iii. 9.

1 **S**PEAK, Lord, to each of us this day,
 But from the mercy-seat we pray;
 That all may with deep reverence hear,
 Receive thy word, adore, and fear.

2 May careless sinners now attend,
 And ponder well their latter end;
 And for this day have cause to praise,
 While angels chant their endless lays.

3 O make the rocky heart to feel,
 Though harder than the harden'd steel;
 Repentance unto life impart,
 That pleasing penitential smart.

4 [Bless those who think they are *too good*
 To need the Saviour's precious blood;
 Alas! too good to be forgiv'n!
 Too good to sing the songs of heav'n!

5 Bless those who are *too bad*, they say,
 For Christ to wash their sins away;
 But show the souls who mercy crave
 He to the uttermost will save.]

6 O let us all without delay
 Hear the Redeemer's voice to-day;—
 Pardon and saving grace partake,
 With all we need for Jesus' sake.

361 (1st P.) 112th. Uffculm 93. Cary's 11.
Hoxton 121.

Before Sermon.

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word :
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear ;
Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting-servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread : *Chor.* Thus,
- 3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and énergy !
And may we in thy faith and fear
Reduce to practice what we hear : *Chor.* Thus,
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;
Teach us to know and do thy will ;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day : *Chor.* Thus,

DR. FAWCETT.

361 (2d P.) L. M. Rippon's 188. Gould's 272.

Longing for the Presence and Blessing of God. 1 Sam. viii. 2

- 1 **L**OOK from on high, great God, and see
Thy saints lamenting after thee :
We sigh, we languish, and complain ;
Revive thy gracious work again.
- 2 To-day thy cheering grace impart,
Bind up and heal the broken heart ;
Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
And let our foes prevail no more.
- 3 Thy presence in thy house afford,
To every heart apply thy word ;
That sinners may their danger see,
And now begin to mourn for thee.

362 E. M. Bath Chapel 26. Michael's 119.

The Freeness of the Gospel.

- 1 **H**OW free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood!
- 2 The mightiest king, and meanest slave,
May his rich mercy taste;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Unto the Gospel-feast.
- 3 None are excluded thence, but those
Who do themselves exclude;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.
- 4 Come then, ye men of every name,
Of every rank and tongue,
What you are willing to receive
Doth unto you belong. BEDDOME.

363 7s. Stoel 164. Cookham 36.

A Blessing humbly requested.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

364 L. M. Portugal 97. Gould's 272.

The Pool of Bethesda. John v. 2—4.

- 1 **H**OW long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me?
- 2 Sinners on every side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, a helpless, sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.
- 3 Thou cov'nant angel, swift come down;
To-day thine own appointments crown;
Thy power into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.
- 4 Thou seest me lying at the pool,
I would, thou know'st I would, be whole;
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

365 8. 7. 4. Helmsley 223. Painswick 162.

Prayer for Ministers and People.

- 1 **D**EAREST Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve;
Bless, O bless them
From thy shining courts above.
- 2 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the Gospel-feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them;
Every soul be Jesus' guest!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

366 1st P.) L. M. Islington 40. Lebanon 79.

Casting the Gospel-net. Luke v. 5. John xxi. 6.

- 1 **N**OW, while the Gospel-net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;

From num'rous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

- 2 May this be a much-favour'd hour
To souls in Satan's bondage led!
O clothe thy word with sov'reign power
To break the rocks, and raise the dead!
- 3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.
- 4 [O hear our prayer, and give us hope,
That, when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up
To love and praise thee in our room.]

366 (2d P.) C.M. Prov. Coll. 10. Wilkins 308.

The Bow drawn at a venture. 1 Kings xxii. 34.

- 1 **A** CERTAIN *man*, when Ahab's sin
Was ripe for punishment,
At a mere venture drew his bow,
But God the arrow sent.
- 2 Thus in simplicity we bend
The Scripture's wondrous bow,
The arrow's random in our hands,
But destin'd where to go.
- 3 Then, Lord, the random arrow guide
To some poor sinner's heart,
But to the wounded bleeding mind
Thy healing balm impart.

366 (3d P.) L.M. Lewton 30. Hampton 275.

The same.

- 1 **W**HILE at a venture, gracious Lord,
Thy servant draws the Gospel-bow,
Direct the arrow to the heart,
For thou canst wound and heal, we know.

- 2 But dip it in the Saviour's blood,
Wing it with mercy from above,

1 **H**OW long
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When shall
The channel

2 Sinners on
And wash
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3 Thou cov
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Thy power
And give

4 Thou seest
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And mini

365 3. 7. 4

1 **D**EAR
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Pour thy
That t
Bless, O
From thy

2 Now thy
To pa
hy

Thy mercy I implore,
 And wait to see thy face;
 Begging I sit by the way side,
 And long to know the Crucified.

JESUS! attend my cry,
 Thou Son of David, hear;
 If now thou passest by,
 Stand still and call me near;
 The darkness from my heart remove,
 And shew me now thy pard'ning love.

L. M. Coombs's 45. Islington 40.

Thy Kingdom come. Matt. vii. 10:

ASCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
 And spread thy glories all abroad;
 Let thine own arm salvation bring,
 And be thou known the gracious GOD.

Let millions bow before thy seat,
 Let humble mourners seek thy face,
 Let daring rebels to thy feet,
 Be subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

Let the kingdoms of the world
 Become the kingdoms of the LORD!
 Let saints and angels praise thy name,
 Be thou thro' heaven and earth ador'd.

BEDDOME.

1 (1st P.) L. M. Wareham 117. Green's Hund. 89.

Ezekiel's Vision of the dry Bones. Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

LOOK down, O Lord! with pitying eye;
 Where race in ruin lie;
 Where bones o'er the ground,
 Water'd heaps around.

Whom should the living corpses live?

Whom should the dead bones revive?

For to thee is known;

For all is all thy own.

But in vain

Are we slain;

Q 3

In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- 5 So, when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heav'ns and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

371 (2d P.) L.M. Wareham 117. Paul's 246.

Prayer for the whole Congregation.

- 1 **L**ORD, in our hearts implant thy fear,
And make and keep us all sincere;
Draw burthen'd sinners to thy Son,
And make him to his mourners known.
- 2 Thy richest grace vouchsafe to give
As each is able to receive;
The blessed grief to all impart,
Or joy, or purity of heart.
- 3 Our helpless unbelief remove,
And melt us by thy pard'ning love;
Work in us faith, or faith's increase—
The dawning or the perfect peace.
- 4 Give each whate'er for each is best,
But grant us all the promis'd rest;
Thy blessing in the means convey,
Nor empty send one soul away.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

372 C.M. Bath Chapel 26. New York 33.

The Parable of the Sower. Matt. xiii. 3—23.

- 1 **N**OW, LORD! the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble fervent prayer.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 373, 374

- 2** In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water, too, in vain;
LORD of the harvest! **GOD** of grace!
Send down thy heavenly rain.
- 3** Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine:
'Thou, Lord! hast given the rich increase,
'And be the glory thine.'

373 (1st P.) 148th. Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16.

Success requested on the Seed sown.

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, **LORD**, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

NEWTON.

373 (2d P.) 8. 7. 4. Kentucky 113. Lewes 63.

Shew me a token for good. Ps. lxxxvi. 17.

GRANT us, **LORD**, some gracious token
Of thy love before we part;
Crown thy word which has been spoken,
Life and peace to each impart;
And all blessings
Which shall sanctify the heart.

374 L. M. Denbigh 54. Rowles 78.

The Spread of the Gospel. Matt. vi. 10.

- 1** **T**O distant lands thy Gospel send,
And thus thy empire wide extend:
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
Thou King of Grace! salvation shew.
- 2** Where'er thy sun or light arise,
Thy name, **O GOD!** immortalize:
May nations yet unborn confess
Thy wisdom, power, and righteousness.

375, 376 **WORSHIP.**

375 C. M. Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

Duties and Privileges. Jude 20, 21.

- 1 **W**HILE sinners, who presume to bear
The Christian's sacred name,
Throw up the reins to every lust,
And glory in their shame ;
- 2 Ye saints, preserv'd in **CHRIST**, and call'd,
Detest their impious ways,
And on the basis of your faith
A heavenly temple raise.
- 3 Upon the Spirit's promis'd aid
Depend from day to day,
And while he breathes his quick'ning gale,
Adore, and praise, and pray.
- 4 Preserve unquench'd your love to **GOD**,
And let the flame arise,
And higher, and still higher blaze,
Till it ascends the skies.
- 5 With a transporting joy expect
The grace your Lord shall give,
When all his saints shall from his hands
Their crowns of life receive.

376 (1s. P.) C. M. Grove House 143.

Salem 139. Acton 288.

Now is the accepted Time.

- 1 **C**OME, guilty souls, and flee away
To **CHRIST**, and heal your wounds ;
This is the welcome Gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.
- 2 **GOD** lov'd the Church, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath :
And **JESUS** says he'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.

376 (2d P.) L. M. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

The convinced Sinner encouraged.

- 1 **W**HO is the trembling sinner, who
That owns eternal death his due ?

HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 377, 378

Who mourns his sin, his guilt, his thrall,
And does on GOD for mercy call?

- 2 Peace, troubled soul, dismiss thy fear,
Hear, JESUS speaks, "Be of good cheer;"
Upon his cleansing grace rely,
And thou shalt never, never die.

377 (1st P.) L.M. Angel's Hymn 60. Paul's 246.

Acceptance through CHRIST alone. John xiv. 6.

- 1 **H**OW shall the sons of men appear,
Great GOD! before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal Mind?
- 2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.
- 3 Thy blood, dear JESUS! thine alone,
Hath sov'reign virtue to atone:
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great GOD! to thee.

377 (2d P.) 7s. Cookham 36. Steel 164.
Hotham 224.

The Pleasures of Religion.

- 1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living GOD my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

378 L. M. Rowles 73. Portugal 97.
Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

- 1 **I**S Jesus mine! I'm now prepar'd
To meet with what I thought most hard;

Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,
And comforts melt away like snow;

2 No blasted trees, or failing crops
Can hinder my eternal hopes;

'Tho' creatures change, the LORD's the same,
Then let me triumph in his name.

379 7s. Deptford 124. Turin 244.

Help. Hosea xiii. 9.

SELF-destroy'd, for help I pray :
Help me, Saviour ! from above ;
Help me to believe, obey ;
Help me to repent, and love ;
Help to keep the graces given,
Help me quite from hell to heaven.

380 C. M. Abridge 201. Grove House 143.

Felix trembling. Acts xiv. 24, 25.

1 **S**EE Felix, cloth'd with pomp and power,
See his resplendent bride,
Attend to hear a prisoner preach
The Saviour crucified.

2 He well describes who JESUS was,
His glories and his love,
How he obey'd and bled below,
And reigns and pleads above.

3 Felix up starts, and trembling cries,
' Go, for this time, away ;
' I'll hear thee on these points again
' On some convenient day.'

4 Attention to the words of life
Let Felix thus adjourn ;
LORD ! let us make these solemn truths
Our first and last concern.

381 S. M. Eagle Street New 55. Vermont 134.

Jabez's Prayer. 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

1 **O** THAT the LORD indeed
' Would me his servant bless,

- ‘ From every evil shield my head,
 ‘ And crown my paths with peace !
- 2 ‘ Be his almighty hand
 ‘ My helper and my guide,
 ‘ Till with his saints in Canaan’s land
 ‘ My portion he divide.’

382 (1st P.) C.M. Brighton 208. Ann’s 58.

Desiring to walk in the Way of Holiness to Happiness.
 Psalm lxxxiv. 8.

- 1 **L**ORD GOD, omnipotent to bless,
 My supplication hear ;
 Guardian of Jacob ! to my voice
 Incline thy gracious ear.
- 2 If I have never yet begun
 To tread the sacred road,
 O teach my wand’ring feet the way
 To Zion’s blest abode !
- 3 Or, if I’m travelling in the path,
 Assist me with thy strength,
 And let me swift advances make,
 And reach thine heaven at length !
- 4 My care, my hope, my first request,
 Are all compris’d in this,
 To follow where thy saints have led,
 And then partake their bliss.

382 (2d P.) C.M. Sprague 166. Bedford 91.

Good Hope of Interest united with Gratitude.

- 1 **I**F, LORD ! in thy fair book of life
 My worthless name doth stand ;
 And in my heart the law is writ
 By thine unerring hand ;
- 2 I am secure, by grace divine,
 Of crowns above the skies ;
 And on the road, from thy rich stores,
 Shall meet with fresh supplies.

- 3 To thee in sweet melodious strains
 My grateful voice I'll raise ;
 But life's too short, my powers too weak,
 To show forth half thy praise.
- 4 [Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
 Not one should silent be ;
 Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
 I'd give them all to thee.]

383 (1st P.) 104th. Sussex 70. Hanover 130.

Praise for Salvation.

- 1 **O**UR Saviour, alone, the Lord let us bless,
 Who reigns on his throne, the Prince of
 our Peace ;
 Who evermore saves us by shedding his blood ;
 All hail, holy JESUS, our LORD and our GOD.
- 2 We thankfully sing thy glory and praise,
 Thou merciful spring of pity and grace ;
 Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell,
 And say, Our dear Saviour redeems us from hell!
- 3 Preserve us in love while here we abide ;
 O never remove thy presence, nor hide
 Thy glorious salvation, till each of us see
 With joy the bless'd vision completed in thee.

383 (2d P.) L. M. Portugal 97. Bredby 165.

Gratitude to Christ.

- 1 **T**O him who on the fatal tree
 Pour'd out his blood, his life for me,
 In grateful strains my voice I'll raise,
 And in his service spend my days.
- 2 To list'ning multitudes I'll tell
 How he redeem'd my soul from hell ;
 And how, reposing on his breast,
 I lost my cares and found my rest.
- 3 Thro' him my sins are all forgiven,
 He ever pleads my cause in heaven ;

I'll build an altar to his name,
And to the world his grace proclaim.

PAUSE.

And when the Burnt Offering began, the Song of the Lord
began. 2 Chron. xxix. 27.

4 Christ hath redeem'd our souls with blood,
And made us kings and priests to God;
For us, for us the Lamb was slain,
Praise, everlasting praise! Amen.

384 (1st P.) C. M. Boston 159. Miall 240.

Not unto us. Psalm cxv. 1.

- 1 **N**OT unto us, but thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb! be glory given;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.
- 2 The hosts of spirits now with thee
Eternal anthems sing:
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujah's bring.
- 3 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.
- 4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when we reach thy Father's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

384 (2d P.) C. M. Otford 106. Missionary 257.

Joying and glorying in the Lord.

- 1 **Y**E saints of every rank, with joy,
To GOD your off'rings bring;
Let towns and cities, hills and vales,
With loud Hosannas ring.
- 2 Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name;

With thankful tongues, and hearts inflam'd,
His wondrous deeds proclaim.

- 3 Praise him in elevated strains,
And make the *world* to know,
How *great* the Master whom ye serve,
And yet how *gracious* too.

384 (3dP.) S.M. Wirksworth 158. Lowell 260.,

Care cast on a compassionate God, and left at his throne.
1 Peter v. 7.

- 1 **H**OW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

- 2 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

- 3 His goodness stands approv'd
Down to the present day;—
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

385 8s. Lock 49. Lambeth 57.

Our GOD for ever and ever. Psalm xlviii. 14.

- 1 **T**HIS GOD is the GOD we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:

- 2 'Tis JESUS, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

386 C.M. Newington 64. Great Milton 212.

CHRIST the Burthen of the Song.

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak,
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedec!
- 3 Our JESUS shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay;
 We'll sing our JESU's lovely name,
 When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all thy favour'd throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And CHRIST shall be our song. CENNICK.

387 6. 4. Bermondsey 52. Bridgewater 261.

Worthy the Lamb!

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high!
 Let earth and skies reply,
 Praise ye his name:
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 Sing aloud evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb!
- 2 JESUS, our LORD and GOD,
 Bore sin's tremendous load,
 Praise ye his name:
 Tell what his arm hath done,
 What spoils from death he won;
 Sing his great name alone;
 Worthy the Lamb!
- 3 While they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name;
 Those who have felt his blood
 Sealing their peace with GOD,
 Sound his dear fame abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb!

4 Join, all ye ranson'd race,
Our holy LORD to bless ;
Praise ye his name :
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb !

5 What tho' we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name :
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing
Worthy the Lamb !

6 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name :
To him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Thro' all eternity ;
Worthy the Lamb !

388 L. M. Lebanon 79. Horsley 205.

At Dismission.

1 **D**ISSMISS us with thy blessing, LORD !
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are guilty thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood ;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HART.

389 8. 7. 4. Helmsley 223. Westbury 51.

At Dismission.

1 **L**ORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :

HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 390, 391

O refresh us!

Travelling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,

For thy Gospel's joyful sound ;

May the fruits of thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound :

May thy presence

With us evermore be found !

3 So, whene'er the signal's given

Us from earth to call away,

Borne on angels' wings to heaven,

Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,

May we ready

Rise, and reign in endless day !

390 C. M. Bath Chapel 26. Brighton 208.

Sanctification and Growth. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

1 **N**OW may the GOD of peace and love,

Who from th' imprisoning grave

Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,

Omnipotent to save ;

2 Thro' the rich merits of that blood

Which he on Calvary spilt,

To make th' eternal cov'nant sure

On which our hopes are built ;

3 Perfect our souls in every grace

To accomplish all his will,

And all that's pleasing in his sight

Inspire us to fulfil !

4 For the great Mediator's sake,

We every blessing pray :

With glory let his name be crown'd,

Thro' heaven's eternal day !

391 L. M. Islington 40. Lebanon 79.

The Peace of God shall keep, &c. Phil. iv. 7.

1 **T**HE peace which GOD alone reveals,

And by his word of grace imparts,

Within the veil our anchor cast,
And hope to meet in heaven at last.

- 3 There may we not each other miss,
But meet and mingle into bliss ;
And raptur'd endless praise renew
To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT too.

396 L. M. Eaton 291. Bampton 275.

- Parting of Christian Friends.*

- 1 **L**ORD, if we meet on earth no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore ;
Leave sin, and guilt, and death behind,
And every bliss in glory find.
- 2 But if we longer here remain,
And ever meet on earth again,
May each with growing faith and love
Be fitter for thy courts above.

397 8.7. Northam. Chapel 126. Tabernacle 239.

The last solemn Parting.
The Believer dying.

- 1 **H**APPY soul ! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning hours below ;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go !
- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast ;
Now he gives thee full salvation,
Grants thee everlasting rest !
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear the last, the final pain ;
Die, to live the life of glory ;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

* First sung at the close of the Baptist Missionary Meeting
in London, at White Row, 1817.

THE WORLD.

398 L. M. Portugal 97. Green's Hundred 89.

The Vanity of earthly Things.

- 1 **W**HAT are possessions, fame, and power,
The boasted splendour of the great!
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,
And seek with endless toils and sweat!
- 2 Express their charms, declare their use,
That we their merit may descry;
Tell us what good they can produce,
Or what important wants supply.
- 3 If, wounded with a sense of sin,
To them for pardon we should pray,
Will they restore our peace within,
And wash our guilty stains away?
- 4 Can they celestial life inspire,
Nature with power divine renew,
With pure and sacred transports fire
Our bosom, and our lusts subdue?
- 5 When, with the pangs of death we strive,
And yield all comforts here for lost,
Will they support us? will they give
Kind succour, when we need it most?
- 6 When at th' Almighty's awful bar,
To hear our final doom we stand,
Can they incline the Judge to spare,
Or wrest the vengeance from his hand?
- 7 Can they protect us from despair,
From the dark reign of death and hell,
Crown us with bliss, and throne us where
The just, in joys immortal, dwell?
- 8 Sinners, your idols we despise,
If these reliefs they cannot grant;
Why should we such delusions prize,
And pine in everlasting want? **BLACKMORE.**

399 C. M. New York 33. Prov. College 10.

Vanity of the World. Psalm iv. 6.

- 1 **I**N vain the giddy world inquires,
 Forgetful of their GOD,
 ' Who will supply our vast desires,
 Or show us any good ?'
- 2 Thro' the wide circuit of the earth
 Their eager wishes rove,
 In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,
 The phantoms of their love.
- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
 Their most intense pursuit ;
 Or, if they seize the fancied good,
 There's poison in the fruit.
- 4 **LORD!** from this world call off my love,
 Set my affections right ;
 Bid me aspire to joys above,
 And walk no more by sight.
- 5 O let the glories of thy face
 Upon my bosom shine ;
 Assur'd of thy forgiving grace,
 My joys will be divine. DR. S. STENNETT.

400 C. M. Tunbridge 103. Abridge 201.

The rich Fool surprised. Luke xii. 16—22.

- 1 **D**ELEDDED souls ! who think to find
 A solid bliss below :
 Bliss ! the fair flower of Paradise,
 On earth can never grow.
- 2 See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd
 T' increase his worldly store ;
 Too scanty now he finds his barns,
 And covets room for more.
- 3 ' What shall I do ?' distress'd he cries :
 ' This scheme will I pursue :
 ' My scanty barns shall now come down,
 ' I'll build them large and new.

- 4 • Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
 My soul to take its ease :
 • Eat, drink, be glad; my lasting store
 • Shall give what joys I please.'
- 5 Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! from heaven
 Th' Almighty made reply ;
 • For whom dost thou provide ? thou fool !
 • This night thyself shalt die.'
- 6 Teach me, my God ! all earthly joys
 Are but an empty dream :
 And may I seek my bliss alone
 In thee the good supreme !

NEEDHAM.

401 C. M. Charmouth 28. Bangor 231.

The whole World no Compensation for the loss of one Soul.
 Mark viii. 36.

- 1 **L**ORD! shall we part with gold for dross,
 With solid good for show ?
 Outlive our bliss, and m̄urn our loss
 In everlasting woe ?
- 2 Let us not lose the living GOD
 For one short dream of joy ;
 With fond embrace cling to a clod,
 And fling all heaven away.
- 3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
 We all thy charms defy ;
 And rate our precious souls too dear
 For all thy wealth to buy.

402 L. M. Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

The Farewell to earthly Things.

- 1 **D**EAD be my heart to all below,
 To mortal joys and mortal cares ;
 To sensual bliss that charms us so,
 Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, my ears.
- 2 **L**ORD! I renounce my carnal taste
 Of the fair fruit that sinners prize :
 Their paradise shall never waste
 One thought of mine, but to despise.

- 3 All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care ;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare ?
- 4 Begone, for ever, mortal things !
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell !
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.
- 5 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires ;
My soul pursues the sov'reign good :
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

403 (1st P.) L. M. Angel's Hymn 60.
Wareham 117.

The Bush burning, but not consumed. Exod. iii. 2.

- 1 **T**HE burning bush which Moses saw
Might justly his attention draw :
Could ever sight like this be seen,—
The fire so bright, the bush so green !
- 2 'Twas no great wonder there to see
Fire kindled on so mean a tree ;
But who could possibly presume
The flame would not the bush consume ?
- 3 Turning aside to see the cause,
The reason soon discover'd was :
God in the bush the fire restrain'd ;
God in the fire the bush sustain'd.
- 4 Thus he preserves from age to age
His church in persecution's rage ;
What tort'ring flames the martyrs felt !
But in the bush Jehovah dwelt.
- 5 So, midst the sense of wrath divine,
Due to unnumber'd sins of mine,
And wrath of men and rage of hell,
I live—if Christ within me dwell.

- 6 His presence keeps the bush alive,
 And 'midst the fire can make us thrive :
 Nor need a single saint despair,
 Long as he finds Immanuel there.

DR. RYLAND.

403 (2d P.) C.M. New York 33. Maidstone 196.

The Church described ; or, the Stability and Glory of Zion.
 Cant. vi. 10.

- 1 **S**AY, who is she that looks abroad,
 Like the sweet blushing dawn,
 When with her living light she paints
 The dew-drops of the lawn ?
- 2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies
 Serene her throne she guides,
 And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
 In full-orb'd glory rides ;
- 3 Clear as the sun, when from the east,
 Without a cloud he springs,
 And scatters boundless light and heat
 From his resplendent wings ;
- 4 Tremendous as a host that moves
 Majestically slow,
 With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,
 All ardent for the foe !
- 5 This is the church, by heaven array'd
 With strength and grace divine ;
 Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
 And thus her glories shine.

PAUSE.

- 6 Far, far beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 7 Sure as thy truth, O God, shall last,
 To Sion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

404 (1st P.) L.M. Derby 169. Wells Row 98.

The Presence of CHRIST the joy of his People.

- 1 **T**HE wond'ring nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfill'd!
And angels hail the glorious morn
That shew'd the great Messiah born :
- 2 The Prince ! the Saviour ! long desir'd,
Whom men foretold, by heaven inspir'd,
And raptur'd saw the blissful day
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.
- 3 Oft, in the temples of his grace,
His saints behold his smiling face ;
And oft have seen his glories shine
With power and majesty divine :
- 4 But soon, alas ! his absence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return ;
Without his life inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.
- 5 Come, dearest LORD ! thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die ;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes :
- 6 Till, fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

STEELE.

404 (2d P.) L.M. Claybury 310. Lewton 30.

The perpetual Presence of God with his Church desired.
Jer. xiv. 8.

- 1 **O** THOU, the Hope of Israel's host,
Their strength, their helper, and their boast ;
How oft their Saviour hast thou been,
In times of trouble and of sin !
- 2 And have not we beheld thy face ?
Thy visits crown'd the means of grace ;
O come *again*, indulgent Lord,
With all the joy thy smiles afford.

- 3 "Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest,
Enter, thou ever honour'd guest;
Enter, and make our hearts thine own,"
Thy house, thy temple, and thy throne.
- 4 And stay, not only for a night,
To bless us with a transient sight;
But with us *dwell*, through time,—and then
In heaven for *evermore*.—Amen.

405 (1st P.) C.M. Great Milton 212. Exeter 4.

Asking the Way to Zion. Jer. i. 5.

- 1 **ENQUIRE**, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around
Your pious march to join:
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer!
- 4 O come, and join yourselves to GOD
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

405 (2d P.) C.M. Braintree 25. Great Milton 212.

The High Way to Zion. Isaiah xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

- 1 **SING**, ye redeemed of the LORD,
Your great deliv'rer sing:
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd;
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

- 3 No rav'ning lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound ;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Thro' all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Thro' all the blissful road ;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
- 5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head ;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 March, then, in your Redeemer's strength ;
Pursue his footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your hearts,
While lab'ring up the hill.

406 148th. Swithin's 44. Darwell's 82.

At the forming of a Church.

Isa. lvi. 6, 7. Matt. xxi. 13., and Eph. ii. 18, 19.

- 1 **G**REAT Father of mankind !
We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place ;
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer !
- 2 Tho' once estrang'd afar,
We now approach the throne ;
For JESUS brings us near,
And makes our cause his own :
Strangers no more,
To thee we come,
And find our home
And rest secure.
- 3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name ;

No more our own, but thine,
 We triumph in thy claim :
 Our Father-King,
 Thy cov'nant grace
 Our souls embrace,
 Thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
 On dainties all divine ;
 And while such sweets we taste,
 With joy our faces shine ;
 Incense shall rise
 From flames of love,
 And GOD approve
 The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng
 To worship in thy house ;
 And thou attend the song,
 And smile upon their vows ;
 Indulgent still,
 Till earth conspire
 To join the choir
 On Zion's hill.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

407 L. M. Portugal 97. Derby 169.

The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from Christ.
 Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12.

1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! in thy house
 Smile on our homage and our vows :
 While with a grateful heart we share
 These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
 In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
 Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
 And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' Apostles' honour'd name ;
 Sacred beyond heroic fame :
 In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
 Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

- 4 From CHRIST their varied gifts derive,
And fed by CHRIST their graces live :
While, guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run
Thro' the last courses of the sun ;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 JESUS our LORD, their hearts shall know
The spring whence all these blessings flow ;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Thro' the long round of endless days.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

408 L. M. Wareham 117.

On sending a Member into the Work of the Ministry*—
Isaiah's Obedience to the Heavenly Vision. Isa. vi. 8.

- 1 **O**UR God ascends his lofty throne,
Array'd in majesty unknown ;
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills :
- 2 The holy, holy, holy LORD,
By all the Seraphim ador'd,
And, while they stand beneath his seat,
They veil their faces and their feet.
- 3 LORD ! how can sinful lips proclaim
The honour of so great a name !
O for thine altar's glowing coal
'To touch his lips, to fire his soul !
- 4 Then, if a messenger thou ask,
A labourer for the hardest task,
Thro all his weakness and his fear,
Love shall reply, ' Thy servant 's here.'
- 5 Nor let his willing soul complain,
Tho' every effort seem in vain ;
It ample recompense shall be
But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

* If sung on any other occasion, ' his,' in the three last verses may be exchanged for ' my.'

409 L. M. Paul's 246. Rippon's 188.

Seeking Direction in the Choice of a Pastor.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servant's groans indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O LORD, thy truth and light
To guide our doubtful footsteps right:
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.
- 3 Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn!
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee!

DR. DODDRIDGE.

410 C. M. Abridge 201. Bedford 91.

Watching for Souls. An Ordination Hymn: Heb. xiii. 17.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of GOD,
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the LORD
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
LORD, where should we appear?
- 5 May they that JESUS, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee. DODDRIDGE.

411 L. M. Ailie Street 241. Portugal 97.

The Goodness of GOD acknowledged in giving Pastors after
his own Heart. Jer. iii. 15.*

At the Settlement of a Minister.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep ;
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart,
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and GOD approve.
- 3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear ;
And by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread !
- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house ;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock !
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And bless this tribute of our praise.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

412 C. M. Abingdon 42. Braintree 25.

CHRIST'S Care of Ministers and Churches. Rev. ii. 1.

- 1 **W**E bless th' eternal source of light,
Who makes the stars to shine ;
And through this dark beclouded world
Diffuseth rays divine.
- 2 We bless the church's sovereign King,
Whose golden lamps we are ;
Fix'd in the temples of his love,
To shine with radiance fair.

* See also Hymn 407, and Association Hymns.
531.

- 3 Still be our purity preserv'd ;
 Still fed with oil the flame ;
 And in deep characters inscrib'd
 Our heavenly Master's name !
- 4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,
 And all our state surveys,
 His smiles shall with new lustre deck
 The people of his praise. DR. DODDRIDGE.

413 L.M. Babylon Streams 23. Gould's 272.

On the Dangerous illness of a Minister.

- 1 **O** THOU, before whose gracious throne
 We bow our suppliant spirits down,
 View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
 And let our sorrows pierce the sky.
- 2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
 And all our trembling lips would tell ;
 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
 And yield our woe-fraught hearts relief.
- 3 Tho' we have sinn'd, and justly dread
 The vengeance hov'ring o'er our head,
 Yet, Power benign, thy servant spare,
 Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
- 4 Avert thy swift descending stroke,
 Nor smite the shepherd of the flock,
 Lest o'er the barren waste we stray,
 To prowling wolves an easy prey.
- 5 Restore him, sinking to the grave ;
 Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save !
 Back to our hope and wishes give,
 And bid our friend and father live.
- 6 Bound to each soul by tend'rest ties,
 In every breast his image lies ;
 Thy pitying aid, O GOD, impart,
 Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 7 Yet if our supplications fail,
 And prayers and tears can nought prevail,

Condemn'd on this dark desert coast
To mourn our much-lov'd leader lost ;

8 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him through the gloomy way ;
Comfort his soul, surround his bed,
And guide him thro' the dreary shade.

9 Around him may thy angels wait,
Deck'd with their robes of heavenly state,
To teach his happy soul to rise,
And waft him to his native skies.

414 C. M. Huddersfield 202. Matthews 34.

At a Minister's leaving his People.—Paul's farewell Charge.
Acts xx. 26, 27.

1 **W**HEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day !
But **J**ESUS made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.

2 In heaven they met again with joy
(Secure no more to part,)
Where praises every tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.

3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
Their children soon shall meet ;
Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.

4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Tho' oft and plainly warn'd,
Will tremble when they meet again
The ministers they scorn'd.

5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
If any perish here ;
The preachers, who have told you *all*,
Shall stand approv'd and clear.

6 Yet, **L**ORD, to save themselves alone
Is not their utmost view ;
O ! hear their prayer, thy message own,
And save their hearers too.

415 L. M. Bowden 78. Chard 175.

The People's Prayer for their Minister; or Ministers and Missionaries * committed to God.

- 1 **W**ITH heavenly power, O LORD, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend:
 His person bless, his soul secure,
 And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
 Direct his feet in paths of peace;
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
 And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send;
 O love him, save him to the end!
 Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
 Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
 In him thy mighty power exert;
 That thousands yet unborn may praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

416 L. M. Portugal 97. Magdalene 214.

The Pastor's Wish for his People. Phil. iv. 1.

- 1 **M**Y brethren, from my heart belov'd,
 Whose welfare fills my daily care,
 My present joy, my future crown,
 The word of exhortation hear.
- 2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
 Of the Redeemer's righteousness;
 Adorn the Gospel with your lives,
 And practise what your lips profess.
- 3 With pleasure meditate the hour,
 When He, descending from the skies,
 Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
 In his all-glorious image rise.
- 4 Glory in his dear honour'd name,
 To him inviolably cleave;

See also Hymn 420, first, second, and third part.

Your all he purchas'd by his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.

- 5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not your's, but you;
O may he, at the LORD'S right hand,
Himself, and all his people view! GIBBONS.

417 L. M. Wareham 117. Mark's 65.

At a Choice of Deacons. 1 Tim. iii. 8—13.

- 1 **F**AIR Sion's King, we suppliant bow,
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
Her holy deacons are thine own,
With all the gifts thy love employs.
- 2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice*
Of such whose gen'rous, prudent zeal
Shall make thy favour'd ways rejoice.
- 3 Happy in JESUS, their own LORD,
May they his sacred table spread,—
The table of their pastor fill,
And fill the holy poor with bread!
- 4 [When pastor, saints, and poor, they serve,
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd!
While patience, sympathy, and joy,
Adorn, and thro' their lives abound.]
- 5 By purest love to CHRIST, and truth,
O may they win a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and thee.
- 6 And when the work to them assign'd—
The work of love—is fully done,
Call them from serving tables here,
To sit around thy glorious throne.

* If this hymn be sung *before* the Choice, then the second
Line of the second Verse may stand thus:

' For Wisdom to direct our Choice.'

MONTHLY AND MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETINGS.

418 (1st P.) 8. 7. Carlisle 95. Welsh 210.
Trowbridge 21.

Glorious Things spoken of Zion, the City of God. Psalm
lxxxvii. Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21.

1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our GOD!

He, whose word can not be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 [See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the LORD, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the LORD is near:
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.]

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
JESUS, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to GOD.
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I thro' grace a member am ;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name :
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show !
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

418 (2d P.) L.M. Gloucester 12. Chard 175.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel animated by Prophecy.

- 1 **E**XERT thy power ; thy rights maintain,
 Insulted, everlasting King !
 The influence of thy crown increase,
 And strangers to thy footstool bring.
- 2 [We long to see that happy time,
 That dear, expected, blissful day,
 When countless myriads of our race
 The second Adam shall obey.]
- 3 Thy prophecies *must* be fulfill'd,
 Though earth and hell should dare oppose ;
 The stone cut from the mountain's side,
 Though unobserv'd, to empire grows.
- 4 Soon shall the mingled image fall,
 (Brass, silver, iron, gold and clay,)
 And superstition's gloomy reign
 To light and liberty give way.
- 5 In one vast symphony of praise,
 Gentile and Jew shall then unite ;
 And infidelity, asham'd,
 Sink in th' abyss of endless night.]
- 6 Afric's emancipated sons
 Shall join, with Europe's polish'd race,
 To celebrate in diff'rent tongues,
 The glories of redeeming grace.
- 7 From east to west, from north to south,
 Immanuel's kingdom must extend ;
 And *every man*, in *every face*,
 Shall meet a brother and a friend.

418 (3d P.) L. M. Wareham 117. Portugal 97.

The approaching Fall of Babylon predicted. Rev. xiv. 6—8.

- 1 **P**ROUD Babylon yet waits her doom ;
 Nor can her *tott'ring* palace fall,
 Till some blest messenger arise
 The spacious heathen world to call.
- 2 And see the glorious time approach !
 Behold the mighty Angel fly,
 The Gospel tidings to convey
 To every land beneath the sky !
- 3 O see, on both the Indias' coast,
 And Africa's unhappy shore,
 The unlearn'd savage press to hear ;
 And hearing, wonder and adore :
- 4 [See, while the joyful truth is told,
 That **JESUS** left his throne in heaven,
 And suffer'd, died, and rose again,
 That guilty souls might be forgiven :
- 5 See what delight, unfelt before,
 Beams in his fix'd attentive eye ;
 And hear him ask, *For wretched me,*
 Did this divine Redeemer die?
- 6 *Ah! Why have ye so long forborne*
 To tell such welcome news as this?
 Go now, let every sinner hear,
 And share in such exalted bliss.]
- 7 The Islands, waiting for his law,
 With rapture greet the sacred sound ;
 And, taught the Saviour's precious name,
 Cast all their idols to the ground.
- 8 Now, Babylon, thy hour is come,
 Thy curs'd foundation shall give way,
 And thine eternal overthrow
 The triumphs of the cross display.

418 (4th P.) L. M. Wells 102. Devotion 271.

Invitation to propagate the Gospel throughout the Earth.

- 1 **G**O, favour'd Britons, and proclaim
The kind REDEEMER you have found ;
Publish his ever-precious name
To all the wondering nations round.
- 2 Go, tell th' unletter'd wretched slave,
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
You bring—*a freedom bought with blood,*
The blood of an incarnate GOD.
- 3 And tell the panting sable chief,
On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
You come—*with a refreshing stream*
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.
- 4 Go, tell on India's golden shores,
The Ganges, Tibet, and Boutan,*
That to *enrich their deathless* MIND
You come—the friends of GOD and Man.
- 5 Tell *all* the distant Isles afar,
That lie in darkness and the grave,
You come—*a glorious light to show,*
You come—*their SOULS to seek and save.*
- 6 Say, the religion you profess
Is all benevolence and love,
And, crown'd with energy divine,
Its heavenly origin will prove.

418 (5th P.) L. M. Derby 169. Gloucester 12.

Neglect in spreading the Gospel, reprov'd and deplored.

- 1 **G**O, said the voice of heavenly love,
My Gospel preach to every land ;
Lo! I am with you to the end!
Observe and follow my command.
- 2 With joy the first disciples heard,
And told the ever gracious news,

* *Tibet* and *Boutan*—parts of Asia, little known to Europeans, but lately mentioned by the Baptist Missionaries.

- As they from him receiv'd in charge,
First to the unbelieving Jews ;
- 3 Then to the Gentiles, far and near,
Publish'd salvation in his name,
And the glad tidings of his grace
To this distinguish'd island came.
- 4 But, ah ! to spread their sacred theme,
How few have *our* attempts been found !
What heathen lands from *us* have heard
The glorious heart-reviving sound ?
- 5 To *us* their duty they bequeath'd ;
And left the promise on record ;
And had our ardour equal'd theirs,
The same had been our blest reward.
- 6 [We too had multitudes beheld
Forsake the gods their hands had made,
And the bright beam of heavenly day
Their yet benighted realms pervade.]
- 7 Saviour divine, our guilt forgive !
Inspire our souls with warmer zeal !
Pour out thy Spirit from on high ;
And let us all his influence feel !

418(6thP.) 7.6.7.6. Culmstock 6. Gr.Road 281.

Come over and help us. Acts xvi. 9.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

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In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation, O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim;
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt MESSIAH'S name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story!
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

BP. HEBER.

419 (1st P.) L.M. Chard 175. Gloucester 12.

Prospect of Success; or, Encouragement to use Means.

- 1 **B**EHOLD th' expected time draw near,
 The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
 Behold the wilderness assume
 The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.
- 2 Events, with prophecies, conspire
 To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
 The rip'ning fields already white,
 Present an *harvest* to our sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen wait to know,
 The joy the gospel will bestow,
 The exil'd slave waits to receive
 The freedom JESUS has to give.
- 4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
 In the blest labour share a part,
 Our prayers and off'rings gladly bring
 To aid the triumphs of our King.

- 5 Let us improve the heavenly gale,
 Spread to each breeze our hoisted sail,
 Till north and south, and east and west,
 Shall be, as favour'd Britain, blest.
- 6 Invite the *globe* to come and prove
 A Saviour's condescending love,
 And humbly fall before his feet,
 Assur'd they shall acceptance meet.
- 7 [Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
 That we have seen these latter days,
 When our Redeemer shall be known
 Where Satan long has held his throne.]
- 8 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
 Sweet incense to his name shall rise ;
 ' And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek, and Jew ;
 By sovereign grace be form'd anew.

419 (2d P.) C. M. Cambridge New 74.

Evans's 190. Irish 171. Missionary 257.

The Increase of the Church promised and pleaded.

- 1 **FATHER**, is not thy promise pledg'd
 To thine exalted Son,
 That through the nations of the earth
 Thy word of life shall run ?
- 2 *Ask, and I'll give the Heathen lands
 For thine inheritance,
 And to the world's remotest shores
 Thine empire shall advance.*
- 3 Hast thou not said, the bliuded Jews
 Shall their Redeemer own ;
 While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
 And bow before his throne ?
- 4 When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
 A dark bewilder'd race,
 Sit down at our IMMANUEL'S feet,
 And learn and feel his grace ?
- 5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
 Under th' expanse of heaven,

- To the dominion of thy Son
Without exemption given ?
- 6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd !
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannas to thy LORD !
- 7 Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame ;
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim !

420 (1st P.) C. M. Otford 106. Michael's 119.

Prayer for Missionaries.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine ;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, LORD, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 LORD, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound ?
- 4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals, long enslav'd, become
The freed-men of the Lord ?
- 5 When shall th' untutor'd Heathen tribes,
A dark, bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our IMMANUEL'S feet,
And learn and feel his grace ?
- 6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love ;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove !

7* Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
 To spread the Gospel's rays;
 And build on sin's demolish'd throne
 The temples of thy praise.

Verses 8, 9, and 10, of this Hymn, in substance, were written off *Margate*, by Mr. WILLIAM WARD, one of the Baptist Missionaries, on their departure for India, May 28, 1799.

8 [O charge the waves to bear our friends
 In safety o'er the deep;
 Let the rough tempest speed their way,
 Or bid its fury sleep.]

9 Whene'er thy sons proclaim good news,
 Beneath the Banian's shade,
 Let the poor Hindoo feel its power,
 And grace his soul pervade.

10 O let the heavenly Shaster† spread;
 Bid Brahmans preach the word;
 And may all India's tribes become
 One CASTE to serve the LORD!

PAUSE.

11 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
 Arm'd with thy Spirit's power;
 Then thousands shall confess its sway,
 And bless the saving hour.

12 Beneath the influence of thy grace
 The barren wastes shall rise,
 With sudden greens and fruits array'd
 A blooming Paradise.

13 True holiness shall strike its root
 In each regen'rate heart,
 Shall in a growth divine arise,
 And heavenly fruits impart.

14 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
 Her wings from shore to shore:

* Verses 7, 9, and 10 of this Hymn, may be sung alone.

† The *Shasters* are the religious books of the Hindoos, the *Brahmans* are their Priests, and the *Castes* are the different classes of the people.

To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's num'rous race.

- 5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success ;
Assur'd that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless,

420 (4th P.) C.M. Camb. New 74. Evans's 190.

The wonder-working GOD invoked for his Church. Isa. li. 9.

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake, thou mighty arm,
Which hast such wonders wrought !
Which captive Israel freed from harm,
And out of Egypt brought.

- 2 Art thou not it which Rahab slew ?
And crush'd the dragon's head ?
Constrain'd by thee the waves withdrew
From their accustom'd bed.

- 3 Again thy wonted prowess show,
Be thou made bare again :
And let thine adversaries know
That they resist in vain.

421 (1st P.) L.M. Ailie Street 241. Rochford 22.

Longing for the Latter-Day Glory.

- 1 **H**OW many years has man been driven
Far off from happiness and heaven !
When wilt thou, gracious LORD, restore
Thy wand'ring church to roam no more ?

- 2 Six thousand years are nearly past
Since Adam from thy sight was cast ;
And ever since his fallen race,
From age to age, are void of grace.

- 3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb ?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep the eternal Jubilee ?

- 4 Hasten it, LORD, in every land ;
Send thou thine angels and command ;

Go, sound deliverance ; loudly blow.

Salvation to the saints below.

- 5 We want to have the day appear,—
The promis'd great sabbatic year,
When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.
- 6 Till then we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request :
And this our daily prayer shall be,
LORD, sound the trump of Jubilee.

421 (2d P.) L. M. Alie Street 241. Portugal 97.

Prayer to God for his special interposition in spreading the
Gospel. Zech. ix. 13—16.

- 1 **H**OW 'long, O GOD, 'has man been driv'n
'Far off from happiness and heav'n !
'When wilt thou,' graciously, 'restore'
Thy banish'd sons, to rove no more ?
- 2 For near six thousand years, thy foe
Has triumph'd over all below ;
Save that a little flock is found,
With rav'ning wolves encompass'd round.
- 3 Shall not the Lamb, who once was slain,
An ample compensation gain,
And many happy millions more
To happiness and GOD restore !
- 4 From every nation, every tongue,
A remnant must to him belong ;
Nor can there be too vile a race
To furnish trophies of his grace.
- 5 Exert that power which could subdue
The furious slaughter-breathing Jew,
And make him in thy cause become
Victorious over Greece and Rome.
- 6 Now, LORD, before thy servants go,
Let GOD himself the trumpèt blow ;
Hasten the Gospel jubilee
That bids a captive world be free.

421 (3d P.) 10s. Warsaw 211. Upton 314.

The House must be of Fame and Glory throughout all
Countries. 1 Chron. xxii. 25.

- 1 **T**HE house now to be builded to the LORD,
Whose firm foundation-stone his hand hath laid,
Shall in magnificence and fame exceed
That which King Solomon so glorious made.
- 2 Wide as the spacious globe on which we tread,
This sacred temple shall its bounds extend ;
Its blessings, not to Abram's seed confin'd,
Shall millions of the Gentile race befriend.
- 3 See, in the torrid regions of the South,
The humble worshipper approach with joy ;
And shivering natives of the frozen pole,
In the same heavenly strain their lips employ.
- 4 With all simplicity of word and deed,
With zeal for GOD, and love to souls inspir'd,
See the successful Missionaries teach ;
Their ardour still by gath'ring converts fir'd.
- 5 Hark ! they proclaim salvation by the cross,
And thousands press t' accept the boundless grace ;
JESUS his own almighty power displays,
His temple now is universal space !

421 (4th P.) C.M. Sprague 166. Staughton 264.

Saints longing to see their King with his many Crowns.
Rev. xix. 12.

- 1 **G**O forth, ye saints, behold your King
With God-like honours crown'd ;
Ten thousand beauties in his word
Shall spread his fame around.
- 2 Where'er the sun begins its race,
Or stops its swift career,
Both east and west shall own his grace,
And CHRIST be honour'd there.
- 3 Ten thousand crowns encircling shew
The victories he hath won :
O may his conquests ever grow,
While time its course shall run !
- 4 Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror, ride,
And millions more subdue,

Destroy our enmity and pride,
And we will crown thee too.

422 (1st P.) 112th. Carey's 11. Uffculm 93.

Gentiles praying for Jews. Rom. xi. 1, 2, 25, 26.

- 1 **F**ATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed ;
Justly they claim the softest prayer
From us adopted in their stead,
Who mercy thro' their fall obtain,
And CHRIST by their rejection gain.
- 2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide
Thro' every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiven ;
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and curs'd of GOD.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook
For ever cast thy own away ?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep, and pray ?
Yes, gracious LORD, thy word is past,
All Israel shall be sav'd at last.
- 4 Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come ;
The veil from Jacob's heart remove ;
Receive thy ancient people home,
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception view,
And shout to GOD the glory due.

422 (2d P.) 148th. Portsmouth New 144.

Evangelical Philanthropy ; or, the Song of a Christian
Loyalist.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Saviour reigns
Among the sons of men ;
He breaks the pris'ner's chains,
And makes them free again ;
Let hell oppose GOD's only SON,
In spite of foes his cause goes on.

- 2 The cause of righteousness,
And truth, and holy peace,
Design'd our world to bless,
Shall spread and never cease :
Gentile and Jew, their souls shall bow,
Allegiance due, with rapture vow.
- 3 The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries,
Truth's empire to repel,
By cruelty and lies ;
Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain,
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.
- 4 He died, but soon arose
Triumphant o'er the grave ;
And now himself he shews
Omnipotent to save ;
Let rebels kiss the victor's feet,
Eternal bliss his subjects meet.
- 5 All power is in his hand,
His people to defend ;
To his most high command
Shall millions more attend :
All heaven with smiles approves his cause,
And distant isles receive his laws.
- 6 This little seed from heaven
Shall soon become a tree ;
This ever-blessed leaven
Diffus'd abroad must be ;
Till GOD the Son shall come again
It must go on. Amen ! Amen !

PAUSE.

Resurrection 72.

- 7 Ye who have known his name,
Subserve his glorious plan ;
Proclaim to all your race
The friend of GOD and man ;
How happy ye who own his sway !
Ye own'd shall be another day.

8 All hail, incarnate Lord !
 Our souls triumphant cry ;
 Be thy blest name ador'd,
 By all beneath the sky !
 But when we join the hosts above,
 In strains divine we 'll sing thy love.

422 (3d P.) L.M. Horsley 111. Magdalen 34.

The Fields white for Harvest.*

- 1 **L**IFT up your joyful eyes, and see
 A plenteous harvest all around,
 Ripening for bliss, and not a grain
 Shall ever fall unto the ground :—
- 2 A harvest of immortal souls,
 Secur'd by an almighty power,
 Nor heat, nor cold, nor storms shall hurt,
 Nor ravenous beasts of prey devour.
- 3 O happy day ! when all th' elect
 Complete in number shall be found :
 And like their great, their mystic head,
 Be with eternal honours crown'd.

422 (4th P.) L.M. Gloucester 12. Islington 40.

He must reign ; or, the Victories of Christ the Triumph of
 Christians.

- 1 **Y**ES, mighty Jesus ! thou shalt reign
 Till all thy haughty foes submit ;
 Till hell, and all her trembling train,
 Become like dust beneath thy feet.
- 2 Then rescu'd souls shall bless thy power ;
 Thy arm shall full salvation bring ;
 Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
 Shall conquer with their conquering King.
- 3 And when, thro' brilliant gates of gold,
 Thou lead'st thy chosen to the skies,
 May we the shining pomp behold,
 And partners of the triumph rise.

* The Hymns from the 427th to the 441st also relate to
 the spread of the Gospel, and the happiness of the Church.

- 4 Then, rang'd thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim;
While heav'n's transported realms resound,
Thy glorious deeds and darling name.

ASSOCIATIONS; OR, GENERAL MEETINGS OF
CHURCHES AND MINISTERS.*

423 C. M. Bath Chapel 26. Miall 240.

Spiritual Associations registered in Heaven; or, God's
gracious approbation of active attempts to revive
Religion. Mal. iii. 16, 17.

- 1 **T**HE LORD on mortal worms looks down,
From his celestial throne;
And, when the wicked swarm around,
He well discerns his own.
- 2 He sees the tender hearts that mourn
The scandals of the times,
And join their efforts to oppose
The wide-prevailing crimes.
- 3 Low to the social band he bows
His still attentive ear;
And, while his angels sing around,
Delights their voice to hear.
- 4 The chronicles of Heaven shall keep
Their words in transcript fair,
In the Redeemer's book of life
Their names recorded are.
- 5 Yes, saith the LORD, *the world shall know
These humble souls are mine:
These, when my jewels I produce,
Shall in full lustre shine.*
- 6 *When deluges of fiery wrath
My foes away shall bear,
That hand, which strikes the wicked through,
Shall all my children spare.*

DR. DODDRIDGE.

* See also Hymns 403—406, 412—422.

424 L.M. Derby 109. Truro 165. Bramcoate 8.

Ministers abounding in the Work of the Lord.

- 1 **B**EFORE thy throne, eternal King,
Thy ministers their tribute bring,—
Their tribute of united praise
For heavenly news and peaceful days.
- 2 We sing the conquests of thy sword,
And publish loud thy healing word:
While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.
- 3 Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme:
And, while we feel thy heavenly love,
We burn like Seraphim above.
- 4 Nor Seraphs there can ever raise
With us an equal song of praise;
They are the noblest work of God,
But we, the purchase of his blood.
- 5 Still in thy work would we abound;
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;
Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.
- 6 Thou art our LORD, our life, our love,
Our care below, our crown above;
Thy praise shall be our best employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy. B. FRANCIS.

425 C. M. Brighton 208. Condescension 116.

Lovest thou me? feed my Lambs. John xxi. 15.

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my LORD?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy
When JESUS cannot move.

- 3 Is not, thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 [Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?
- 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?]
- 7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

426 L. M. Alie Street 241. Portugal 97.

Prayer for Ministers.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be!
2. How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;

Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains ;
Let light thro' distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head. **BEDDOME.**

427 (1st P.) 8. 7. 4. Lewes 68. Helmsley 223.

Prayer for a Revival.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;
Grant us, **LORD**, a gracious rain !
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again :
LORD, revive us,
All our help must come from thee !
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die. **Lord, &c.**
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirit nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen ! **Lord, &c.**
- 4 [But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
LORD, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee. **Lord, &c.**
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love and truth ?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth ? **Lord, &c.**
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;

- Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show. Lord, &c.
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant !—
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud ! Lord, &c.
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
O ! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain. Lord, &c.]
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares. Lord, &c.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh,
LORD, revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

Altered by DR. RYLAND.

427 (2d P.) L.M. Gould's 272. Bab. Streams 23.

For a Church in a low condition. Psalm li. 18.

- 1 O GOD of Zion ! from thy throne
Look with an eye of pity down ;
Thy Church now humbly makes her prayer—
Thy Church, the object of thy care.
- 2 We are a building thou hast rais'd,
How kind thy hand, that hand be prais'd !
Yet all to utter ruin falls,
If thou forsake our tottering walls.
- 3 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of prayer and praise,
When holy services gave birth
To joys resembling heaven on earth.
- 4 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
Her gates neglected and forlorn ;

Our life and liveliness are fled,
And many number'd with the dead.

5 We need defence from all our foes,
We need relief from all our woes:
If earth and hell should yet assail,
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

6 Near to each other and to thee,
LORD, bring us all in unity;
O pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our num'rous wants supply.

7 O show that in our low estate,
No blessing for us is too great;
We plead thy Son, we plead thy word,
O Founder, Patron, bounteous LORD!

427 (3d P.) L. M. China 300. Rochford 22.

A holy Glance at happier Days.

1 **O**NCE more, O Lord, thy children meet
• To bow before thy mercy seat;
But we unite with lessen'd joy,
While former days our minds employ.

2 Ah! how we hasten'd to thy house;
Mingled our joys, our tears, our vows!
We throng'd to hear, and pray, and praise,
On Sabbath and on weekly days.

3 The young, the old, the rich, the poor,
Devoutly knock'd at mercy's door,
And plac'd on Jesus' head the crown;
But some are to the dust gone down.

4 Alas! those happy days are past,
Our smiling skies are overcast;
But shall we now despairing mourn?
No!—for we hear thee say, Return?

5 *Return!*—O kind inviting voice!
We hear, we gladden, we rejoice;
And pray thy Spirit, from on high,
May all our wants again supply.

- 6 Then shall we run thy heavenly ways :
As in our holier, happier days ;
Our following times the best shall be,
Sweet foretastes of eternity.

427 (4th P.) 11s. Geard 156. Broughton 172.

Comfort for the Church in Trouble.

- 1 **O** ZION ! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
can save ;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.
- 2 Loud roaring the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm,
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- 3 *O fearful ! O faithless ! in mercy he cries,
My promise, my truth, are they light in thine
eyes ?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Thro' tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.*
- 4 *Forget thee, I will not, I cannot, thy name
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain ;
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received, when suff'ring for thee.*
- 5 *I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones,
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.*
- 6 *Then trust me, and fear not ; thy life is secure,
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power ;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.*
- 7 *The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad pray'r ;
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows the louder they'll
sing.*

L. H. C.

428 8. 7. 4. Trevecca 37. Kentucky 114.

Longing for the Spread of the Gospel.*

1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
 All the promises do travail,
 With a glorious day of grace;
 Blessed Jubilee,
 May thy morning dawn apace!

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian, see
 That divine and Godlike conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary;
*And in millions
 To our dear Redeemer flee.*

*Or—*Let the Gospel.
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, LORD, the saving light;
 And from eastern coast to western
 May the morning chase the night,
*Pouring radiance,
 As of one day sevenfold bright.*

*Or—*And redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 Blessed Saviour, spread thy Gospel,
 Ride and conquer, never cease;
 May thy wide, thy vast dominions,
 Multiply, and still increase,
Till ALL NATIONS

HAIL and CROWN THEE PRINCE of PEACE.

*Or—*Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

PAUSE.—Lewes 63.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Psalm cl. 6.

5 Every creature, living, breathing,
 In divinely grateful lays,

* To avoid several repetitions in this much loved Hymn, and to give familiar rhyme to the last lines of each verse, alterations are here made, which may be adopted or omitted as it shall seem proper.

429, 430 THE CHURCH.

FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, praising,
Magnify the God of Grace :
Hallelujah !
Fill the UNIVERSE with praise !

429 L. M. Gloucester 12. Coombs's 45.

The Increase of the Church.

- 1 **S**HOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns !
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread ;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.
- 2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Sion's gate arrive ;
Those who were dead in sin before
By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- 3 [Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
O'ercome by his victorious pow'r ;
Princes in humble posture wait,
And proud blasphemers learn t' adore.
- 4 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their off'rings bring ;
And unconstrain'd their homage pay
To their exalted GOD and King.]
- 5 O may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his pow'r subdue ;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories shew.
- 6 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

BEDBOME.

430 148th. Dartmouth 46. Carter Lane 141.

The Increase of Messiah's Kingdom.

- 1 **A**LL hail, incarnate God !
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee in sacred writ
With joy our eyes behold :

- Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glories rear.
- 2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days:
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering King.
- 3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!
- 4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Eternal be thy reign!
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

431 148th. Portsmouth New 144. Grove 125.

The completing of the spiritual Temple. Zech. iv. 7.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise:
Ye saints around, thro' all its frame
Harmonious sound the Builder's name.
- 2 Beneath his eye and care,
The edifice shall rise
Majestic, strong, and fair,
And shine above the skies:
There shall he place the polish'd stone
Ordain'd the work of grace to crown.

COLLECTIONS FOR POOR CHURCHES AND
POOR BRETHREN.*

432 8. 7. Jewin Street 222. North. Chapel 126.

At a Collection for poor Ministers, or Missionaries.

1 **P**RAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above ;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love :
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the Earth her monarch know !
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.

2. See, how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around—
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

3 With my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord ;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word :
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame. B. FRANCIS.

433 (1st P.) C. M. Braintree 25. N. York 33.

Relieving CHRIST in his Members. Matt. xxv. 40.

1 **J**ESUS, my LORD, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete !
How shall I count the matchless sum ?
How pay the mighty debt ?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine ;

* See also Hymn 246.

- What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace ;
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou mayst be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd ;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with rev'rencé and with love,
We in thy poor would see ;
O let us rather beg our bread
Than keep it back from thee. DODDRIDGE.

433 (2d P.) C. M. Streatham 218. Hud-
dersfield 202.

Collection for poor Saints, &c. &c.

- 1 **W**E who need mercy ev'ry hour,
And by compassion stand,
Should shew that mercy to the poor
Which Jesus doth command.
- 2 Christ in his members asks your alms,
Speaks in his brethren's cry ;
The widows wail his language is,
And orphan's sigh his sigh.
- 3 The lonely widow, desolate,
With cheerfulness relieve ;
The fatherless commiserate ;
Bread to the hungry give.
- 4 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
May sorrow flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heav'n, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

434 (1st P.) L. M. Lebanon 77. Manning 254.
Islington 40.

Of thine own have we given thee. 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1 **T**HE Lord, who rules the world's affairs,
For me a well-spread board prepares :
My grateful thanks to him shall rise,
He knows my wants, those wants supplies.

2 And shall I grudge to give *his* poor
A mite from all my gen'rous store ?
No, Lord ! the friends of thine and thee
Shall always find a friend in me.

434 (2d P.) 8. 7. 7. Nuneaton 133.

All that we have is thine.

BRETHREN, let us freely offer ;
All we have is from above ;
Let us *give*, and *act*, and *suffer* ;
What is this to Jesus' love !
Did he die our souls to save ?
Then we're his, and all we have.

435 L. M. Martin's Lane 67. Horsley 205.

The Beneficence of Christ for our Imitation.

1 **W**HEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation thro' our race ?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue ;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

3 *That man may last, but never lives,*
Who much receives but nothing gives ;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank :

4 But he who marks from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
'Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God. DR. SIBBONS.

436 C. M. Bath Chapel 26. Staughton 264.

Providing bags that wax not old. Luke xii. 33.

- 1 **Y**ES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.
- 2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And grace at large repay.

CHURCH AND FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS.

437 S. M. Wirksworth 158. Broderip's 252.

Praise for Conversion. Psalm lxxvi. 16.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen, while I tell
How narrowly my feet escap'd
The snares of death and hell,
- 2 The flattering joys of sense
Assail'd my foolish heart,
While Satan with malicious skill
Guided the pois'nous dart.
- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish rous'd me into life,
And pleasure sprung from pain.
- 4 Darkness, and shame, and grief,
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.
- 5 At length to God I cry'd;
He heard my plaintive sigh;

He heard and instantly* he sent
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head he rais'd ;
My bleeding wounds he heal'd ;
Pardon'd my sins ; and, with a smile,
The gracious pardon seal'd.

7 O ! may I, ne'er forget
The mercy of my God ;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad. DR. S. STENNETT.

438 C. M. Bath Chapel 26. Miall 240.

Conversion a Matter for Prayer and Praise.

1 **T**HERE'S joy in heaven, and joy on earth,
When prodigals return,
To see desponding souls-rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

2 *Come, saints, and hear what GOD hath done,*
Is a reviving sound :
O may it spread from sea to sea,
E'en all the globe around !

3 Often, O sovereign LORD, renew
The wonders of this day ;
That JESUS here may see his seed,
And Satan lose his prey.

4 Great GOD, the work is all thy own,
Thine be the praises too ;
Let every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

439 (1st P.) C. M. Brighton 208. Maidstone 196.

Apostacy—Will ye also go away ?

1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas what numbers do !)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
Wilt thou forsake me, too ?

* Or read—He heard, and graciously he sent.

- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
 To save a wretch like me;
 To whom, or whither could I go,
 If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd
 Thou art the CHRIST of GOD;
 Who hast eternal life secur'd
 By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd
 Could never reach my case;
 Nor can I hope relief to find
 But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart;
 No love but thine can make me blest,
 And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd—
 If I will also go?
 Yet, LORD, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer, No!

NEWTON.

439 (2d P.) S.M. Broderip's 252. Whitefield 168.

Will ye also go away? John vi. 67.

- 1 **A**ND will ye go away
 From Christ, as some of old?
 Who walk'd no more, the Scriptures say,
 With him and with his fold.
- 2 *And will ye go away*
 From Christ, his house, his friends,
 His table, his delightful day,
 And bliss that never ends?
- 3 *And will ye go away?*
 And whither will ye go?

- Will you in sin and bondage stray
To everlasting woe?
- 4 *And will ye go away,*
And vile apostates be?
O rather with your Saviour stay,
And die on Calv'ry's tree?
- 5 *And WILL ye go away?*
And can this be your *choice*?
O how would this his friends dismay,
And make his foes rejoice!
- 6 Did not your heart once say,
Tho' others thee deny,
Yea, should a world thy cause betray,
Yet never, Lord, will I?
- 7 [For pure are thy commands,
Thy words are all divine;
Eternal joys are in thy hands,
And thou canst make them mine.]
- 8 To go away from thee!
What sin and folly worse?
Who from a smiling God would flee
To meet a frowning curse?
- 9 Dear LORD, one bliss impart,
('Tis not for heav'n we pray,)
But—let us not from thee depart,
No, NEVER go away.

440 (1st P.) L. M. Paul's 246. Gould's 272.

To whom shall we go but unto Thee? or, Life and Safety in
CHRIST alone. John vi. 67—69.

- 1 **T**HOU only sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my LORD?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call!
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest LORD, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee! 'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

STEELE.

440 (2d P.) 8s. Limefield 94.

Christian Union.

- 1 **B**LESS'D union! in Eden ne'er found,
No, not in a Paradise lost!
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Christ all his sufferings it cost.
- 2 Why then so unwilling to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again?
Engrav'd on his hands and his heart,
How can we at distance remain?
- 3 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
Transported his glories shall see,
And sing, Hallelujah! Amen!
Amen! even so let it be!

440 (3d P.) S. M. Ryland's 48. Finsbury 155.

For Fellowship Meetings.

- 1 **U**NITING hearts and hands,
Let each provoke his friend
To run the way of God's commands,
And keep it to the end.

2 May we our course pursue
With vigour till we die,
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of fellowship on high.

3 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here ;
But how divine will be the joy
To meet and worship there !

440 (4th P.) S.M. Hopkins 157. Rutland 118.

1 **D**EAR Saviour, with thy flock
May we in love abide,
Protected from the noon-day beams,
And resting near thy side.

2 How precious is thy fold
To all thy saints below ;
Beneath thy tender watchful care,
They feed, and thrive, and grow.

3 Thy cause is dear to us ;
Thy people are our choice ;
With them afresh we take our lot,
And with them will rejoice.

440 (5th P.) C.M. Hammond 226. Sprague 106.

Believers, in the Church below, holding Communion with the
Saints in Glory.

1 **C**OME, let us join our friends above
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family we dwell in him ;
One church above, beneath :
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part is crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die !
- 6 But now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled band
On the eternal shore.
- 7 But what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay,
Do we not taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day ?
- 8 Yet we would, wait near Jordan's side
Until the signal's given ;
Then, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

441 L. M. Green's Hundred 89. Mark's 65.

Prayer for the whole Church.

- 1 **I**N thee, thou all-sufficient GOD,
The springs of happiness arise,
That cheer this howling waste below,
And bless the mansions of the skies.
- 2 We, the productions of thy power,
And pensioners upon thy love,
Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
And wait thy blessings from above.
- 3 Protect the young from every snare,
And let thy staff support the old ;
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.
- 4 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace,
Give to the mourners heav'nly day,
Sustain the strong, and quick revive
The withering plants from their decay.

BAPTISM.

442 112. Carey's 11. Uffculm 53.

CHRIST baptized in Jordan.

- 1 **I**N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
 Immersing the repentant Jews ;
 The SON of GOD the rite demands,
 Nor dares the holy man refuse ;
 Jesus descends beneath the wave,
 The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Wonder, ye heavens ! your Maker lies,
 In deeps conceal'd from human view ;
 Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
 A fit example thus for you :
 The sacred record, while you read,
 Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 But, lo ! from yonder opening skies
 What beams of dazzling glory spread !
 Dove-like th' Eternal SPIRIT flies,
 And lights on the Redeemer's head ;
 Amaz'd, they see the pow'r divine
 Around the Saviour's temples shine.
- 4 But, hark ! my soul, hark and adore !
 What sounds are those that roll along ?
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song ?
This is my well-beloved Son,
I see well pleas'd what he hath done.
- 5 Thus the Eternal FATHER spoke,
 Who shakes creation with a nod ;
 Thro' parting skies the accents broke,
 And bid us hear the SON of GOD :
 O hear the awful word to day,
 Hear, all ye nations, and obey.

443 L. M. Bramcoate 8. Portugal 97.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 **T**HE great Redeemer we adore,
 Who came the lost to seek and save,
 Went humbly down from Jordan's shore
 To find a tomb beneath its wave.
- 2 *Thus it becomes us to fulfil*
All righteousness, he meekly said ;
 Why should we then to do his will
 Or be asham'd, or be afraid ?
- 3 With thee into thy watery tomb,
 LORD, 'tis our glory to descend,
 'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
 To lie interr'd by such a friend.
- 4 Yet, as the yielding waves give way
 To let us see the light again,
 So, on the resurrection-day,
 The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.
- 5 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
 The gates of death shall open wide,
 Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
 And rise and triumph at thy side.

J. STENNETT.

444 8. 8. 6. Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Thus it becometh us, &c. Matt. iii. 15.

- 1 **T**HUS it became the Prince of Grace,
 And thus should all the favour'd race
 High heaven's command fulfil ;
 For that the condescending God
 Should lead his followers thro' the flood,
 Was heaven's eternal will.
- 2 'Tis not as led by custom's voice
 We make these ways our favour'd choice,
 And thus with zeal pursue ;
 No, heaven's eternal sovereign Lord
 Has, in the precepts of his word,
 Enjoin'd us thus to do.

- 3 And shall we ever dare despise
The gracious mandate of the skies,
Where condescending Heaven,
To sinful man's apostate race,
In matchless love and boundless grace,
His will reveal'd has given?
- 4 Thou everlasting gracious King,
Assist us now thy grace to sing;
And still direct our way
To those bright realms of peace and rest,
Where all th' exulting tribes are bless'd
With one great choral day. NORMAN.

445 7. 8. Welsh 210. Carlisle 95.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

- 1 **H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of Revelation,—
Tread the path that Jesus trod:
Flee to him your only Saviour;
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour
Own him as your sovereign guide.
- 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice:
*JESUS says, Let each believer
Be baptized in my name:*
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immers'd beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his commands embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding,
JESUS' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise. FAWCETT.

446 C. M. Charmouth 28. Matthew's 34.

The Believer constrained by the LOVE of CHRIST to follow him.

- 1 **D**EAR LORD, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd, O LORD,
With thee to be baptiz'd?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my GOD?
- 4 Dear LORD, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays:
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

447 C. M. Devizes 14. Otford 106.

Difficulties in the way of Duty surmounted—*Hinder me not.*
Gen. xxiv. 56.*

- 1 **W**HEN Abraham's servant to procure
A wife for Isaac, went,
He met Rebekah—told his wish,—
Her parents gave consent.
- 2 Yet for ten days they urg'd the man
His journey to delay;
Hinder me not, he quick reply'd,
Since God hath crown'd my way.
- 3 'Twas thus I cried, when CHRIST the LORD
My soul to him did wed;
Hinder me not, nor friends nor foes,
Since God my way hath sped.

* This Hymn may begin at the 6th verse.

- 4 *Stay, says the world, and taste awhile
My every pleasant sweet ;
Hinder me not, my soul replies,
Because the way is great.*
- 5 *Stay, Satan, my old master, cries,
Or force shall thee detain ;
Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My God has broke thy chain !]*
- 6 *In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue ;
Hinder me not, ye much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.*
- 7 *Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes ;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.*
- 8 *Thro' duty, and thro' trials too,
I'll go at his command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.*
- 9 *And when my Saviour calls me home
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.* DR. RYLAND.

448 C.M. Bath Chapel 26. Huddersfield 202.

Immersion.

- 1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show he must be soon baptiz'd
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave ;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread,
592

Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

449 8. 7. Northampton Chapel 126.

Buried with CHRIST in Baptism. Rom. vi. 4.

- 1 **J**ESUS! mighty King in Sion!
Thou alone our guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee:
- 2 As an emblem of thy passion
And thy vict'ry o'er the grave,
We, who know thy great salvation,
Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our LORD, and rising
To a life divinely new.

450 L. M. Chard 175. Rochford 22.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 **S**EE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod;
And follow thro' his liquid grave
The meek, the lowly SON of GOD!
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire,
Their rags for glorious robes chang'd,
They shine in clean and bright attire!
- 3 O sacred rite, by thee the name
Of JESUS, we to own begin;
This is our resurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.
- 4 Glory to GOD on high be given!
Who shows his grace to sinful men:
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
In concert join the loud Amen. J. STENNETT.

451 L. M. Rippon's 188. Bredby 165.

Not ashamed of CHRIST:

1 **JESUS!** and shall it ever be?

A mortal man asham'd of thee!

Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!2 Asham'd of **JESUS!** sooner far

Let evening blush to own a star;

He sheds the beams of light divine

O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of **JESUS!** just as soon

Let midnight be asham'd of noon:

'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,

Bright Morning-Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of **JESUS!** that dear friend

On whom my hopes of heaven depend!

No; when I blush—be this my shame,

That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of **JESUS!** yes; I may,

When I've no guilt to wash away,

No tear to wipe, no good to crave,

No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—

Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!

And O may this my glory be,

That **CHRIST** is not asham'd of me!

7 [His institutions would I prize,

Take up my cross—the shame despise;

Dare to defend his noble cause,

And yield obedience to his laws.] GREGG.

452 L. M. Bramcoate 8. New Court 173.

The Candidates—They were baptized both Men and Women.

Acts. viii. 12.

1 **GREAT GOD!** we in thy courts appear,

With humble joy and holy fear,

Thy wise injunctions to obey;

Let saints and angels hail the day!

- 2 Great things, O everlasting Son!
Great things for us thy grace hath done:
Constrain'd by thy almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.
- 3 In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us thro'.
- 4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite and be deny'd;
Was not the LORD, who came to save,
Interr'd in such a liquid grave?
- 5 Thus we, dear Saviour! own thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

453 (1st P.) C. M. Bedford 91. Ann's 58.
Morning before Baptism; or, at the Waterside. Psalm
cxix. 32.

- 1 **H**OW great, how solemn is the work
Which we attend to day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O GOD! to thee we pray.
- 2 O may we feel as once we felt,
When, pain'd and griev'd at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd our every smart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercis'd again;
And, nurtur'd by celestial power,
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy:
Vain world, be gone: let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our GOD
To all around we own;

Who see your wretched state by sin,
Ye, blessed of the LORD, come in.

H. F—

JESUS! my SAVIOUR and my all,
Methinks I hear thy gentle call;
These are the sounds that chide my stay,
Arise, my love, and come away.

H. F—

Amazing grace! and shall I still
Prove disobedient to thy will?
Ah! no; dear LORD! the watery tomb
Belongs to thee, and there I come.

H—

Apostles trod this holy ground,
This is the road believers go;
My JESUS in this way was found,
I charge my soul to tread it too.

J. STENNETT.

With lowly minds, and lofty songs,
Let all admire the Saviour's grace,
Till the great rising day reveal
Th' immortal glory of his face.

G.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
We humbly dedicate our powers;
If with JEHOVAH's blessing crown'd,
Immortal happiness is ours.

468 148. Bethesda 117. Swithin's 41.

An Address to the Holy Spirit.

1 **D**ESCEND, celestial Dove!
And make thy presence known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own;
Unbless'd by thee our works are vain,
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of Light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Receiv'd the holy rite,

613

In open view thy form came down,
And dove-like flew, the King to crown.

3 The day was never known,
Since time began its race,
On which such glory shone,
On which was shewn such grace
As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
On JESUS' head the heavenly beam.

4 Continue still to shine,
And fill us with thy fire :
This ordinance is thine ;
Do thou our souls inspire !
Thou wilt attend on all thy sons,
Till time shall end, thy promise runs.

469. C. M. Crowle 3. James's 163.

After Baptism. Mark xvi. 16.

1 **P**ROCLAIM, saith CHRIST, *my wondrous*
To all the sons of men ; [grace
He that believes and is baptiz'd,
Salvation shall obtain.

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declar'd
That JESUS is their LORD.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race ;
And thro' the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace. JAMES NEWTON.

470 (1st P.) C. M. Charleston 195. Hammond 226.

A Practical Improvement of Baptism. Col. iii. 1.

1 **A**TTEEND, ye children of your GOD ;
Ye heirs of glory, hear ;
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die ;

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

472 L. M. Ailie Street 241, Bramcoate 8.

A preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper, in imitation
of Isaiah lxiii. 1—3.

- 1 **WHAT** heavenly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood, [skies,
With joy and pity in his eyes?
- 2 The **LORD!** the **SAVIOUR!** Yes, 'tis He,
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious **MAN** that died for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.
- 3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
I own these wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.
- 4 Whence flow these favours so divine?
LORD! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly wine, this sacred food?
- 5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread,
For such unworthy guests as we.
- 6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love:
Come, faith, and feed upon the **LORD**:
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

473 C. M. Irish 171. Braintree 25.

An Invitation to the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **YE** wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

- 2 See **JESUS** stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt, holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unkuown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore!
Approach, there yet is room. STEELE.

474 L. M. Yarmouth 128. Dresden 178.

CHRIST dying, rising, and reigning.

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The **LORD** of glory dies for men!

- But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
JESUS the dead revives again!
- 4 The rising **GOD** forsakes the tomb!
 Up to his Father's courts he flies:
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns,
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, Death, in chains!
- 6 Say, *Live for ever, wondrous King,*
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
 Then ask the monster, *Where's thy sting?*
 And where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

475 C.M. Liverpool 83. Cambridge New 74.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **JESUS!** O word divinely sweet!
 How charming is the sound;
 What joyful news! what heavenly sense
 In that dear name is found!
- 2 Our souls, all guilty and condemn'd,
 In hopeless fetters lay;
 Our souls, with num'rous sins deprav'd,
 To death and hell a prey.
- 3 **JESUS,** to purge away this guilt,
 A willing victim fell,
 And on his cross triumphant broke
 The bands of death and hell.
- 4 Our foes were mighty to destroy,
 He mighty was to save;
 He died, but could not long be held
 A prisoner in the grave.
- 5 **JESUS!** who mighty art to save,
 Still push thy conquests on:
 Extend the triumphs of thy cross,
 Where'er the sun has shone.

THE LORD'S SUPPER. 476, 477

- 6 O Captain-of salvation! make
Thy power and mercy known;
Till crowds of willing converts come
And worship at thy throne. J. STENNETT.

476 L. M. Chard 175. Bramcoate 8.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **T**HUS we commemorate the day
On which our dearest LORD was slain!
Thus we our pious homage pay,
Till he appear on earth again.
- 2 Come great Redeemer! open wide
The curtains of the parting sky!
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's swift pinions fly.
- 3 Come, King of kings! with thy bright train,
Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her coasts.
- 4 Come, LORD! and where thy cross once stood
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

J. STENNETT.

477 L. M. Portugal 97. Ulverston 179.

Holy Admiration and Joy.

- 1 **J**ESUS! when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.
- 2 With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?
- 3 Look, saints, into his opening side,
The breach how large, how deep, how wide?
Thence issues forth a double flood
Of cleansing water, pard'ning blood.

4 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows
To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes;
Immortal joys come streaming down,
Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.

5 Thus I could ever, ever sing
The sufferings of my heavenly King;
With growing pleasures spread abroad
The mysteries of a dying GOD. BEDDOME.

478 L. M. Wareham 117. Green's Hundred 89.

Meditating on the Cross of CHRIST.

1 **C**OME see on bloody Calvary,
Suspended on th' accursed tree,
A harmless suff'rer cover'd o'er
With shame, and welt'ring in his gore:

2 Is this the Saviour long foretold
To usher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of sorrow cease,
And bind the jarring world in peace?

3 'Tis he, 'tis he, — he kindly shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That souls might from their ruin rise,
And heir th' unperishable skies.

4 See, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,
Transgressors to his cross repair,
And find a full redemption there.

5 JESUS! what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.

6 That tree, that curse-empoison'd tree,
Which prov'd a bloody rack to thee,
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
And fill the nations with its fruit.

7 The sorrow, shame, and death were Thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the glory, life, and bliss:
What love can be compar'd to this!

479 L. M. Old Hund. 100. Angel's Hymn 60.

Set him above all Principalities and Powers—Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive Glory and Blessing. Ephes. i. 21; Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **N**OW far above the starry skies,
Our **JESUS** fills his brighter throne,
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.
- 2 [The countless hosts that round him stand,
The subjects of his sovereign power,
Fly thro' the world at his command,
Or prostrate at his feet adore.
- 3 Satan and all his rebel crew
That rag'd to pull his kingdom down,
Crush'd by his hand, in ruin now
Lie trembling at his awful frown.
- 4 His name above all creatures great,
He all sustains and all controuls!
Yet from his high exalted state
Looks kindly down on humble souls.]
- 5 Tho' in the glories he possess'd,
Long ere this world or time began,
He shines the **SON** of **GOD** confess'd,
Yet owns himself the **SON** of **MAN**.
- 6 Here once in agonies he died,
Now in the heavens he ever lives;
Of joy *there* pours th' eternal tide,
Here saves the sinner who believes.
- 7 All hail! thou great **IMMANUEL**, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on thy name!
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.
- 8 Come, quickly come, immortal King!
On earth thy regal honours raise,
The full salvation, promis'd, bring,
Then every tongue shall sing thy praise!

D. TURNER,

480, 481 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

480 L. M. Ailie Street 241. Redemption 243.

Love on a Cross and a Throne.

- 1 **N**OW let our faith grow strong, and rise
And view our Lord in all his love ;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.
- 2 See where he languish'd on the cross ;
Beneath our sins he groan'd and died ;
See where he sits to plead our cause,
By his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 If we behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns ;
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And seals our pleasure with his pains.
- 4 Or, if we climb th' eternal hills,
Where the dear Conqu'ror sits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.
- 5 How shall vile pardon'd rebels show
How much they love their dying GOD ?
LORD ! here we'd banish every foe,
We hate the sins that cost thy blood.
- 6 Commerce no more we hold with hell,
Our dearest lusts shall all depart ;
But let thine image ever dwell,
Stamp'd as a seal on every heart.

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

481 L. M. Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

The Triumphs of the Cross.

- 1 **N**O more, dear Saviour ! will I boast
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause :
The world hath all its glories lost,
Amid the triumphs of thy cross.
- 2 In every feature of thy face,
Beauty her fairest charms displays ;
Truth, wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Shine thence in sweetly-mingled rays.

- 3 Thy wealth the power of thought transcends,
'Tis vast, immense, and all divine :
Thy empire, LORD ! o'er worlds extends,
The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.
- 4 Yet (O how marvellous the sight !)
I see thee on a cross expire :
Thy Godhead veil'd in sable night ;
And angels from the scene retire.
- 5 But why from these sad scenes retreat ?
Why with your wings your faces hide ?
He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,
As when he bow'd his head and died.
- 6 The indignation of a GOD
On him avenging justice hurl'd ;
Beneath the weight he firmly stood,
And nobly sav'd a falling world.
- 7 Those triumphs of stupendous grace
Surprise, rejoice, and melt my heart ;
LORD ! at thy cross I stand and gaze,
Nor would I ever thence depart !

DR. S. STENNETT.

482 C. M. Wantage 204. Burford 198.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 LORD ! at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace ;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place :—
- 2 I that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my GOD ;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood—
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room !
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 *Eat, O my friends, the Saviour cries,
The feast was made for you ;*

For you I gave, and washed, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too.

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
LORD ! we accept thy love :
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above ?

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers ;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear LORD !
I'd give them all to thee ;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

483 C. M. Bangor 231. Workshop 31.

My flesh is meat indeed, John vi. 53—55.

1 **H**ERE at thy table, LORD ! we meet
To feed on food divine :
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares the rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies ;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 The bitter torments he endur'd
Upon the shameful cross,
For us, his welcome guests, procur'd
These heart-reviving joys.

4 His body, torn with rudest hands
Becomes the finest bread ;
And with the blessing he commands,
Our noblest hopes are fed.

5 His blood, that from each op'ning vein
In purple torrents ran,
Hath fill'd this cup with generous wine,
That cheers both GOD and man.

- 6 Sure there was never love so free,
 Dear Saviour! so divine!
 Well thou may'st claim that heart of me
 Which owes so much to thine.
- 7 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,
 My soul, my strength, my all;
 With life itself I'll freely part,
 My JESUS! at thy call, DR. S. STERNETT.

484 L. M. Portugal 97. Gould's 272.
 Jesus wept—he died.—See how he loved us. John xi. 35.

- 1 **S**O fair a face bedew'd with tears!
 What beauty, e'en in grief appears!
 He wept, he bled, he died for you;
 What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?
- 2 Enthron'd above, with equal glow
 His warm affections downward flow;
 In our distress he bears a part,
 And feels a sympathetic smart.
- 3 Still his compassions are the same,
 He knows the frailty of our frame;
 Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
 Shares in our sorrows and our pains. BEDDOME.

485 C. M. Wantage 204. Charmouth 28.
 Messiah 293.

The Wonders of Redemption.

- 1 **A**ND did the holy and the just,
 The Sovereign of the skies,
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
 That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes! the Redeemer left his throne,
 His radiant throne on high,
 (Surprising mercy! love unknown)
 To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead;
 For man, (O miracle of grace!)
 For man the Saviour bled!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

4 Dear LORD ! what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood?
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to GOD.

5 JESUS ! my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free ;
And may I hope *that* love extends
Its sacred power to me !

6 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine ?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

STEELE.

486 C. M. Irish 171. Michael's 119.

Room at the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

1 **T**HE King of Heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board :
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given :
Through the rich blood that JESUS shed
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come !
Come, from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And millions more still on the way
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come ;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready ; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;

Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

DR. DOODRIDGE.

487 L. M. Wareham 117. Rochford 22.

Communion with CHRIST at his Table.

- 1 **T**O JESUS, our exalted LORD,
(Dear name by heaven and earth ador'd!)
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 But while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!
- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid
To see thy wondrous love display'd,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 5 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

488 C. M. Liverpool 83. Oxford 177.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,

And came to earth to bleed and die,
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear LORD! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue:
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song. STEELE.

489 148th. Carmarthen New 35. Swithin's 44.

A Song of Praise to Christ.

1 COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 Such was his zeal for GOD,
And such his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What Gabriel could not do:
His every deed of love and grace
All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

3 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endur'd, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

4 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up thro' the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

5 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

6 JESUS! we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
The gift, tho' small, thou wilt receive.

490 L. M. Portugal 97. Rowles 73.

Self-Dedication at the Lord's Table.

1 **L**ORD! am I thine, entirely thine?
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine?
With full consent thine I would be;
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all:
LORD! let me live and die to thee,
Be thine thro' all eternity.

PRESIDENT DAVIES.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

491 C. M. Bedford 91. Foster 96.

Morning Hymn.

1 **T**O thee let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh!
So oft vouchsaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply!
And I that hand adore!

- 3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray ;
Give me to feel the grateful heart !
And without guilt be gay !
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure ;
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure !
- 5 Be this and every future day
Still wiser than the past ;
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

492 C. M. Braintree 25. Hammond 226.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **W**ITH thee, great GOD ! the stores of light,
And stores of darkness, lie ;
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky,
- 2 And when, with welcome slumbers press'd
We close our weary eyes,
Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.
- 3 Numbers, this night, great GOD ! have met
Their long eternal doom ;
And lost the joys of morning, light
In death's tremendous gloom.
- 4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail ;
While we, by thy kind hand sprais'd,
A thousand pleasures feel.
- 5 To thee, great GOD ! in thankful songs
Our morning thoughts arise ;
Propitious in thy Son accept
The willing sacrifice.

D. TURNER.

493 8. 8. 6. Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Morning.

1 **L**ORD! I am vile!—what shall I say?

I live to see another day,

O let me live to thee!

A thousand years to hope for this

Should be unutterable bliss;

What must fruition be!

2 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,

What JESUS hath for his prepar'd,

Nor can the heart conceive;

Thou hast commanded me, to-day,

To live by faith, and I'd obey;

LORD! help me to believe. w—

494 S. M. Sutton 149. Price's 187.

A Morning Hymn.

1 **S**EE how the mounting sun

Pursues his shining way;

And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,

With every bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul

Its heavenly parent sing;

And to its great original

The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down

Beneath his guardian care;

I slept, and I awoke, and found

My kind preserver near!

4 Thus does thine arm support

This weak defenceless frame;

But whence these favours, LORD! to me,

All worthless as I am?

5 O! how shall I repay

The bounties of my God?

This feeble spirit pants beneath

The pleasing painful load.

640

U 4

495, 496 TIMES AND SEASONS.

6 Dear Saviour! to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew
Devote, O LORD, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

495 L. M. Madan's 107. Ulverston 179.

An Evening Hymn.

1 GREAT GOD! to thee my evening-song
With humble gratitude I raise:
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of JESUS; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious GOD!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eye-lids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

496 L. M. Magdalene 214. Aille Street 241.

An Evening Hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my GOD! this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, KING of KINGS!
Beneath thy own Almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, LORD! for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my GOD when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
Praise God, &c.

BP. KEN.

497 C. M. Irish 171. Great Milton 212.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, LORD! to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.
- 3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would
Accept our heart's desire.
- 4 LORD of our days! whose hand hath set
New time upon the score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

498 C. M. Michael's 119. Evans's 190.

On the Spring.

- 1 **T**HE icy chains that bound the earth
Are now dissolv'd and gone:
Wak'd by the sun, the blooming spring
Puts his new livery on.
- 2 Where awful desolation reign'd
Bless'd plenty rears her head;
Exulting with a smile to see
Her late destroyer fled.
- 3 Teeming with life th' advancing sun
Protracts the falling day;
Grand light of heaven! he seems to wish
To make a longer stay.
- 4 In clouds of gold behold him set,
Beyond the west he flies:
Short is his nightly course, and soon
He gilds the eastern skies.
- 5 My soul, in every scene admire
The wisdom and the power:
Behold the GOD in every plant,
In every opening flower.
- 6 Yet in his word, the GOD of grace
Has wrote his fairer name:
The wonders of redeeming love
My noblest songs shall claim.
- 7 With warmest beams, thou GOD of grace,
Shine on this heart of mine;
Turn thou my winter into SPRING,
And be the glory thine. NEEDHAM.

499 S. M. Mansfield 154. Finsbury 155.

The return of Spring celebrated.

- 1 **F**ROM winter's barren clods,
From winter's joyless waste,

The spring in sudden youth appears
With blooming beauty grac'd.

- 2 How balmy is the air !
How warm the solar beams !
And, to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.
- 3 Great God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise :
Thy power and love in concert reign
Thro' earth, and seas, and skies.
- 4 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herbs and corn
For men; enrich the land.
- 5 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son ;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Thro' endless ages run.

500 C.M. Braintree 25, Foster 96. Salem 139.

The Spring Improved.

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! long-wish'd-for Spring is come,
How alter'd is the scene !
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.
- 2 Where'er we tread, the clust'ring flowers
Beauteous around us spring ;
The birds with joint harmonious powers
Invite our hearts to sing.
- 3 But ah ! in vain I strive to join,
Opprest with sin and doubt ;
I feel 'tis winter still, within,
Tho' all is spring without.
- 4 O ! would my Saviour, from on high,
Break thro' these clouds and shine,
No creature then more blest than I ;
No song more loud than mine.

504, 502 TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 5 LORD, let thy word my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose!

501 C.M. Abridge 201. Bangor 231.

On a Year of threatening Drought.

- 1 **T**HE spring, great GOD, at thy command,
Leads forth the smiling year;
Gay verdure, foliage, blooms, and flowers,
T' adorn her reign appear.
- 2 But soon canst thou in righteous wrath
Blast all the promis'd joy,
And elements await thy nod
To bless or to destroy.
- 3 The sun, thy minister of love,
That, from the naked ground,
Calls forth the hidden scenes to birth,
And spreads their beauties round;
- 4 At the dread order of his GOD
Now darts destructive fires;
Hills, plains and vales, are parch'd with drought,
And blooming life expires.
- 5 Like burnish'd brass, the heaven around
In angry terror burns,
While the earth lies a joyless waste,
And into iron turns.
- 6 Pity us, LORD, in our distress,
Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging skies relent,
And showers of mercy send. DR. GIBBONS.

502 C.M. Ann's 58. Worksop 31.

On a Year of threatening Rain.

- 1 **H**OW hast thou, LORD, from year to year,
Our land with plenty crown'd!
And gen'rous fruit and golden grain
Have spread their riches round.

- 2 But we thy mercies have abus'd,
To more abounding crimes ;
What heights, what daring heights in sin,
Mark and disgrace our times !
- 3 Equal, tho' awful is the doom,
That fierce descending rain
Should into inundations swell,
And crush the rising grain !
- 4 How just that, in the autumn's reign,
When we had hop'd to reap,
Our fields of sorrow and despair
Should lie a hideous heap !
- 5 But, LORD, have mercy on our land,
Those floods of vengeance stay ;
Dispel these glooms, and let the sun
Shine in unclouded day !
- 6 To thee alone we look for help ;
None else of dew or rain
Can give the world the smallest drop,
Or smallest drop restrain.

503 L. M. Old Hundred 100. Dresden 178.

The God of Thunder.

- 1 **O** THE immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our GOD !
Who treads the world beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod !
- 2 He speaks ; and lo ! all nature shakes,
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow ;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows thro' :
- 3 Well, let the nations start and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
Atheists and Emp'ors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air !
- 4 Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below ;

Yet will we sing the thunderer's praise,
And send our loud hosannas thro'.

- 5 Celestial King! thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.
- 6 Thus shall the GOD our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play;
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room;
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

DR. WATT'S LYRICS.

504 C. M. Devizes 14. Evans's 190.
Eythorn 313.

Summer—an Harvest Hymn.

- 1 **T**O praise the ever-bounteous LORD,
My soul, wake all thy powers:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well-pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious GOD, to sow
The seeds of righteousness:
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.
- 5 Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

PAUSE.—Otford 106.

- 6 O may the promis'd blissful hour,
The welcome season come,

When all thy servants shall unite
To shout the harvest home:

- 7 A joyful harvest they shall have
Who now in sadness sow;
And those shall live to sing above
Who wept for sin below.

505 (1st P.) C.M. Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

Harvest—or the accepted Time and Day of Salvation.
Prov. x. 5.

- 1 **S**EE how the little toiling ant
Improves the harvest hours;
While summer lasts, thro' all her cells
The choicest stores she pours.
- 2 While life remains, our harvest lasts;
But youth of life 's the prime;
Best is this season for our work,
And this th' accepted time.
- 3 To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice;
To-morrow, Folly cries:
And still to-morrow 'tis, when oh!
To-day the sinner dies.
- 4 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
And seize the tender hour;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And God will give the power.

505 (2d P.) C.M. Eythorn 313. Hammond 226.

Harvest.

- 1 **L**ONG did the patient peasants toil
And wait for plenteous crops:
Heaven on their labours deign'd to smile,
Nor would deceive their hopes.
- 2 Rich were the fields of waving corn
Which recompens'd their care:
And to their barns in safety borne,
Crown'd-the revolving year.
- 3 And now their annual labours o'er,
With joy we see them come,

In triumph view their precious store,
And hail the harvest home.

4 Not theirs alone heaven's gracious care,
Nor theirs alone the song :
We in its bounties richly share,
And we'll the notes prolong.

5 **GOD** of our mercies ! let each voice
Unite to sound thy praise :
And Britain's utmost coasts rejoice
In thine abounding grace.

6 Since all we have to thee we owe,
May we be wholly thine ;
And serve thee first in worlds below,
And then in realms divine.

505 (3d P.) 8. 7. 7. Nuneaton 133. Rest 282.

Harvest Home.

1 **BRITONS**, now your harvest ended,
All your fruits securely stor'd,
Come, with mirth and joy attended,
Thankful round the festive board :
Friends and neighbours, hither come,
Welcome guests at harvest home.

2 Cheerfulness and sober pleasure
Well become our happy isle,
When our **GOD** in copious measure
Deigns to bless us with his smile :
Let his praises fill the room,
While we keep our harvest home.

3 'Twas his sun, his showers, his blessing,
Which the kindly fruits matur'd ;
And his love and care unceasing
Watch'd till it was safely stor'd :
Else we had not hither come,
Thus to hail the harvest home.

4 From his hand all good receiving,
May we trust in him alone ;

Ever to his glory living
 Through the grace of **CHRIST**, his Son :
 Till with all his saints we come
 To his heavenly harvest home.

505 4th P.) 8. 7. Northampton Chapel 126.

Autumn, or the Fall, of the Leaf—We all, do fade as a
 Leaf. Isa. lxiv. 6.

- 1 **S**EE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither'd to the ground ;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound :—
- 2 “ Youths, on length of days presuming,
 Who the paths of pleasure tread,
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Number'd now among the dead.
- 3 “ What though yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay with health and many a grace,
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;
 Summer gives to Autumn place.
- 4 “ Yearly, in our course returning,
 Messengers of shortest stay,
 We proclaim the solemn warning,—
 Heav'n and earth shall pass away.”
- 5 On the tree of life eternal,
 Let our highest hopes be staid !
 This alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade. **BP. HORNE.**

506 C. M. Worksop 31. Crowle 3.

Winter.

- 1 **S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,
 Encircling nature round ;
 How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
 Late with gay verdure crown'd !
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart ;

And drooping, lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart—

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns
 In night's dark mantle clad,
 Confin'd in cold inactive chains;
 How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
 Thy soul-reviving ray;
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness cheerful day.

5 O happy state, divine abode!
 Where spring eternal reigns;
 And perfect day, the smile of GOD,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.

6 Great source of light! thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore,
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winter frowns no more.

STEELE.

507 L. M. New Sabbath 122. Rothwell 174.

Winter.

1 **S**EE, how rude winter's icy hand
 Has stript the trees and seal'd the ground;
 But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
 And spread new beauties all around.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
 Barren and fruitless I remain;
 When will the gentle spring return,
 And bid my graces grow again?

3 **J**ESUS! my glorious sun, arise!
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
 O! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
 And let me feel thy vital love!

4 Dear LORD! regard my feeble cry,
 I faint and droop till thou appear:
 Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
 Must it be winter all the year?

- 5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour
 With humble prayer and patient faith ;
 Till he reveals his gracious power,
 Repose on what his promise saith.
- 6 He, by whose all-commanding word
 Seasons their changing course maintain,
 In every change a pledge affords,
 That none shall seek his face in vain. NEWTON.

508 L. M. Gloucester 12. Coombs's 45.

The Seasons crowned with Goodness. Psalm lxx. 11.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of every joy !
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear
 To hail thee Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole !
 The sun is taught by thee to rise ;
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
 Perfumes the air and paints the land ;
 The summer rays with vigour shine
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine,
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Thro' all our coast redundant stores ;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise ;
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
 And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

509 8. 7. Jewin Street 222. Welsh 210

Grateful Recollection—Ebenezer. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of GOD'S unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy grace, LORD, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, LORD, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above. ROBINSON.

510 (1stP.) L.M. New Sabbath 122. Antigua 120.

Help of God. Acts xxvi. 22.

New Year's Day.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God:

By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

510 (2dP.) L. M. Limehouse 242. Virginia 234.

At the Beginning of the Year.

1 **L**ORD, we are spared, and yet are found
In thy own house on praying ground ;
Many are gone who near us stood,
Gone to the awful bar of God.

2 We'll think of time's uncertain date,
Consider our eternal state ;
We'll think of our immortal soul,
Ere Jordan's waves around us roll.

3 Now soon in heaven, or soon in hell,
We shall with God or Satan dwell ;
O may we with intense desire,
To Christ, and grace, and heaven aspire.

4 Thus if, our pious race begun,
We in Jehovah's strength go on,
We need nor life nor death to fear,
'Twill be to us a happy year.

MEDLEY.

511 L. M. Ailie Street 241. Langdon 217.

The barren Fig-Tree. Luke xiii. 6, 9.

1 **G**OD of my life ! to thee belong
The thankful heart, the grateful song ;

- Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful choir
Resounds the goodness of the LORD.
- 2 Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath,
And chas'd the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
When GOD our great deliverer's nigh.
- 3 Yet why, dear LORD! this tender care?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumb'rer of the ground,
On which no pleasant fruits are found?
- 4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand!
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
Meet tribute to its bounteous LORD.
- 5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Thro' life, and in the arms of death
My soul the pleasant theme prolong,
Then rise and aid th' angelic song. s—

512 7s. Alcester 213. Bath Abbey 147.

A Birth-Day Hymn. Acts xxvi. 22.

- 1 **I** MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign;
Father! let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour! by thy pow'r,
Guard me in the trying hour;
Let thy unremitting care
Save me from the lurking snare.

- 5 ~~Let my few remaining days~~
 Be directed to thy praise;
 So the last, the closing scene
 Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,
 Grant me but this one request,
 Both in life and death to prove
 Tokens of thy special love. DR. FAWCETT. -

513 C. M. New York 33. Miall 240.

A Wedding Hymn.

- 1 **S**INCE JESUS freely did appear
 To grace a marriage feast;
 O LORD! we ask thy presence here
 To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
 Who now have plighted hands;
 Their union with thy favour crown,
 And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
 Of all rich dowries best!
 Their substance bless, and peace bestow
 To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
 That they, with Christian care,
 May make domestic burdens light,
 By taking mutual share.
- 5 [True helpers may they prove indeed,
 In prayer, and faith, and hope;
 And see with joy a godly seed
 To build their household up.]
- 6 As Isaac and Rebekah give
 A pattern chaste and kind;
 So may this married couple live,
 And die in friendship join'd.
- 7 On every soul assembled here,
 O make thy face to shine;

514, 515 TIMES AND SEASONS.

Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
Than richest food or wine.

514 L. M. Bramcoate 8. Rowles 73.

A Welcome to Christian Friends—At Meeting.

- 1 **K**INDRED in CHRIST, for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive :
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,—
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgett' be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffer'd for us here below ;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore :
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more. NEWTON.

515 7s. Cookham 36. Hotham 224.

At Parting.

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 **J**ESUS ! hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep !

Let thy mercy and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long,
In thy peace to meet again.

4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the LORD
Who our poor petitions heard.

516 L. M. Magdalene 214. Portugal 97.

The Christian Farewell. 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God!
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

517 L. M. Ulverston 170. Lewton 30.

Early Piety. Matt. xii. 20.

1 **H**OW soft the words my Saviour speaks!
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

2 The humble poor he won't despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown:

His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly sends salvation down.

- 3 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds, begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threat'ning winds,
And ripens blossoms into fruit.
- 4 With humble souls he bears a part
In all the sorrows they endure :
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.
- 5 He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and sin ;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.
- 6 Tho' press'd with fears on every side,
They know not how the strife may end ;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto vict'ry send.

DR. S. STENNETT.

518 C.M. Salem 130. Foster 96. Evans's 190.

The Encouragement Young Persons have to seek Christ.
Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, **LORD** of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you,
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 *The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain ;
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain.*
- 4 What object, **LORD** ! my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in **CHRIST** I see ?

- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind !
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 For here true bliss I find. DR. DODDRIDGE.

519 C. M. Great Milton 212. Sprague 166.

Seek first the Kingdom of God. Matt. vi. 33.

- 1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,
 And ardour fire our breasts,
 To reign in worlds above the skies,
 In heavenly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
 A radiant crown display,
 Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
 While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away each grovelling anxious care
 Beneath a Christian's aim ;
 We spring to seize immortal joys,
 In our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
 The glorious prize pursue ;
 Nor fear the want of earthly good,
 While heaven is kept in view.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

520 L. M. Green's Hundred 89. Ulverston 179.

A lovely Youth falling short of Heaven. Mark x. 21.

- 1 **M**UST all the charms of nature, then,
 So hopeless to salvation prove ?
 Can hell demand, can heaven condemn,
 The man whom JESUS deigns to love?—
- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
 Paid friends and neighbours all their due,
 A modest, sober, lovely youth,
 Who thought he wanted nothing now ?
- 3 But mark the change : thus spake the LORD,
Come part with earth for heaven to-day ;
 The youth, astonish'd at the word,
 In silent sadness went his way.

- 4 Poor virtues, that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure,—
Let CHRIST, and grace, and glory go
To make his land and money sure.
- 5 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this base world be bought so dear,
And life and heaven so cheaply sold?
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine
If this vile passion governs me;
Transform my soul, O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

521 S. M. Eagle Street New 55. Harbro' 142.

How shall a young Man cleanse his Way? Psal. cxix. 9.

- 1 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,
My GOD! to thee I pray;
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know;
O GOD! thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 5 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, thro' all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 6 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclin'd;

O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

- 7 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way ;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day. DR. FAWCETT.

FOR A SABBATH SCHOOL.

522 8. 8. 6. Broadmead 150. Chatham 59.

The Importance of Educating Youth.

Congregation.

- 1 **N**OW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to his praise
Who reigns enthron'd above ;
Let music, sweet as incense, rise
With grateful odours to the skies,
The work of joy and love.

Children.

- 2 Teach us to bow before thy face ;
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
Or slight thy providence ;
When lost in ignorance we lay,
To vice and death an easy prey,
Thy goodness snatch'd us thence,

Congregation.

- 3 O what a num'rous race we see,
In ignorance and misery,
Unprincipled, untaught !
Shall they *continue* still to lie
In ignorance and misery ?
We cannot bear the thought.

Children.

- 4 Give, LORD ! each liberal soul to prove
The joys of thine exhaustless love ;
And, while thy praise we sing,
May we the sacred scriptures know,
And, like the blessed JESUS grow,
That earth and heaven may ring.

Congregation.

- 5 We feel a sympathizing heart ;
 LORD L'tis a pleasure to impart ;
 To thee thine own we give :
 Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,
 O let these children live to thee,
 O let these children live !

D. BRADBERRY'S altered.

523 (1st P.) C. M. Bath Chapel 26. Crowle 3.

Sabbath School.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose heart expands
 At melting pity's call,
 And the rich blessings of whose hands
 Like heavenly manna fall.
- 2 Mercy, descending from above,
 In softest accents pleads ;
 O ! may each tender bosom move,
 When mercy intercedes !
- 3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
 To guide untutor'd youth,
 And lead the mind that went astray
 To virtue and to truth.
- 4 Children our kind protection claim,
 And GOD will well approve,
 When infants learn to lisp his name,
 And their Creator love.
- 5 Delightful work ! young souls to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the deceitful paths of sin,
 To seek redeeming grace.
- 6 Almighty GOD ! thy influence shed
 To aid this good design :
 The honours of thy name be spread,
 And all the glory thine. J. STRAPHAN.

523 (2d P.) L. M. Angel's Hymn 60. Bab.
Streams 23.

Thoughtful Children of a Sabbath School.

- 1 **L**ORD, while the little heathens bend
And call some wooden God their friend,
Or stand and see, with bitter cries,
Their mothers burnt before their eyes ;
- 2 While many a dear and tender child
Is thrown to bears and tigers wild,
Or left upon the river's brink,
To suffer more than heart can think ;
- 3 Behold ! what mercies we possess !
How far beyond our thankfulness !
Cheerful and happy here we stand,
To serve thee, in a Christian land.
- 4 O ! when that awful day shall rise,
When CHRIST shall come in yonder skies,
And we must answer, one by one,
For every deed our hands have done,
- 5 LORD, let it not be said of us
That heathens could not have been worse,
But may we now that pardon crave,
Which can the guiltiest sinner save.
- 6 With all the bright and happy crowd,
We then would praise thee long and loud ;
And O ! to little heathens send,
The news of CHRIST, the sinner's friend.

MRS. GILBERT.

523 (3d P.) C. M. James's 163. Tiverton 109.

Hymn for a Child.

- 1 **L**ORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart ;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.
- 2 A sinful creature I was born,
And from the womb have stray'd ;

I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercies' aid.

3 But CHRIST can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain,
And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

4 To him let little children come,
For he has said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wipe away :

5 For all that early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love ;
JESUS shall guide them by his grace
To dwell with him above. DR. RYLAND.

524 (1st P.) C. M. Bangor 231. Wantage 204.

Old Age approaching ; or, Man frail and mortal.

1 **E**TERNAL GOD ! enthron'd on high !
Whom angel-hosts adore ;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh ;
Thy presence I implore.

2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool :
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.

3 My flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay ;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay ?

4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart ?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart ?

5 Ah ! no—then smooth the mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends :
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.

DAYS OF HUMILIATION. 524, 525

6 Then shall my soul, O gracious GOD!
 (While angels join the lay,)
 Admitted to the blest abode,
 Its endless anthems pay—

7 Thro' heaven, howe'er remote the bound,
 Thy matchless love proclaim,
 And join the choir of saints that sound
 Their great Redeemer's name.

524 (2d P.) 112. Claybury 310. Pearce 269.

The Heart and Hope of pious Old Age.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
 Who shall a sinful worm redeem?

JESUS, my only hope thou art,
 Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
 O, could I catch a smile from thee,
 And drop into Eternity!

C. WESLEY.

FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS.

525 C. M. Carolina 13. Windsor 247.

For a Public Fast

1 **S**EE, gracious GOD! before thy throne,
 Thy mourning people bend!
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
 Our humble hopes depend,

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
 Thy dreadful power display;
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.

3 Great GOD! and why is Britain spar'd,
 Ungrateful as we are?
 O make thy awful warnings heard,
 While mercy cries, *Forbear!*

4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise
 Thro' this apostate isle!
 What land so favour'd of the skies,
 And yet what land so vile!

- 5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indiff'rence down
To everlasting fire.
- 7 O turn us, turn us, mighty LORD!
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.
- 8 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If GOD, our GOD, is near.

526 C. M. Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

A Hymn for a Fast-day. Gen. xvii. 23—33.

- 1 **W**HEN Abram, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And with a humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued;
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd!
The LORD would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great GOD! and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?
- 4 Britain, all guilty as she is,
Her num'rous saints can boast,
And now their fervent prayers ascend,
And can those prayers be lost?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times?

Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrhah in its crimes ?

- 6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode ;
Long has thy presence bless'd our land ;
Forsake us not, O GOD !

527 L. M. Wareham 117. Portugal 97.

On a Day of Prayer for Success in War.

- 1 **L**ORD ! how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode ?
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a just, and holy GOD ?
- 2 Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face ;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.
- 3 O may our souls thy grace adore,
May JESUS plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing glorious name.
- 4 With all the boasted pomp of war
In vain we dare the hostile field ;
In vain, unless the Lord be there ;
Thy arm alone is Britain's shield.
- 5 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope, our trust invite !
Again attend our humble prayer !
Again be mercy thy delight !
- 6 Our arms succeed, our councils guide,
Let thy right hand our cause maintain ;
Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.
- 7 O when shall time the period bring
When raging war shall waste no more ;
When peace shall stretch her balm'g wing
From Europe's coast to India's shore ?

528, 529. TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 8** When shall the Gospel's healing ray
(Kind source of amity divine)
Spread o'er the world celestial day?
When shall the nations, LORD! be thine?

STEELE.

528 L. M.. Paul's 246. Dresden 178.

National Judgments deprecated, and National Mercies
pleaded for. Amos iii. 1—6.

- 1** **W**HILE o'er our guilty land, O LORD!
We view the terrors of thy sword;
Oh! whither shall the helpless fly;
To whom but thee direct their cry?
- 2** The helpless sinners' cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3** On thee, our guardian GOD! we call,
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there,
And must we perish in despair?
- 4** See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken GOD we turn;
O spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted here.
- 5** We plead thy grace, indulgent GOD!
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises,
And are they unavailing pleas?
- 6** These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

PRESIDENT DAVIES.

529 C. M. Cambridge New 74. Irish 171.

Thanksgiving for Victory over our Enemies.

- 1** **T**O thee, who reign'st supreme above,
And reign'st supreme below,

Thou God of wisdom, power, and love !
We our successes owe.

- 2 The thundering horse, the martial band,
Without thine aid were vain ;
And vict'ry flies at thy command
To crown the bright campaign.
- 3 Thy mighty arm unseen was nigh,
When we our foes assail'd :
'Tis thou hast rais'd our honours high,
And o'er their hosts prevail'd.
- 4 Their mounds, their camps, their lofty towers
Into our hands are given,
Not from desert or strength of ours,
But thro' the grace of heaven.
- 5 What tho' no columns lifted high
Stand deep inscrib'd with praise,
Yet sounding honours to the sky
Our grateful tongues shall raise,
- 6 To our young race will we proclaim
The mercies God has shown,
That they may learn to bless his name,
And choose him for their own.
- 7 Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,
When threat'ning dangers come,
Their father's God shall be their trust,
Their refuge and their home.

530 L. M. Derby 169. Portugal 97.

Peace prayed for.

- 1 **O**N Britain, long a favour'd isle,
Now overwhelm'd with grief and shame,
Deign, mighty GOD ! once more to smile ;
The same thy power, thy grace the same.
- 2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
And all its blessings round her shed ;
Her liberties be well secur'd,
And commerce lift its fainting head.

- 3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound ;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground :
- 4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands
The useless sword, the glittering spear,
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissentient voice be there.
- 5 Thus save, O LORD! a sinking land ;
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Resound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

BEDDOME.

531 L.M. Wareham 117. Redemption 243.
Old Hundred 100.

Praise for National Peace. Psalm xlvii. 9.

- 1 **G**REAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy Almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise ;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reigns,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plains ;
- 3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r ;
Thy words the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more ;
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled !)
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous LORD !
All move subservient to thy will ;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

DAYS OF THANKSGIVING. 532, 533

- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness and adore.

532 L. M. Horsley 205. Bramcoate 8.

Thanksgiving for National Deliverance, and Improvement
of it. Luke i. 74, 75.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the LORD, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer,
And tho' deliverance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.

- 2 Salvation doth to GOD belong;
His power and grace shall be our song;
The tribute of our love we bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our King.

- 3 Our temples, guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name,
And every peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

- 4 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honour'd sight;
Hence in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.

533- L. M. Wells 102. Redemption 243.

Delivering Goodness acknowledged. 2 Cor. i. 10.

A Song for the 5th of November.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the LORD, whose mighty hand
So oft reveal'd hath sav'd our land;
And, when united nations rose,
Hath sham'd and scourg'd our haughtiest foes.

- 2 When mighty navies from afar
To Britain wasted floating war,
His breath dispers'd them all with ease,
And sunk their terrors in the seas.*

- 3 While for our princes they prepare
In caverns deep a burning snare;

* Spanish Armada, 1588.

He shot from heav'n a piercing ray,
And the dark treachery brought to day.*

- 4 Princes and priests again combine
New chains to forge, new snares to twine;
Again our gracious God appears,
And breaks their chains, and cuts their suares.
- 5 Obedient winds at His command
Convey his Herot† to our land;
The sons of Rome with terror view,
And speed their flight when none pursue.
- 6 Such great deliv'rance God hath wrought,
And down to us salvation brought;
And still the care of guardian Heaven
Secures the bliss itself hath given.
- 7 In thee we trust, Almighty LORD!
Continu'd rescue to afford:
Still be thy powerful arm made bare,
For all thy servants' hopes are there.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

534 L. M. Ailie Street 241. Langdon 217.

For the 5th of November.

- 1 **T**O thee, Almighty God! we bring
The humble tribute of our songs;
O teach our thankful hearts to sing,
Or praise will languish on our tongues.
- 2 While Britain (favour'd of the skies)
Recalls the wonder God hath wrought;
Let grateful joy adoring rise,
And warm to rapture every thought,
- 3 When Hell and Rome combin'd their pow'r,
And doom'd these isles their certain prey,
Thy hand forbade the fatal hour,
Their impious plots in ruin lay,
- 4 Again our restless cruel foes
Resum'd, avow'd their black design;

* Gunpowder Plot, 1605. † King William, 1688.
687

- Again to save us God arose,
And Britain own'd the hand divine.
- 5 Why, gracious God! is Britain sav'd?
Why bless'd with liberty and light?
Nor by fell tyranny enslav'd,
Nor lost in superstition's night?
- 6 Not for our sake, we conscious own;
A wretched, vile, ungrateful race:
'Tis done to make thy glory known,
To show the wonders of thy grace.
- 7 The wonders of thy grace complete;
Reform this wretched guilty land!
Let thankful love, beneath thy feet,
Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand!
- 8 Let every age adore thy name,
While nature's circling wheels shall roll;
Thy mercies every tongue proclaim,
And sound thy praise from pole to pole.

STELLA.

535 (1st P.) L. M. New Court 173. Truro 105.

Deliverances. Numbers xxiii. 23.

- 1 **W**HAT hath God wrought! might Israel say,
When Jordan roll'd its tide away,
And gave a passage to their bands
Safely to march across its sands.
- 2 What hath God wrought! might well be said,
When JESUS, rising from the dead,
Scatter'd the shades of Pagan night,
And bless'd the nations with his light.
- 3 What hath God wrought! let Britain see,
Freed from the plagues of Popery,
Its tenfold night, its iron chains,
Its galling yoke, its cruel pains.
- 4 What hath God wrought! in glad surprise,
Shall sound thro' all the earth and skies,
When, like a millstone in the main,
Proud Rome shall sink, nor rise again.

- 5 What hath GOD wrought ! O blissful theme,
 Are we redeem'd and call'd by him ?
 Shall we be led the desert thro'—
 And safe arrive at glory too ?
- 6 The news shall every harp employ,
 Fill every tongue with rapt'rous joy ;
 When shall we join the heavenly throng
 To swell the triumph and the song ?

535 (2d P.) L. M. Finsbury 283. Winchester 137.

A Centenary Song.*

- 1 **A** CENTURY now has roll'd away,
 And plac'd us under smiling skies ;
 O Lord, to thee from every tongue,
 Let praise, like grateful incense, rise.
- 2 Our Fathers long in sables clad,
 Felt tyranny's oppressive reign ;
 At length their sons must be untaught,
 Or dragg'd in superstition's chain.
- 3 But in the mount—dread mount of straits,
 Lo ! Israel's God again appears !
 Anna expires, the woe is past,—
 George wipes away ten thousand tears.
- 4 The God of Providence now spake,
*Train up your sons and all around ;
 Train them in wisdom's sacred paths,
 The pious efforts shall be crown'd.*
- 5 The high command at once was heard ;
 An Institution now we see,

* These lines were sung at the CENTENARY of the HORSLEYDOWN, and of the BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE Dissenting Charity Schools ; when a sermon was delivered to each of them by Dr. R., on Prov. xxiii. 6.—*Train up a child in the way, &c.* The discourse to the Horsleydown School was preached at Carter Lane, Lord's Day Evening, March 12, 1815 ; and on the 17th the Subscribers dined together at the *London Tavern*. The same discourse was delivered at Fetter Lane, to the Bartholomew Close School, Lord's Day Evening, October 19, 1817. Their Centenary was October 22, 1817, when the Friends of the Institution dined at the *Albion Tavern*.

Founded in goodness, wisdom, faith,
And rear'd in glowing charity.

6 We praise for what our Fathers did,
The pious, gen'rous plan was theirs ;
'Tis ours to join in grateful songs,
And join in warm united pray'rs.

7 Lord, let the Institution live,
And see yet other centuries shine ;
Clothe it with every smiling ray,
And all the glory shall be thine.

535 (3d P.) C. M. New York 33. Prov.
College 10.

A Song in prospect of the ABOLITION of the SLAVE TRADE—
“ Detested crime ! of vices first,
Most infamous, and most accurs'd ! ”

1 **T**HE day has dawn'd, Jehovah comes
To crush oppression's rod ;
Now Ethiopia soon shall stretch
Her hands to thee, O God !

2 Where'er the sun doth rise or set,
Or spread his beauteous ray,
May freedom with her glorious train,
Hurl slavery away !

3 Let charity, benevolence,
And every smiling grace,
In golden links of brotherhood
Unite the human race.

• The Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade having received the ROYAL ASSENT, the people of colour residing in and about the cities of London and Westminster, were invited to keep a day of THANKSGIVING to Almighty God—and the day commonly called *Good Friday* was understood to be their only day of general leisure. Accordingly, on that day, March 27, 1807, a vast Congregation of them assembled at Dr. Rippon's place of Worship in Carter Lane, when he delivered a Sermon to them, on Psalm lxxviii. 31—*Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God* ; and also gave these verses, which were sung, as the memorable occasion required, with great animation.

- 4 Then, brilliant as the mid-day sun,
And as the ocean wide,
Christ in the chariot of his grace
Triumphantly shall ride.
- 5 Tyrants no more shall lift the scourge,
Nor captives drag the chain ;
Millions, beatified, shall bless
The dear Redeemer's reign.
- 6 Then every colour, every clime
Shall in his worship meet ;
And bring their prayers, their praise, their All,
An offering at his feet.
- 7* " Lord, for those days we wait ; those days
Are in thy word foretold ;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promis'd age of gold.
- 8 Amen, with joys divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry ;
Amen, with joy divine, let heav'n's
Unnumber'd choirs reply."

The following plain verse to be sung first by the people of colour, and then by the whole congregation.

- 9 Free us from sin and all its chains,
The worst of *slavery* ;
Bind us to Christ in holy bonds,
The sweetest *liberty*.

536 8. 8. 6. Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Prayer for the KING, and the ROYAL FAMILY.

- 1 **L**ORD ! thou hast bid thy people pray
For all that bear the sovereign sway,
And thy vicegerents reign,
Rulers, and governors, and powers :
And, lo ! we humbly pray for ours ;
Nor can we pray in vain.
- 2 **J**ESUS ! thy chosen servant guard,
And every threat'ning danger ward
From his anointed head :

* Verses 7 and 8, from the Selection, were not sung.

Bid all his griefs and troubles cease ;
Thro' paths of righteousness and peace,
Our King, propitious, lead.

- 3 Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their proud malicious aim,
And make their councils vain ;
Preserve him, Providence divine !
And let the long Illustrious Line
To latest ages reign.
- 4 Upon him shower thy blessings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joys ;
While wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our churches bless,
And praise THE GLOBE employs.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

537 C. M. Charmouth 28. Ludlow 84.

Desiring the presence of God in affliction.

- 1 **T**HOU only centre of my rest !
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain opprest
I breathe the plaintive sigh.
- 2 Thy gracious presence, O my GOD !
My every wish contains ;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.
- 3 This can my every care controul,
Gild each dark scene with light ;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.
- 4 My LORD, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day !
- 5 O happy scenes of pure delight !
Where thy full beams impart

Unbounded beauty to the sight,
 And rapture to the heart.
 66 Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
 My spirit longs to know;
 My wishes terminate in this,
 Nor can they rest below.
 67 Lo! shall the breathings of my heart
 Aspire in vain to thee?
 Oursure my hope, that, when thou art,
 I shall for ever be.
 68 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
 The darksome hours away,
 And rise on faith's expanded wing
 To everlasting day.

STILL.

538 C.M. Abridge 201. David's 186.

Complaint and Hope under great Pain

1 **L**ORD! I am pain'd, but I resign,
 My body to thy will!
 Thy grace, thy wisdom all divine,
 Appoints the pains I feel.
 2 Dark are the ways of Providence,
 While they who love thee groan:
 Thy reasons he conceal'd from sense,
 Mysterious and unknown.
 3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
 And plead before her GOD,
 Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
 Beneath thine heavy rod.
 4 These mournful groans and flowing tears
 Give my poor spirit ease;
 While every groan my Father hears,
 And every tear he sees.
 5 [How shall I glorify
 In bonds of
 Damp'd is
 Ha

At some smiling hour at hand
 With peace upon its wings?
 Alas! O God! thy swift command
 With all the joys it brings. DR. WATTS.

C. M. Windsor 247. London 180.

For a Time of general Sickness.

DEATH, with his dread commission seal'd,
 Now hastens to his arms;
 In awful state he takes the field,
 And sounds his dire alarms.

Redundant plagues around him stand,
 And wait his dread command;
 Pains and dying groans obey
 The signal of his hand.

With cruel force he scatters round
 His shafts of deadly power;
 While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
 Impatient to devour.

Seek up ye heirs of endless joy,
 Nor let your fears prevail;
 Eternal life is your reward,
 When life on earth shall fail.

What tho' his darts, promiscuous hurl'd,
 Deal fatal plagues around;
 And heaps of putrid carcasses
 O'erload the cumber'd ground;

The arrows that shall wound your flesh,
 Were given him from above,
 Dipped in the great Redeemer's blood,
 And feather'd all with love.

These with a gentle hand he throws,
 And saints lie going too;
 But heav'nly angels support their souls,
 And bears

To the fair palace of their GOD,
And mansions in the skies.

LEECH.

540 (1st. P.) S. M. Harborough 142. Stoke 207.

Submission under Affliction.

- 1 **D**OST thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend?
O GOD! I'll kiss the smarting rod,
There's honey at the end.
- 2 Dost thou thro' death's dark vale
Conduct to heaven at last?
The future good will make amends
For all the evil past.
- 3 **L**ORD! I would not repine
At strokes in mercy sent;
If the chastisement comes in love,
My soul shall be content. BEDDOME.

540 (2d P.) 8s. Limefield 94. New Jer. 230.

For a Sick Chamber.

Written when deprived by Sickness of attending Public
Worship.

- 1 **T**HE fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace;
To saints 'tis the joy of the earth,
The most glorious and beautiful place.
- 2 To this temple I once did resort,
With the crowds of the people of GOD:
Ebraptur'd we enter'd his courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.
- 3 The Father of mercies we prais'd,
And prostrated low at his throne;
The Saviour we lov'd and ador'd,
Who lov'd us and made us his own.
- 4 Full oft to the message of peace,
To sinners address'd from the sky,
We listen'd, extolling that grace,
Which set us, once rebels, on high.

- 6 Faith clave to the crucify'd Lamb ;
 Hope, smiling, exalted its head ;
 Love warm'd at the Saviour's dear name,
 And vow'd to observe what he said.
- 7 What pleasure appear'd in the looks
 Of the brethren and sisters around !
 With transport all seem'd to reflect
 On the blessings in JESUS they'd found.
- 8 Sweet moments ! if aught upon earth
 Resembles the joy of the skies,
 It is when the hearts of the flock
 Conjoin'd to their Shepherd arise.
- 9 But, ah ! these sweet moments are fled,
 Pale sickness compels me to stay
 Where no voice of the turtle is heard,
 As the moments are hasting away.
- 10 My GOD ! thou art holy and good,
 Thy plans are all righteous and wise ;
 O help me submissive to wait
 Till thou biddest thy servant arise.
- 11 If to follow thee here in thy courts,
 May it be with all ardour and zeal,—
 With success and increasing delight,
 Performing the whole of thy will.
- 12 Or shouldst thou in bondage detain
 To visit thy temples no more,
 Prepare me for mansions above,
 Where nothing exists to deplore !
- 13 Where JESUS, the Sun 'of the place,
 Refulgent incessantly shines,
 Eternally blessing his saints,
 And pouring delight on their minds.
- 14 There—there are no prisons to hold
 The captive from tasting delight ;
 There—there the day never is clos'd
 With shadows, or darkness, or night ;

Y

541 (2d P.) L. M. Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

Sickness and Recovery.

- 1 **A** WHILE remain'd the doubtful strife,
Till Jesus gave me back my life:
My life?—my soul, recall the word,
'Tis life to see thy gracious LORD.
- 2 Why inconvenient *now* to die?
Vile unbelief, O tell me why?
When can it inconvenient be,
My loving LORD! to come to thee?
- 3 He saw me made the sport of hell,
He knew the tempter's malice well;
And when my soul had all to fear,
Then did the glorious SUN appear!
- 4 O bless him! bless, ye dying saints,
The GOD of grace, when nature faints!
He show'd my flesh the gaping grave,
To show me he had power to save.

542 (1st P.) C. M. David's 186. Newbury 192.
Praise for Recovery from Sickness. Psalm cxviii. 18, 19.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of life! I own thy hand
In every chast'ning stroke;
And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee in my distress I cried,
And thou hast bow'd thine ear;
Thy powerful word my life prolong'd,
And brought salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.
- 4 Praise to the LORD, whose gentle hand
Renews our labouring breath:
Praise to the LORD, who makes his saints
Triumphaut e'en in death.

- 5 My GOD! in time appointed hour
Those heavenly gates display,
Where pain, and sin, and fear, and death,
For ever flee away.
- 6 There, while the nations of the bless'd
With raptures bow around;
My anthems to delivering grace
In sweeter strains shall sound.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

542 (2d P.) S. M. Harborough 142. Stoke 207.

The Benefit of sanctified Affliction; or, God bringing his
People into the Covenant under the Rod. Ezek. xx. 37.

- 1 **H**OW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising GOD!
And, O, how rich the blessings are
Which blossom from his rod!
- 2 He lifts it up on high,
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.
- 3 Instructed thus they bow,
And own his sovereign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.
- 4 His cov'nant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts
To honour his commands.
- 5 Dear Father! we consent
To discipline divine;
And bless the pain that makes our souls
Still more completely thine.
- 6 Supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

Know that thou art GOD alone,
I and mine are all thy own.

- 9 Thee, at all times, will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee? DR. RYLAND.

546 C. M. Worksop 31. Crowle 3.

Time and Eternity; or, longing after unseen Pleasures.
2 Cor. iv. 18.

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our heart and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay;
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will the brightest day
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ersshade the smiling noon.
- 4 O, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 5 There joys unseen to mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 6 **L**ORD! send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on Faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies. STERLE.

547 S.M. Gosport 53. Henley 39. Wigam 380.

Divine Mercies in constant Succession. Lam. iii. 22, 23.

1 **H**OW various and how new
Are thy compassions, LORD!
Each morning shall thy mercies shew,—
Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasure more refin'd
Awaited that bless'd day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chas'd our sins away.

5 How new thy mercies, then!
How sovereign, and how free!
Our souls that had been dead in sin
Were made alive to thee.

PAUSE.

6 Now we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.

7 There rapt'rous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight;
And every pain, and tear, and sigh,
Be drown'd in endless light.

8 Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of Righteousness!
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

9 Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,

- 2 The Tyrant, how he triumphs here !
 His trophies spread around !
 And heaps of dust and bones appear
 Through all the hollow ground.
- 3 These skulls, what ghastly figures now !
 How loathsome to the eyes !
 These are the heads we lately knew,
 So beautiful and so wise.
- 4 But where the souls,—those deathless things,
 That left their dying clay ?
 My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
 And trace eternity.
- 5 O, that unfathomable sea !
 Those deeps without a shore,
 Where living waters gently play,
 Or fiery billows roar !
- 6 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
 Or sink in flaming waves :
 While the pale carcass breathless lies
 Among the silent graves.
- 7 ' Prepare us, LORD ! for thy right hand !
 ' Then come the joyful day ;
 ' Come, death, and some celestial band,
 ' To bear our souls away !' DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

550 (2d P.) 7.6. Gr. Road 281. Culmstock 6.

Pleasing Anticipation of Death and Glory.

- 1 **A** H ! I shall soon be dying,
 Time swiftly glides away ;
 But, on my LORD relying,
 I hail the happy day—
- 2 The day when I must enter
 Upon a world unknown,
 My helpless soul I venture
 On JESUS CHRIST alone.
- 3 He once, a spotless victim,
 Upon Mount Calv'ry bled !

• Bunhill Fields.

JEHOVAH did afflict him,
And bruise him in my stead.

- 4 Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am ;
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atoning Lamb.
- 5 To him by grace united,
I joy in him alone ;
And now, by faith, delighted,
Behold him on his throne.
- 6 There he is interceding
For all who on him rest :
The grace from him proceeding
Shall waft me to his breast.
- 7 Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chant my blissful story
In high seraphic lays.
- 8 Free grace, redeeming merit,
And sanctifying love,
Of **FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,**
Shall charm the courts above.

550 (3d P.) C. M. Grove House 143.
Huddersfield 202.

The Safe and Happy Exit.

- 1 **L**ORD! must I die? O, let me die
Trusting in thee alone!
My *living* testimony giv'n,
Then leave my *dying* one!
- 2 If I must die—O let me die
In faith, and free from doubt ;
Cloth'd in my Saviour's righteousness,
And sanctify'd throughout.
- 3 If I must die—O let me die
In peace with all mankind ;
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures all refin'd.

- 4 Crown my *last* moment with thy pow'r—
The *latest* in my latest hour ;
Then to the raptur'd heights I soar,
Where fears and death are known no more.

551 (3d P.) L.M. Rippon's 188. Bampton 275.

Life to be feared, by true Christians, more than Death.

- 1 **H**OW many of thy children, Lord,
Do but in part receive thy word !
And thus, till near their latest breath,
Go trembling thro' the fear of death :
- 2 Yet others in this world of cares,
Expos'd to sin, and Satan's snares,
Have fear'd the treach'rous path of *life*
Far more than *death*, the closing strife.
- 3 O Thou, " who livest and wast dead,"
Say, *I'm your ever-living Head!*
And from each fear O set us free,
But that of sinning against thee.
- 4 Faith then shall wipe away our tears,
Hope, smiling, cheer our following years ;
And all the Graces *Victory* sing,
For DEATH IS OURS, thro' CHRIST our
King.

551 (4th P.) L.M. Bab. Str. 28. Rochford 22.

Faith and Sense looking at the Grave.

- 1 " **A**SHES to ashes, dust to dust !"
Down to the grave descend we must !
Flesh trembles at the monster's dart,
Lest he transfix our shivering heart.
- 2 But *Faith* shall triumph o'er his sting,
Gaze on her *risen* LORD, and sing
Thro' him to us the victory's given,
And death is now the gate of heaven.
- 3 O Lord, to me this faith impart
To cheer and purify my heart ;
Let all its beauteous fruits be mine,
The glory shall be ever thine.

552 C. M. Windsor 247. Charmouth 28.

Victory over Death through Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 27.

- 1 **W**HEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight
My courage dies away.
- 2 But see my glorious Leader nigh !
My LORD—my Saviour lives ;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.
- 3 He left his dazzling throne above ;
He met the tyrant's dart ;
And (O, amazing power of love !)
Receiv'd it in his heart.
- 4 No more, O grim destroyer ! boast
Thy universal sway ;
To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost ;
Thy night's the gate of day.
- 5 LORD ! I commit my soul to thee !
Accept the sacred trust ;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust ;
- 6 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies :
- 7 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb :
- 8 O, let me join the raptur'd lays !
And with the blissful throng
Resound salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song !

- 3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill ;
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.
- 4 Thy love—a sea without a shore,—
Spreads life and joy abroad ;
O, 'tis a heaven worth dying for
To see a smiling God !
- 5 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wond'rous prophet tried !
Climb up the mount, says GOD, and die ;
The prophet climb'd—and died.
- 6 Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast :
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.
- 7 Show me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things ;
Speak, LORD ! and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

556 L. M. Exeter 4. Stillman 66.

Children dying in their Infancy, in the Arms of Jesus.
Matt. xix. 14.

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest LORD,
With transport all divine ;
Thine image trace in every word,—
Thy love in every line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 *I take these little lambs, said he,
And lay them in my breast :
Protection they shall find in me,—
In me be ever blest.*

- 4 *Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant-souls compose
The family above.*
- 5 *Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.*
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,
Dear SAVIOUR! all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine. DR. S. STENNETT.

557 Canterbury 199. Carolina 13.

At the Funeral of a Young Person.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—*I too must die!*
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O! let us fly—to JESUS fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great GOD! thy sovereign grace impart
With cleansing, healing power;
- 722 Y 11

Where dazzled with glory, the seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.

- 5 Within us display thy love when we die,
And bear us away to mansions on high,
The kingdom be given of glory divine,
And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

561 S. M. Broderip's 252. Ryland 46.

Preparations for Death. Matt. xxiv. 45.

- 1 **P**REPARE me, gracious GOD,
To stand before thy face!
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.
- 2 In CHRIST'S obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood;
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of GOD.
- 3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known,
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.
- 4 Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love. TOPLADY'S COLL.

562 C. M. Carolina 13. Worktop 31.

Departed Saints asleep. Mark v. 39. 1 Thess. iv. 18.

- 1 **W**HY flow these torrents of distress?
(The gentle Saviour cries;)
Why are my sleeping saints survey'd
With unbelieving eyes?
- 2 Death's feeble arm shall never boast
A friend of CHRIST is slain,
Nor, o'er their meaner part in dust,
A lasting power retain.
- 3 I come, on wings of love,—I come,
The slumb'ers to awake;

*My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,
And all its bonds shall break.*

- 4 *Touch'd by my hand in smiles they rise ;
They rise to sleep no more ;
But rob'd in light, and crown'd with joy,
To endless day they soar.*
- 5 **JESUS!** our faith receives thy word ;
And tho' fond nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their sleep.
- 6 Our willing souls thy summons wait,
With them to rest and praise ;
So let thy much-lov'd presence cheer
These separating days. DR. DODDRIDGE.

563 C. M. Abridge 201. Charnmouth 28.

Submission under bereaving Providences. Psalm xli. 10.

- 1 **PEACE!**—'tis the LORD Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joy in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.
- 2 'Tis he—the potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,—
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice ;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.—
- 4 Our covenant GOD and Father he
In CHRIST our bleeding LORD ;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.
- 5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow ;
And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now ?

6 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
 We kiss the scourging hand;
 And yield our comforts and our life
 To thy supreme command. DR. DODDRIDGE.

564 L. M. Ulverston 179. Fawcett 184.

Satisfaction in God under the Loss of dear Friends.

- 1 **T**HE GOD of Love will sure indulge
 The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
 When righteous persons fall around,—
 When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious murmuring thought
 Should with our mourning passions blend;
 Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
 Th' almighty, ever-living Friend.
- 3 Beneath a num'rous train of ills,
 Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
 Yet shall our hope in thee, O GOD!
 O'er every gloomy fear prevail.
- 4 Parent and husband, guard and guide!
 Thou art each tender name in one:
 On thee we cast our every care,
 And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 5 Our Father GOD! to thee we look,
 Our rock, our portion, and our friend,
 And on thy covenant love and truth
 Our sinking souls shall still depend.

565 C. M. Windsor 247. Ellenborough 170.

Death and Judgment appointed for all. Heb. ix. 27.

- 1 **H**EAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,
 That Adam's race must die;
 One general ruin sweeps them down,
 And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey
 Where you must quickly dwell:
 Hark! how the awful summons sounds
 In every funeral knell!

- 3 Once you must die ; and once for all
The solemn purport weigh ;
For know, that heaven or hell attend
On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the Judge to see ;
And every word and every thought
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O, may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend !
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all the saints ascend. DR. DODDRIDGE.

566 · C. M. Ann's 58. Charmouth 28.

Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.

- 1 **N**OW let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry ;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does GOD's own house invade ;
What tho' the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead ?
- 3 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young ;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue ;
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 5 *Lo I am with you, saith the LORD,
My church shall safe abide ;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide.*
- 6 Thro' every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust ;

- 2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades
The dawn of heaven appears ;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the LORD of glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, *Ye dead arise !*
And, lo, the graves obey :
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.
- 6 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them cloth'd in white !
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.
- 7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies,
On love's triumphant wing !

DR. WATT'S LYRICS.

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

570 (1st P.) L. M. Angel's Hymn 60.
Wareham 117.

Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature. Isa. xxiv. 18—21.

- 1 **H**OW great, how terrible, that GOD
Who shakes creation with his nod !
He frowns—earth, sea, all Nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame.
- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck ?

- Shall falling rocks be o'er them throw?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There on the flaming billows tost,
For ever—O, for ever, lost!
- 4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 JESUS! the helpless creature's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend!
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

PRESIDENT DAVIES.

570 (2d P.) L.M. Paul's 246. Horsley 205.

The Second Appearance of Christ. 2 Pet. iii. 11, 12.

- 1 **MY** waken'd soul, extend thy wings,
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.
- 2 Behold the fiery deluge roll
Thro' heaven's wide arch from pole to pole;
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast:—
Tremble and fall, ye starry host.
- 3 This wreck of nature all around—
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.
- 4 Children of Adam, all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go,
To *endless* BLISS, or *endless* WOE!
- 5 **LORD!** to *my eyes* this scene display
Frequent thro' each returning day;
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there!

*While sin and death and pains and cares,
Shall vex your souls no more.*

- 6 Come, dear majestic Saviour! come,
This jubilee proclaim!
And teach us language fit to praise
So great, so dear a name. DR. DODDRIDGE.

574 L. M. Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

Come, LORD JESUS!

- 1 **W**HEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt!—a heavy load!

- 2 Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

- 3 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains!
Let th' eternal pillars bow!
Blest SAVIOUR! cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow!

- 4 Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the gen'ral doom!
Come, thou, THE SOUL of all our joys!
Thou, THE DESIRE OF NATIONS! come!

- 5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou absent LOVE, thou dear unknown!
Thou FAIREST OF TEN THOUSAND FAIRS!

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

575 8. 7. 4. Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.

Lo, he cometh!

- 1 **L**O! he cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead!
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See the great exalted Head!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

- 2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
Thro' th' eternal deep resounds;
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds:
They who pierc'd him
Shall at his appearance wail.
- 3 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints, behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him,
Now the joyful sentence hear!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!
- 4 Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy!
Banish all your fears and sorrows!
Endless praise be your employ!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies!
- 5 Now at once they rise to glory,
JESUS brings them to the King;
There, with all the hosts of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing:
Hallelujah!
Boundless glory to the Lamb.

576 8. 7. 4. Helmsley 228. Trevecca 37.

Judgment. Rev. i. 7; vi. 14, 17; xxii. 17, 20.

- 1 **L**O! he comes, with clouds descending;
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
JESUS now shall ever reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,

Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see!

- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away!
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment, come away!
Come to judgment, come away!

- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
He in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

- 5 Answer thy own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, LORD! the general doom;
The new heaven and earth inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

- 6 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne;
Saviour! take thy power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own:
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, LORD! come!

577 8. 7. 4. Helmsley 223. Painswick 102.

The Day of Judgment.

1. **DAY** of Judgment, — day of wonders!
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!
2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!

Ye who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, *This GOD is mine!*
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature shaken
By his looks prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation;
Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels have thy part.

5 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the LORD below,
He will say, *Come near, ye blessed!*
See the kingdom I bestow!
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know.

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise,
Swiftly GOD's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise!
May we triumph,
When the world is in a blaze. NEWTON.

578 (1st. P.) C.M. Canterbury 199. Charmouth 28.
The last Judgment.

1 **H**E comes! he comes! to judge the world,
Aloud th' archangel cries!
While thunders roll from pole to pole,
And light'nings cleave the skies.

2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upward lift their eyes:
The slumb'ring tenants of the ground
In living armies rise.

- 3 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in robes of light.
- 4 His head and hairs are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And JESUS is his name.
- 5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And seats his vict'ries tell:
Lo—in his hand the conqueror bears
The keys of death and hell:
- 6 So he ascends the judgment-seat
And, at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures, round his feet,
In solemn silence stand.
- 7 Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dar'd his grace reject,
And they who dar'd presume.
- 8 *Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,*
The injur'd JESUS cries!
While the long kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.
- 9 And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace
- 10 *Well done, my good and faithful sons,
The children of my love!*
*Receive the sceptres, crowns, and thrones,
Prepar'd for you above.* DR. S. STENNETT.

578 (2 P.) L. M. Lewton 30, Rippon's 188.

The Chaff and Wheat separated,
Whose fan, &c. Matt. iii. 12.

1 **T**HE Church, in all her glory here,
Mix'd and imperfect doth appear;

Sinners and saints together meet,
The chaff lies mingled with the wheat.

2 But a dividing day will come,
And hypocrites must hear their doom;
Depart, accurs'd, to endless woe,
Prepar'd for Devils and for you.

LORD, may I then exulting stand
Among the sheep at thy right hand,
Before the angels stand confest,
And hear thy lips proclaim me blest.

579 (1st P.) 8. 8. 6. Chatham 59. Westbury
Leigh 278.

Longing for a place at the Right hand of the Judge.

1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge! shalt come
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
The vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord! my hiding place,
In this th' accepted day:
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face:
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

579 (2d P.) L. M. Coombs's 45. Antigua 120.

Longing to meet the Judge with Joy.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour comes,—a mighty cloud
Bears him in sacred triumph down ;
The trumpet sounds, it summons loud,
And angels shout his high renown.
- 2 O could I hope my guilty soul
Might share the honours of that day,
Then let thine awful chariot roll,
I'll fly to meet thee on thy way.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

580 (1st P.) C. M. Workson 31. London 180.

Hell, the Sinner's own Place. Acts 1: 25.

- 1 **L**ORD ! when I read the traitor's doom,
To his own place consign'd,
What holy fear, and humble hope,
Alternate fill my mind !
- 2 Traitor to thee I too have been,
But sav'd by matchless grace ;
Or else the lowest, hottest hell
Had surely been my place.
- 3 Thither I was by law adjudg'd,
And thitherward rush'd on ;
And there in my eternal doom
Thy justice might have shone.
- 4 But, lo ! (what wondrous matchless love !)
I call a place my own,
On earth, within the Gospel sound,
And at thy gracious throne.
- 5 A place is mine among thy saints,
A place at Jesus' feet,
And I expect in heaven a place
Where saints and angels meet.
- 6 Blest Lamb of God ! thy sovereign grace
To all around I'll tell,

Which made a place in glory mine,
Whose just desert was hell. DR. RYLAND.

580 (2d P.) S. M. Salisbury 307. Founder's-
Hall 294.

Death—and Hell followed with him, Rev. vi. 7, 8.

1 **D**EATH is an awful word,
And fills the mind with fear;

But, O how sweet a dying bed,
If thou, my GOD, be near!

2 Hast thou behind thy back
All my transgressions cast?

The poisonous sting of death is gone,
The bitterness is past.

3 But to a wicked man

Hell follows at his heels;

Oft, while he dreads a hell without,
A hell within he feels.

4 LORD, in the trying hour,

Let strength divine be given;

Then shall I feel that joy on earth,
Which is a dawn of heaven.

580 (3d P.) L. M. Kingsbridge 88. Gould's 272.

Lost Souls in the future State astonished at each other.

Art thou become like unto us? Isaiah xiv. 10.

1 **L**OOK down, my soul, on hell's domains,
That world of agony and pains!

What crowds are now associate there,
Of widely different character.

2 [What wretched ghosts are met below,

Some once so great, so little now;

So gay, so sad—so rich, so poor;

Now scorn'd by those they scorn'd before.]

3 Some thither sink, whose awful fall

Must even hell itself appal;

Scarce slaves or friends believe their eyes,

The damn'd are fill'd with strange surprise.

4 So Babel's king, as down he went,

All hell was mov'd at the event;

- And lesser tyrants gone before
 Rose up to meet him at the door,
- 5 His very slaves, indignant see
 Him now as weak as they could be :
 With hellish triumph greet him thus,
Art thou become like one of us?
- 6 More dreadful still must heathens greet
 Christians, in name, whom there they meet ;
 Suuk lower than themselves in woe,
 Though once to heav'n exalted so.
- 7 O were it not for grace divine,
 This case so dreadful had been mine !
 Hell gap'd for me ; but, LORD, thy hand
 Snatch'd from the fire the kindling brand !
- 8 And now, tho' wrath was my desert,
 I hope to share a better part ;
 But heav'n must wonder, sure, to see
 A sinner enter, vile as me.
- 9 O Grace ! rich grace, delightful theme !
 All heav'n shall echo with the same ;
 While angels greet a sinner thus—
Art thou become like one of us? DR. RYLAND.

581 (1st P.) L. M. Sheffield 39. Paul's 246.

Careless Sinner—don't be damned.

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
 Why in such dreadful haste to die?
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
 Heedless against thy God to fly?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
 Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams?
 Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
 And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner ! on the Gospel plains
 Behold the God of love unfold
 The glories of his dying pains,
 For ever telling, yet untold.

PAUSE.—Rippon's 188. Limehouse 242.

- 4 Alas! alas! how many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice,
And rather choose with fools to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice.
- 5 With such I own I once appear'd,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.

581 (2d P.) L. M. Richmond 115.

Fleeing from the Wrath to come, by flying to Christ.—
Escape for thy life. Gen. xix. 5.

- 1 **H**ASTE, traveller, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the West,
And thou far off from home and rest:
Haste, traveller, haste.
- 2 O far from home thy footsteps stray,
CHRIST is the life, and **CHRIST** the way;
And **CHRIST** the light; the setting sun
Sinks ere the morning is begun:
Haste, traveller, haste.
- 3 Awake, awake! pursue thy way
With steady course while yet 'tis day;
While thou art sleeping on the ground,
Danger and darkness gather round:
Haste, traveller, haste.
- 4 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near:
Haste, traveller, haste.
- 5 O yes, a shelter you may gain;
A covert from the wind and rain;
A hiding place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come:
Haste, traveller, haste.

6 Then linger not in all the plain,
 Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
 Look not behind, make no delay,
 O speed thee—speed thee on thy way;
 Haste, traveller, haste.

7 Poor, lost, benighted soul! art thou
 Willing to find salvation now?
 There yet is hope, hear mercy's call,—
 Truth, life, light, way, in CHRIST is All.
 Haste to him, haste.

DR. COLLIER.

581 (3d P.) L. M. Stirling 317. Gould's 272.

Fleeing from the Wrath to come. Matt. iii. 7.

1 **T**O fields of fire, or thrones of day,
 Each hour accelerates our way;
*But who among us?—Conscience—tell,
 Shall with devouring burnings dwell?*

2 **J**ESUS, I hasten from the pit,
 And fall a suppliant at thy feet;
 Well I deserve the dreadful flame,
 But O my refuge is thy name!

3 For sinners, **L**ORD, thou cam'st to bleed,
 And I'm a sinner, vile indeed;
 Yet saving grace is rich and free,
 O magnify that grace in me.

582 L. M. Green's Hundred 89. Wareham 117.

The Rich Man and Lazarus. Luke xvi. 25.

1 **I**N what confusion earth appears—
 God's dearest children bath'd in tears?
 While they, who heav'n itself deride,
 Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
 And ere I censure, view the end;
 That end, how different! who can tell
 The wide extremes of heav'n and hell.

* Or read—*Each winged hour we haste away.*

- 3 See, the red flames around him 'twine
 Who did in gold and purple shine:
 Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
 To allay the scorching of his pain.
- 4 While round the saint, so poor below,
 Full rivers of salvation flow;
 On Abraham's breast he leans his head,
 And banquets on celestial bread.
- 5 Jesus, my Saviour! let me share
 The meanest of thy servant's fare;
 May I approach at last to taste
 The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

583 C. M. Otford 106. Follet 181. Evan's 110.

The Joys of Heaven.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue:
 And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow and pain, and every care,
 And discord there shall cease;
 And perfect joy, and love sincere,
 Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul from sin for ever free,
 Shall mourn its power no more;
 But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
 The exalted Saviour shines;
 And beams ineffable delight
 On all the heav'nly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Let us tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire;

- 3 As I have tasted of the grapes,
I sometimes long to go
Where my dear Lord his vineyard keeps,
And all the clusters grow.
- 4 And can I long, and taste the fruit,
And Canaan be denied?
No, those who taste the fruits of grace
Must all be glorified.

586 (1st P.) C. M. Elin 151. Stamford 9.
Otford 106.

Happiness approaching. Rom. xiii. 11.

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes—
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
That shews salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year!
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature speed your course!
Ye mortal powers decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day. DR. DODDRIDGE.

586 (2d P.) 8s. Limefield 94. Lambeth 59.

The Year of Release is at hand—Deut. xv. 9.

- 1 **T**HE year of release is at hand;
What rapture the thought should convey!
To Canaan's fair beautiful land,
Sweet angels, come bear me away.
- 2 O, why must I lingering stay
Where no satisfaction I find?
Had I wings, I would hasten away,
And leave all that's mortal behind.

- 3 Confin'd like a bird to its cage,
My soul would fain rise on the wing,
I long with the saints to engage
In a concert of praise to my King.
- 4 The year of release is at hand,
Why should I of troubles complain?
Adieu—in the promised land
You never shall vex me again.
- 5 The bondage of sin there is b'er,
The fury of Satan shall cease,
The world shall perplex me no more,
O hasten the year of release.
- 6 But who this release can convey
To bondmen and slaves such as we?
Gethsemane, Calvary;—say—
'Tis Jesus, who died on the tree.
- 7 Then help us to wait for the day,
And each in his duty to stand;
But whisper, sweet Spirit, and say—
The year of release is at hand.

587 L. M. Martin's Lane 67. Coombs's, 45.
Bromley 104.

The Worship of Heaven. John xvii. 24.

- 1 **O** FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!
- 2 There low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head;
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze

Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the fav'rites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir :
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire !

6 Dear Saviour ! let thy Spirit seal
Our int'rest in that blissful place ;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

STEEL.

587 (2d. P.) 11. 8. Calne 69. Pithay 101.

Sweet Hope of meeting the blissful Society above.

1 **H**OW bright is the prospect the saint has in
Let present things be as they may ; [view,
Omnipotent mercy shall bring him quite thro',
And guide him to regions of day.

2 Alas ! sin and sorrow attend him while here,
And frequently injure his peace ;
But faith beholds now the sweet season as near,
That brings him a final release.

3 With rapture he'll mount his celestial abode,
His spirit find pleasure and rest ;
With ecstasy bask in the smiles of his God,
Partaking the joys of the blest.

4 With patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and those
Who sealed the truth with their blood ;
Whose unsubdu'd courage astonish'd their foes,
And forc'd them to glorify God :

United with these, he shall hear them relate
The tale of their suff'rings below ;

The conflicts and toils of their militant state,
How grace had supported them through.

6 When this having heard, he rehearses to them
The mazes thro' which he has trod ;
From great tribulation by grace how he came,
And reach'd the fair city of God.

- 7 Now all strike their harps, and one chorus they
Salvation by grace is their theme; [raise;
Thanksgiving, and honour, and blessing, and
 And GLORY TO GOD AND THE LAMB. [*praise,*
 The late JOHN FOUNTAIN, one of the
 Baptist Missionaries in Bengal.

588 C. M. Elim 151. Cambridge New 74.
 Bradford 268.

The Everlasting Song.

- 1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long!
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits;
 The God! how bright he shines!
 And scatters infinite delights
 On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains
 Circle the throne around;
 And move and charm the starry plains
 With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs:—
 Jesus, my love, they sing!
 Jesus, the life of both our joys,
 Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.
- 5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
 Of time and space they run;
 And echo in majestic sounds
 The Godhead of the Son.
- 6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
 And gentler notes they play;
 And bring the Father's equal down
 To dwell in humble clay.
- 7 O sacred beauties of the Man!
 (The God resides within):
 His flesh all pure without a stain,
 His soul without a sin.

- 8 But, when to Calvary they turn,
 Silent their harps abide ;
 Suspended songs, a moment mourn
 The God that lov'd and died.
- 9 Then, all at once, to living strains
 They summon every chord,
 Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
 And chant the rising Lord.]
- 10 Now let me mount and join their song,
 And be an angel too ;
 My heart, my ear, my hand, my tongue,—
 Here's joyful work for you.
- 11 I would begin the music here,
 And so my soul should rise :
 O for some heavenly notes to bear
 My passions to the skies !
- 12 There ye that love my Saviour sit,
 There I would fain have place,
 Among your thrones or at your feet,
 So I might see his face.

The 6th, 7th, and 8th verses of this Hymn should be sung
 softer than the rest.

 DOXOLOGIES, &c.

I AM not unambitious of introducing the following Doxologies, in the words of our pre-eminently sweet singer, the great Dr. Watts, who says, "I cannot persuade myself to put a full period to those divine Hymns, till I have addressed a special song of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, *which, I believe, is one of the NOBLEST PARTS of Christian worship.* * * The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity ; which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature, that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, to be sung either alone, or at the conclusion of another Hymn."

765

112th. · New Haven 248.

IMMORTAL honour, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name ;
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee !

DRYDEN'S *Veni Creator Spiritus*, &c.

766

112th. Hoxton 121.

SINCE God the Father, and the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Glorious beyond all speech and thought,
 Have jointly my salvation wrought;
 I'll join them in my songs of praise,
 Now, and through heav'n's eternal days.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

767

Old Hund. 100. (L.M.) Magdalen 214.

1 PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below,
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. BP. KEN.

Luther's 301.

2 H A S God the Father lov'd us so
 As not to spare his only Son?
 Did Jesus leave his throne of bliss
 To die for sinners all undone?

And does the Holy Ghost apply
 The blood of Christ to such as we?
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Praise now and through eternity.

Eaton 291.

3 N O W to the God whose grace and love
 Have open'd wide the path to heav'n;
 The Father, Son, and Heav'nly Dove,
 Be everlasting glory given.

China 300.

4 T O Father, Son, and Comforter,
 One God, eternal thanks belong;
 We but begin his praises here,
 Heav'n shall immortalize the song.

Finsbury 283.

5 W H I L E all the bright celestial host
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 We, Lord, their legions would outvie,
 On earth, and then beyond the sky.

Stirling 317.

6 W E join the Father and the Son,
 And Holy Spirit to adore;
 But hope in higher strains to praise,
 Soon as we reach fair Canaan's shore.

A A 3

Bampton 275.

- 7 **S**AINTS *mittant*, now make your boast
In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Soon, soon *triumphant* you shall be,
Adoring the bless'd Trinity.

Denmark New 262.

- 8 **T**IS sweet to sing, in grateful lays,
The Father, Son, and Spirit's praise;
"And endless ages shall prolong
The joy, the triumph, and the song."

Addison's 1.

- 9 **F**OR love paternal, rich, and free,
For love on Calv'ry's bloody tree,
For love, which does the heart renew,
Gives grace, and leads to glory too;
Men, angels, every creature join
In strains exalted and divine;
To Father, Son, and Spirit, raise
Your everlasting song of praise.

EPIPHONEMA.

Yes, Lord, we join the angelic tongues,
All heav'n shall echo with our songs;
The theme, too vast for time, shall be
Rapture thro' all eternity.

THE SAME.

Manning 245.

- 10 **F**OR love paternal, rich, and free,
For love on Calv'ry's bloody tree,
And love which has the blood apply'd,
The triune God be glorify'd.

THY GOD THY GLORY.

- 11 **B**EFORE we part divinely laud
The Father, Son, and Spirit, God;
Whose love and grace all praise transcend,
Whose matchless glory ne'er shall end.

Doxology 236. Miles's Lane 32.

- 1 **T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.—*At the end of Jude's.*

Michael's 119. Braintree 25.

- 2 **T**O God the Father, God the Son,
Your grateful voices raise,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Render immortal praise.

WALLIN.

Angel's Hymn 60.

- 3 **T**O God the FATHER honour give,
And glory to his EQUAL SON ;
Let GOD THE SPIRIT praise receive,
The ONE IN THREE, and THREE IN ONE.

Anniversary 296. Old Ed. 393.

- 4 **T**O Father, Son, and Spirit too,
Who made the earth and heav'n,
Of equal dignity possest,
Be equal honours giv'n.

Arlington 17. Matthew's 34.

- 5 **H**AIL! Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd ;
Before the birth of time
Enthron'd in everlasting state,
JEHOVAH ELOHIM!
A mystical plurality
We in the Godhead own ;
Adoring One, in Persons Three,
And Three in nature One.

WESLEY.

Evans's 190. Otford 106.

- 6 **A**NGELS and saints, your anthems raise,
To the great Three in One,
And celebrate in songs of praise
The wonders *grace* has done.

Furman 135. Hephzibah 77.

- 7 **I**N hope to join th' angelic host,
And all the ransom'd throng,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We raise the grateful song.

Grove House 143. Cambridge New 74.

- 8 **N**OW let us all unite to praise,
In high delightful songs,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Till heaven the theme prolongs.

Salem 139. Foster 96.

- 9 **T**O Father, Son, and Holy Dove,
Ten thousand thanks be giv'n ;
The God who will our strength renew,
And bring us safe to heav'n.

A A 4

769

S. M.

Mansfield 154.

TO the eternal **THREE**,
 In will and essence **ONE**,
 Be universal honours paid,
 Co-equal honours done.

BEDDOME.

770

Wigan 318.

THE Triune God shall be
 Our song, while life is giv'n,
 And the unceasing praise shall run
 Through all the days of heav'n.

771

Whitefield 168. Wirksworth 158.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, to Thee
 Let endless praises rise,
 Who for such rebel worms as we
 Salvation didst devise.
- 2 Incarnate Deity,
 Let all the ransom'd race
 Render in thanks their lives to thee,
 For thy redeeming grace.
- 3 Spirit of Holiness
 O let us all adore
 Thy sacred energy, and bless
 Thine heart-renewing power.
- 4 Baptiz'd into thy Name,
 Almighty *One* in *Three*,
 Thy grace and goodness we'll proclaim
 Through all eternity.

772

Horsington 219. (5. 6.) Bourton 50.

FATHER, Spirit, and Son,
United in *One*,
 The good work will perfect where'er 'tis begun.
United, Lord, we
 Will glorify Thee,
 Thou ineffable *One*, thou adorable *Three*.

773

6. 8. 4. Leoni 90.

ALL worship and renown
 By saints in earth and heav'n,
 Be to the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit giv'n;

Let all the heav'nly host,
A Triune God adore ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For evermore.

774 104th. Qld 104th. 148.

GIVE glory to God, ye children of men,
And publish abroad again and again,
The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace,
The gifts of the Spirit to Adam's lost race.

775 104th. Stockwell 140.

YE servants of God your praises renew,
Praise Father and Son, the Comforter too ;
O praise him for mercies both present and past,
And future eternal salvation at last.

776 104th. 10. 10. 11. 11. Portugal New 263.

BLEST Father, and Son, and Spirit of grace,
How sweet to enjoy the smiles of thy face !
We'll live in thy service, then die in thy praise,
The anthem of glory for ever we'll raise.

777 Sussex 70.

ALL glory to God, the Father, and Son,
And Spirit of grace, the great Three in One,
Let highest ascriptions for ever be giv'n,
By all the creation, on earth and in heav'n.

778 104th. Hanover 130.

OFATHER be prais'd, for grace rich and free ;
And Jesus, who died for sinners like me ;
And praise, blessed Spirit, is equally thine
For making salvation and happiness mine.

779 104th. Sussex 70.

THE Father, the Son, and Spirit, adore,
Our covenant God we praise evermore :
He saves us at present, and will, when we die,
Complete our salvation for ever on high.

780 148th. Clapham 18.

THE Father and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
In my salvation join,
And claim this heart of mine.
Therefore to the eternal Three
Immortal praise and glory be.

A A 5

781—786 DOXOLOGIES, 7s. and 7s. 6 lines.

781 148th. Swithin's 44.

WE, with our friends above,
When time and death shall end,
In ecstasies of love,
An heavenly life shall spend;
And Father, Son, and Spirit praise,
Thro' never, never ending days.

782 7s. Cookham 36.

GLORY to the Father's name,
Glory to the slaughter'd Lamb,
Glory to the Spirit pay
Through the bless'd eternal day.

783 7s. Stoel 164.

PRAISE we now the Lord of Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
But our praise shall higher rise
When we meet above the skies.

784 7s. Georgia 192.

NOW to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done;
Raise, ye saints, the sound again,
Nations, join the loud Amen! H. K. WHITE.

785 7s. 6 lines. Georgia 192. Rest 282.

1 **NOW** with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the Church which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn;
Glory to the Great I AM!
Glory to the VICTIM LAMB!

2 Blessing, honour, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the FATHER of our LORD,
To the SPIRIT and the WORD;
As it was all worlds before,
Is and shall be evermore. JOSIAH CONDER.

786 7s. 6 lines.

The Song of the Cherubim. Rev. iv. 6, 8. Is. vi. 1, 3.

1 **SEE** the glorious Cherubim
Thronging round the eternal throne;
Hark! they sing their holy hymn,
To the unknown THREE IN ONE.
All-supporting Deity,
Praise, eternal praise to thee!

2 Heav'n-directed spirits, rise
 To the temple of the skies !
 Join the ranks of angels bright,
 Near the ETERNAL's dazzling light :
 All-supporting Deity,
 Praise, eternal praise to thee !

BOWRING'S RUSSIAN POETS.

787

7s. 6. Amsterdam 136.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore ;
 Join we with the heavenly host,
 To praise thee evermore :
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd ;
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
 All glory be to thee.

788

8s. 6 lines. Hoxton 121.

MOST *holy, blessed, glorious* Lord,
Three Persons in One God ador'd ;
Have mercy on us, hear our prayer,
We miserable sinners are,—
 But Jesus for such sinners dy'd,
 Hear us thro' him, the Crucify'd.

789

8. 7. 4. Palnswick 162.

PRAISE the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 For Election, sov'reign, free ;
 For Redeeming love and merit,
 For Renewing such as we :
 For ALL BLESSINGS !
 Praise the glorious One in Three !

790

8. 7. 4. Lewes 63.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Thou, the God whom we adore,
 May we all thy love inherit,
 To thine image us restore ;
 Vast eternal !
 Praises to thee evermore.

791

8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh 278.

HAIL holy, holy, holy Lord,
 By the celestial hosts ador'd,
 Accept our grateful lays ;
 On earth, while militant our song,
 And then in the triumphant throng,
 Thro' never-ending days.

▲ A 6

792 10s. 8. 8. 6. Baltimore 167.

GLORY to God the Father sing,
 To God the Son your praises bring,
 And God the Spirit too :
 To the great One, the glorious Three,
 All blessing, praise, and honour be,
 And songs for ever new.
 Selection, Old 397, 2d Part.

793 Broadmead 150.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amidst the heavenly host,
 And in the church below ;
 From whom all creatures drew their breath,
 By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow.

794 Hinton 266. Leach 290.

OUR cov'nant God, in sweetest lays,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit praise
 For grace immensely free ;
 Goodness, which all our path attends,
 And glory, too, which never ends,
 Praise, praise eternally.

795 10s. Warsaw 211.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal praise and worship be address ;
 From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
 And spread his fame when time shall be no more.

796 11. 8. Cake 69.

TO Father, Redeemer, and Spirit, one God,
 All praises we join to proclaim,
 And hope yet in strains more sublimely, on high,
 Adoring, to bless thy great name.

797 11s. Broughton 172.

THE Father, Redeemer, and Spirit we bless,
 For favours and mercies which none can express;
 And hope in the kingdom we ever shall live,
 Admiring, adoring, all glory to give.

11s. Geard 156.

Great God of salvation, thine honours we raise,
 The hills and the valleys shall echo thy praise,
 All ranks of intelligence join in the song,
 Heav'n's raptur'd assembly shall pour it along.

798 11s. 6 lines. Broughton 172.

Repeat the first part of the tune to the 3d and 4th lines.

ALL glory, bless'd Father, to thee for thy love,
 Which ne'er from its objects shall ever remove;
 All glory to Jesus, who died on the tree
 For souls such as Peter, Manasseh, and me;
 All glory, bless'd Spirit, be equally thine,
 For cleansing the natures polluted as mine.

799 11s. Portugal New. Broughton 172.

THE great Hallelujah all nations shall raise,
 The* Father, the Son, and the Spirit to praise;
 O let the SEVENTH TRUMPET be sounded, and then
 Hallelujah for ever, Amen and Amen.

* Or, Hear, hear in *one* anthem the UNIVERSE praise.

THE UNIVERSAL DOXOLOGY.

800 Bath Abbey 147. Georgia 192.

1 **E**UROPE, speak the mighty name,
 Loud th' Eternal Three proclaim,
 Let thy deep seraphic lays
 Thunder forth the echoing praise.
 ASIA, bring thy raptur'd songs;
 Let innumerable tongues
 Swell the chord from shore to shore,
 Where thy thousand billows roar.

2 Sable AFRIC, aid the strain,
 Triumph o'er thy broken chain;
 Bid thy wildest music raise
 All its fervour in his praise.
 Shout, AMERICA, thy joys,
 While his love thy song employs,
 Let thy lonely wilderness
 High exalt his righteousness.

3 All as one adore the Lord,
 FATHER, SPIRIT, and the WORD;
 Hail thou glorious Three in One,
 Worthy thou to reign alone.
 Praise him, all ye nations praise;
 Saints in heaven your anthems raise;
 Angels, join the solemn chord—
 Reign, for ever, holy Lord!

Late Mr. LAWSON, one of the
 Baptist Missionaries in India.

A A 7

A

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